



No. 75

BOY COMMANDOS



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BATMAN AND ROBIN
AS THEY TAKE THE TRAIL
OF THE ELUSIVE
"ROBBER BARON"

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BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN

— THE BOY WONDER —

SINISTER FIGURES STREAK THROUGH THE NIGHT, FAR ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS OF GOTHAM CITY. AS THE ROBBER BARON SHOOPS UPON THE UNWARY LIKE SOME DARK MARAUDER OF MEDIEVAL TIMES! BARRIED DOORS CANNOT STOP HIM... THE UTMOST VIGILANCE OF THE POLICE CANNOT TRAP HIM... NONE CAN TELL WHEN OR WHERE HE WILL STRIKE NEXT! BUT THOSE FIERCEST FIGHTERS FOR JUSTICE, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, HAVE TACKLED OVERWHELMING ODDS BEFORE — AND A BLENDER CLUE SPEEDS THEM ALONG A TRAIL OF HIGH ADVENTURE TO PIT SHARP WITS AND SUPPLE MUSCLES AGAINST THE AMAZING SECRET PERILS OF —

— THE
**ROBBER
BARON!** —



A
THUNDEROUS
CRASH OF
SUNFIRE...

A
SNARLING HAIL
OF BULLETS...
AND A
RIDDLED,
LIFELESS
FIGURE
SHUDDERS
AND
SAGS!



AN ARROGANT LORDLING OF THE UNDERWORLD -- THE ROBBER BARON -- PRAISES THE MARKSMANSHIP OF HIS FEROCIOUS FOLLOWERS...

EXCELLENT SHOOTING, MY GOOD MEN! AT TIMES I AM REALLY QUITE PROUD OF YOU!

YOU'GHTTA BE, BARON! EVERY SINGLE SLUG WE FIRED WENT RIGHT THROUGH DA BATMAN!



AND NOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE BODY?

OUR TARGET'S GETTIN' KINDA RABBIT! WE OUGHTA RIG UP A NEW ONE!

AN DIS DUM- MYLL DO TILL WE GET A CHANCE AT DA REAL BATMAN! LUCKY DIS PLACE IS SOUND- PROOF!

COME-- IT IS TIME FOR SOME PROFIT- ABLE SHOOT- ING!



THRUSTING INTO THE NIGHT SKY FROM THE ROOF OF AN ABANDONED FACTORY, THE ROBBER BARON'S TOWER BOASTS A STRANGE CANNON, COMMANDING THE BUSINESS SECTION OF GOTHAM CITY!

AH-- THE RUPERT SPRAGUE PENTHOUSE IS DARK! IT IS PROBABLY RUDE OF US TO CALL SO LATE, EH?

RUDE, HE SAYS HAW, HAW!



A POWERFUL SPRING HURLS A GRAPPLING HOOK FAR OUT INTO THE DARKNESS...



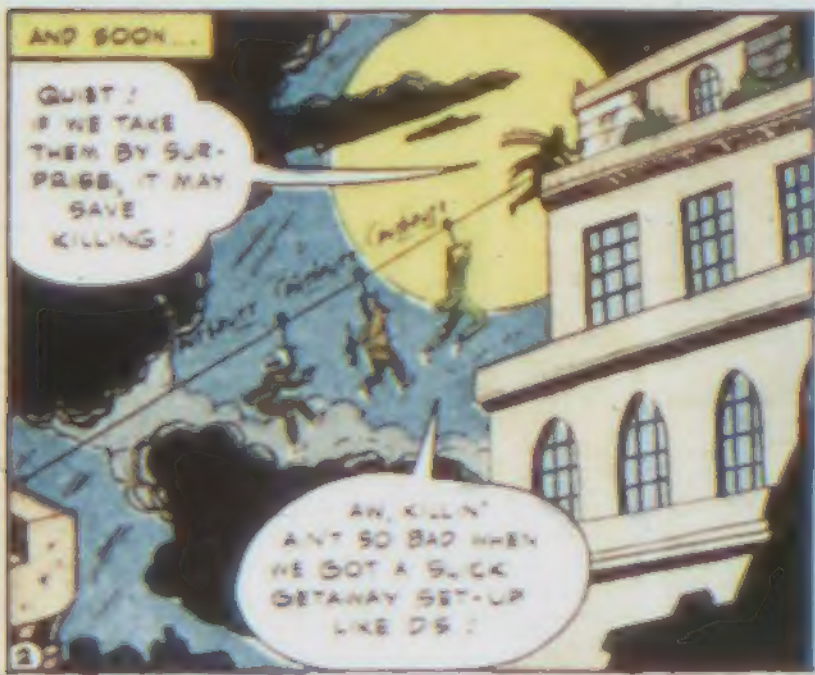
ATOP AN IMPOSING APARTMENT BUILDING, BLOCKS AWAY...



AND SOON...

QUIET! IF WE TAKE THEM BY SUR- PRISE, IT MAY SAVE KILLING!

AN, KILLIN' AINT SO BAD WHEN HE GOT A SLECK GETAWAY SET-UP LIKE DIS!



NEXT DAY...

WUXTREE! BARON'S GANG STRIKES AGAIN!

AMAZING! THE PENT- HOUSE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BURGLAR- PROOF-- BUT THE ROBBER BARON LEFT HIS CARD!

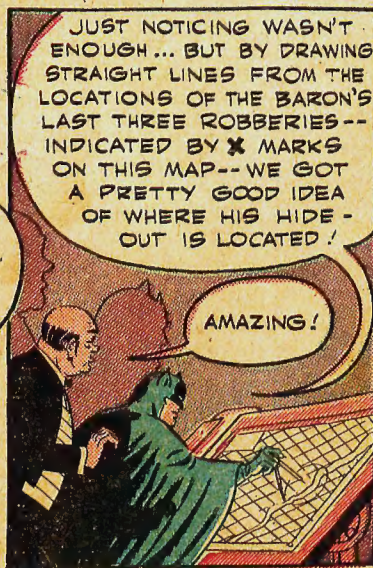
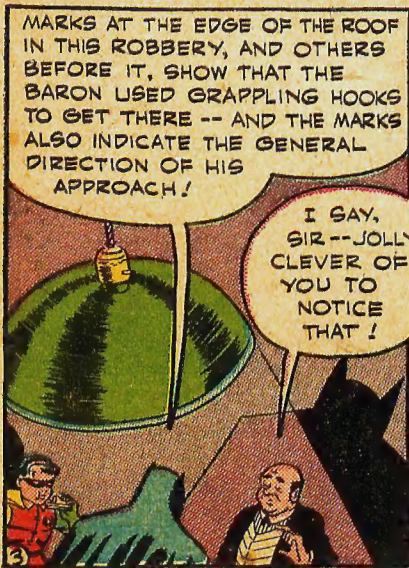
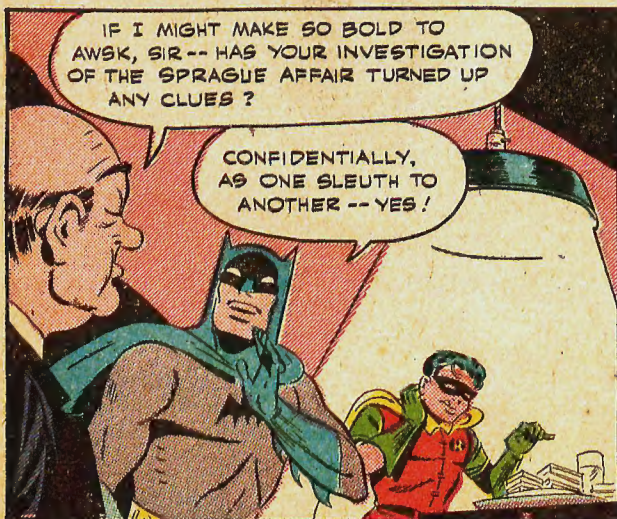
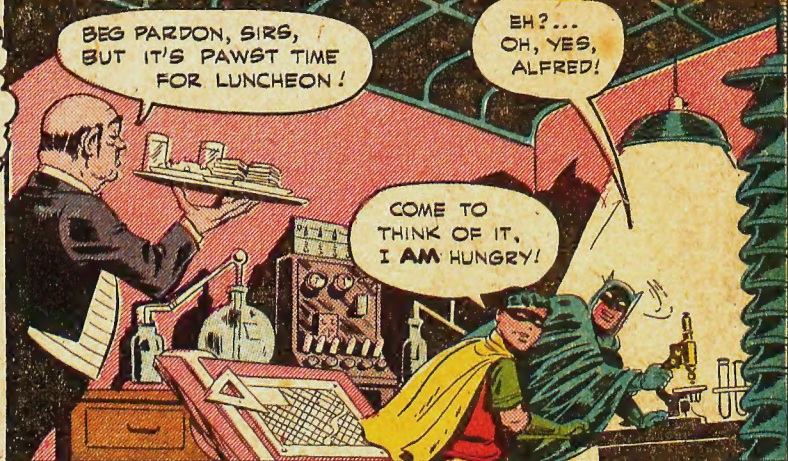
THE POLICE ARE BAF- FLED! LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE FINALLY RUN UP AGAINST A CROOK TOO SMART FOR THEM!



IN THE HOME OF **BRUCE WAYNE**, RICH SOCIETY PLAYBOY, A SECRET PANEL OPENS AT THE TOUCH OF A KNOWING FINGER...



ALFRED, BUTLER EXTRAORDINARY, IS THE ONLY LIVING PERSON WHO KNOWS THAT **BRUCE**, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, **DICK GRAYSON**, ARE IN REALITY, THE FAMOUS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!



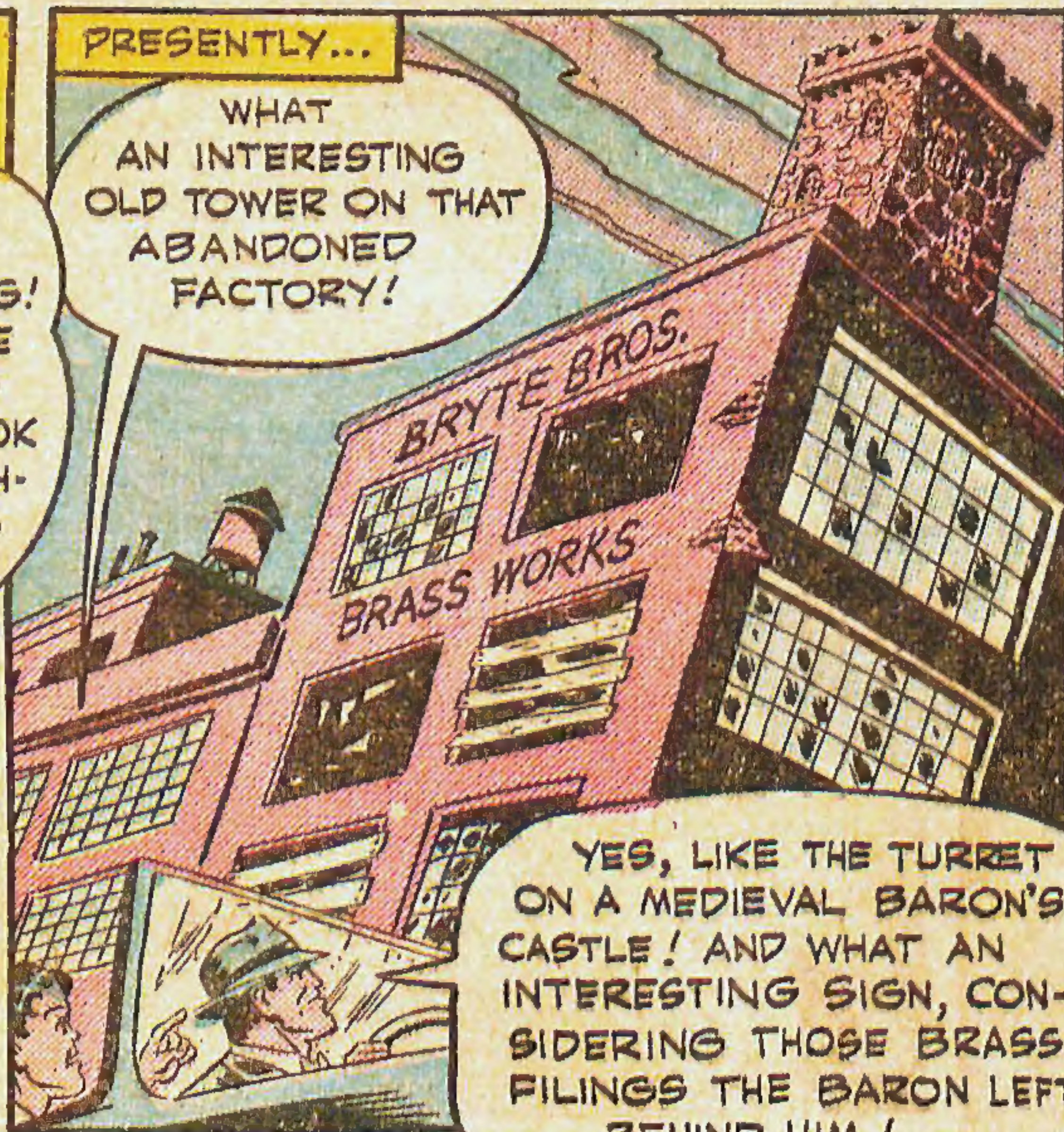
LATER A SLEEK ROADSTER PROWLs A DOWN-AT-HEEL SECTOR OF THE WATERFRONT...

ALMOST ANY OF THESE OLD BUILDINGS COULD SERVE AS A HIDEOUT FOR CROOKS, **BRUCE!**

I'M HOPING TO FIND A SPECIAL TYPE OF BUILDING! AS LONG AS WE'RE NOT IN FIGHTING TOGS, WE CAN LOOK ALL WE WANT WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION!

PRESENTLY...

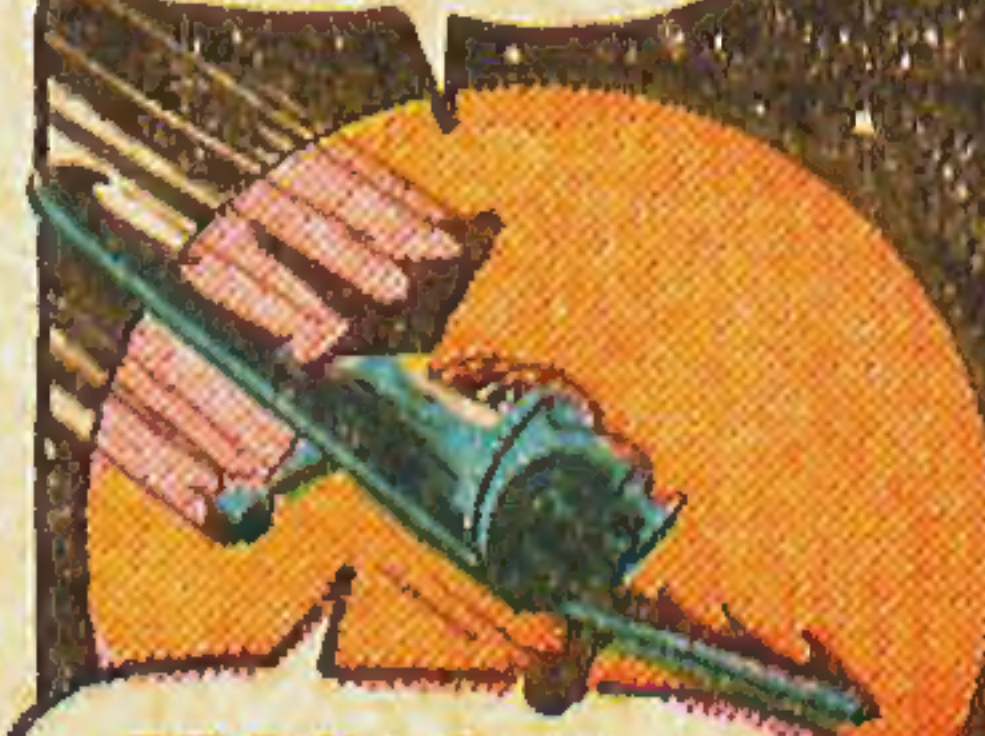
WHAT AN INTERESTING OLD TOWER ON THAT ABANDONED FACTORY!



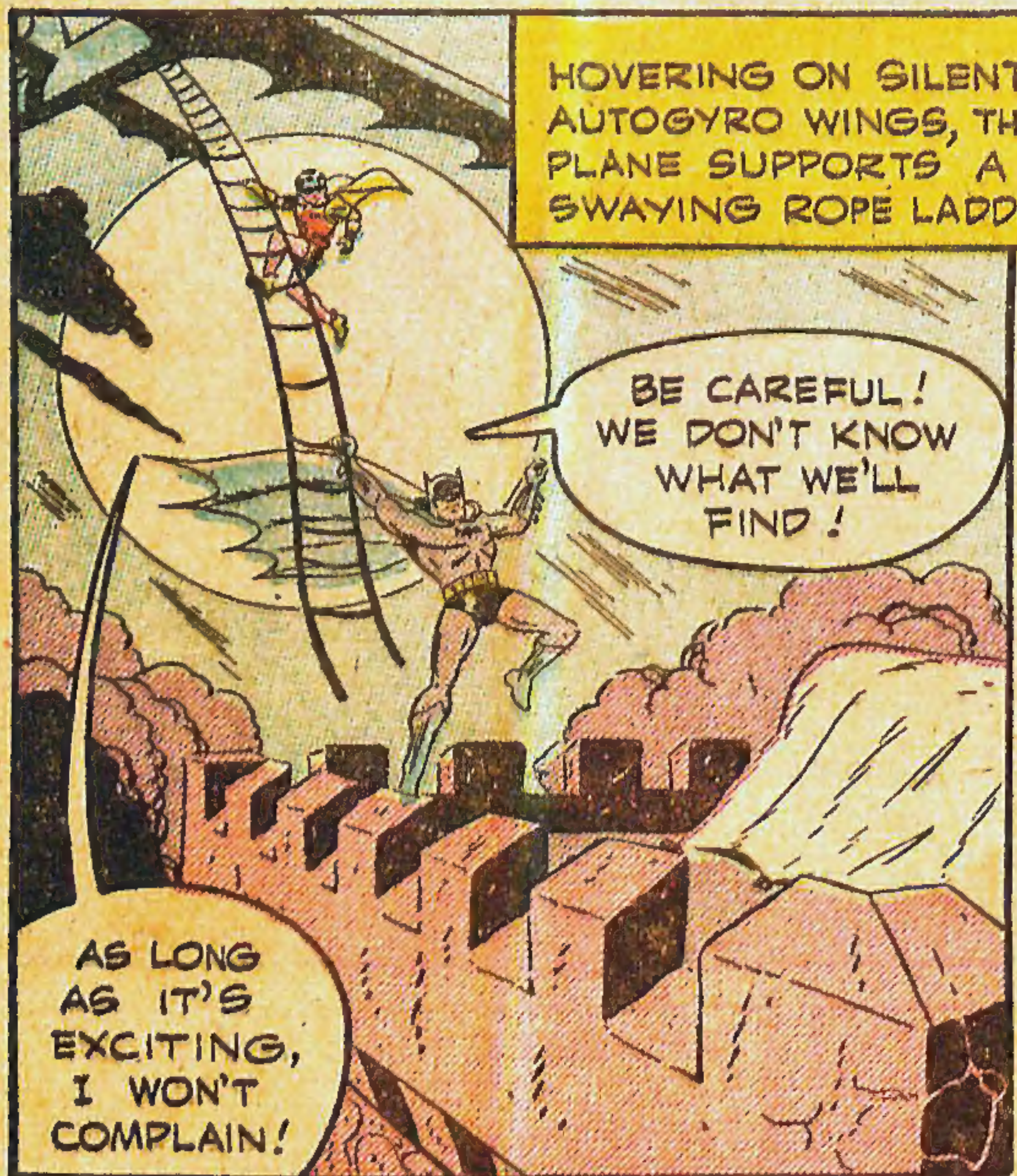
YES, LIKE THE TURRET ON A MEDIEVAL BARON'S CASTLE! AND WHAT AN INTERESTING SIGN, CONSIDERING THOSE BRASS FILINGS THE BARON LEFT BEHIND HIM!

NIGHT--AND A WEIRD CRAFT WINGS ACROSS THE STARRY SKY -- THE **BATPLANE!**

DO YOU THINK WE'LL FIND THE BARON IN HIS "CASTLE", **BATMAN?**



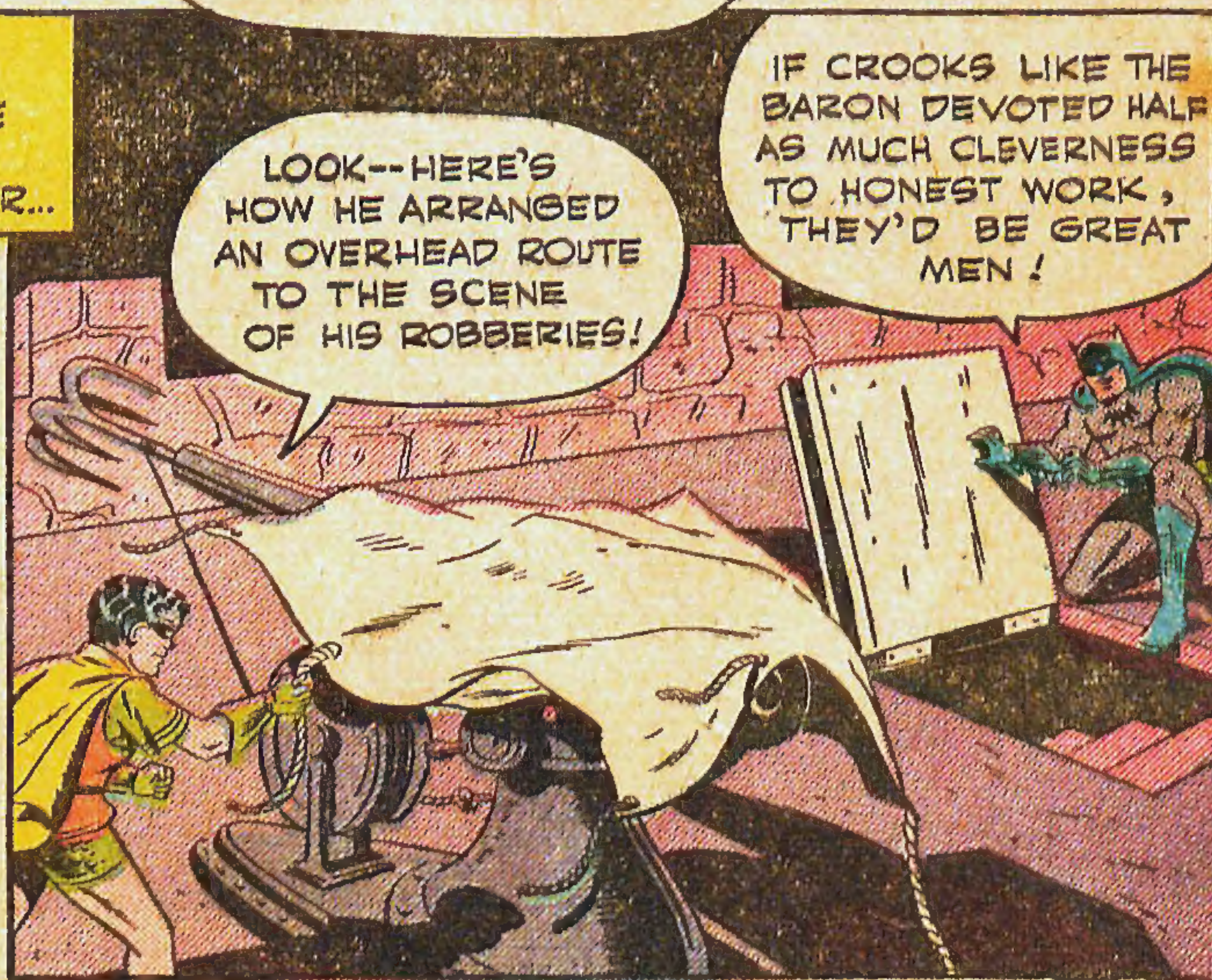
PROBABLY, **ROBIN!** HIS GANG WOULD HARDLY ATTEMPT ANY RAIDS THIS EARLY!



HOVERING ON SILENT AUTOGYRO WINGS, THE PLANE SUPPORTS A SWAYING ROPE LADDER...

BE CAREFUL! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'LL FIND!

AS LONG AS IT'S EXCITING, I WON'T COMPLAIN!



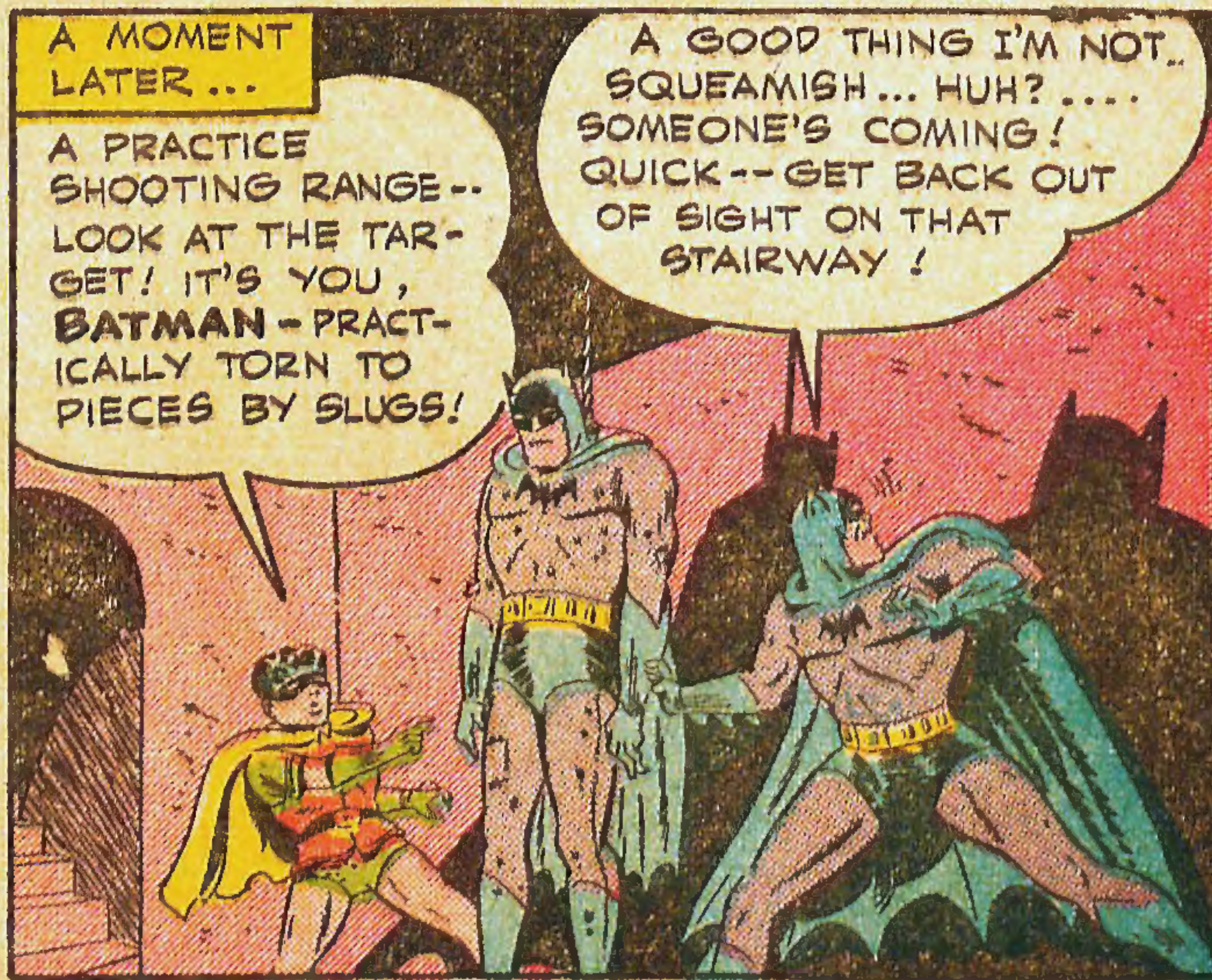
LOOK--HERE'S HOW HE ARRANGED AN OVERHEAD ROUTE TO THE SCENE OF HIS ROBBERIES!

IF CROOKS LIKE THE BARON DEVOTED HALF AS MUCH CLEVERNESS TO HONEST WORK, THEY'D BE GREAT MEN!



I SMELL STALE GUN-SMOKE! THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF SHOOTING AROUND HERE!

THERE'LL BE MORE IF THEY HEAR US COMING!



A MOMENT LATER...

A PRACTICE SHOOTING RANGE--LOOK AT THE TARGET! IT'S YOU, **BATMAN**--PRACTICALLY TORN TO PIECES BY SLUGS!

A GOOD THING I'M NOT... SQUEAMISH... HUH? SOMEONE'S COMING! QUICK--GET BACK OUT OF SIGHT ON THAT STAIRWAY!

THE ROBBER BARON'S HENCHMEN ARE READY FOR THEIR NIGHTLY EXERCISE, COMBINING PRACTICE WITH PLEASURE...

IF YOU KEEP THIS UP LONG ENOUGH, THE REAL BATMAN WON'T STAND A CHANCE IF HE EVER CROSSES OUR TRAIL!

EVERY TIME I SEE DAT OUTFIT HE'S WEARING, ME TRIGGER FINGER ITCHES!

NOW JUST IMAGINE IT REALLY IS THE BATMAN!

I WISH IT WAS! I'M GETTIN' SICK O' WASTIN' LEAD ON A DUMMY!

AMAZINGLY, THE DUMMY SEEMS TO SPEAK!

YOU'RE SICK OF IT, EH? HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL, TAKING ALL THOSE BULLETS AND NOT DISHING ANYTHING OUT?

YIII-I-I-I! IT'S TALKIN'!

WHA-- WHO DARES TO TRICK THE ROBBER BARON?

WE DUMMIES CAN KEEP OUR TEMPERS JUST SO LONG, AND THEN WE'VE GOT TO HIT BACK!

LIKE THIS!

THE BATMAN! AND AFTER ALL THE PRACTICE MY HENCHMEN HAVE HAD, I'VE GOT TO KILL HIM MYSELF!

NO/NO! IT AIN'T TRUE! IT CAN'T BE!

SHOOT, YOU FOOLS!

IT'S CHOKIN' ME!

A SMALL BUT NIMBLE FIGURE FLASHES INTO ACTION...

NOT TONIGHT, CHUM!

NICE WORK, ROBIN!

TO THE TOWER!

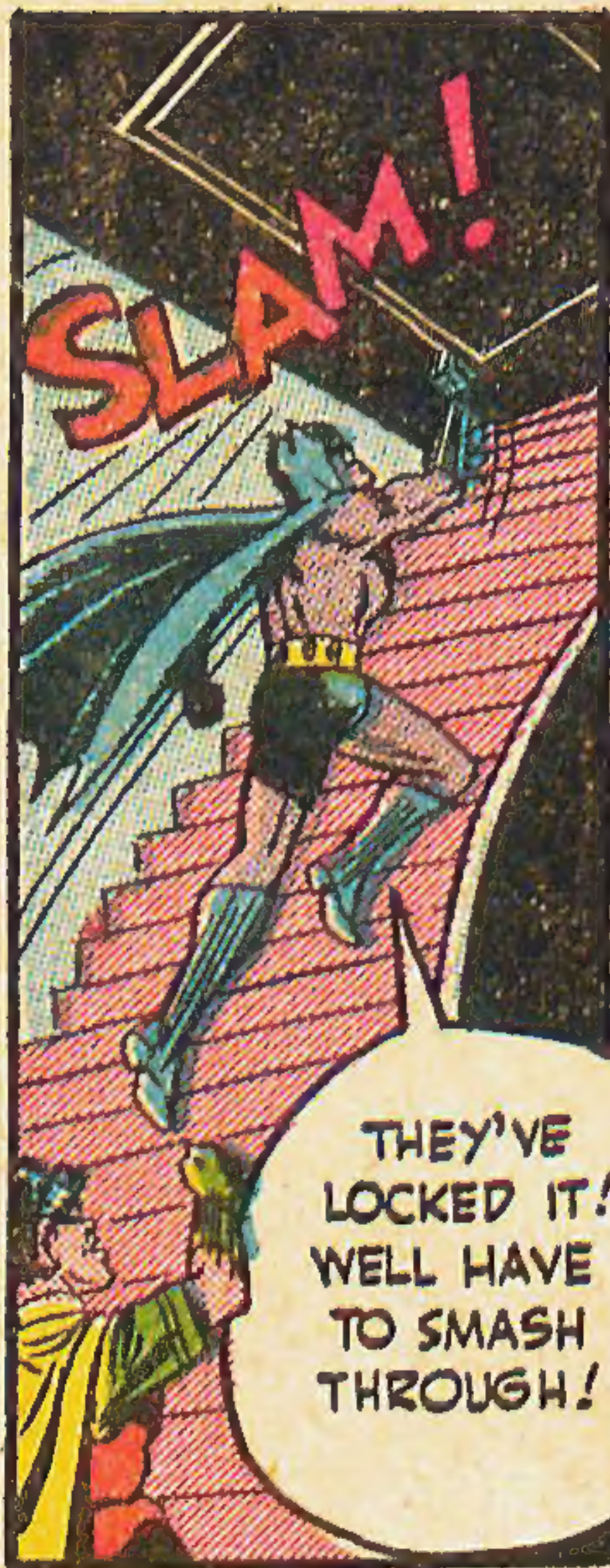
ANOTHER ONE! IT'S THAT BRAT, ROBIN!

YOU FLATTER ME!



OUTA MY WAY, YOUSE GUYS, OR I'LL RUN OVER YA!

HURRY! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT A GETAWAY SYSTEM UP THERE!



SLAM!

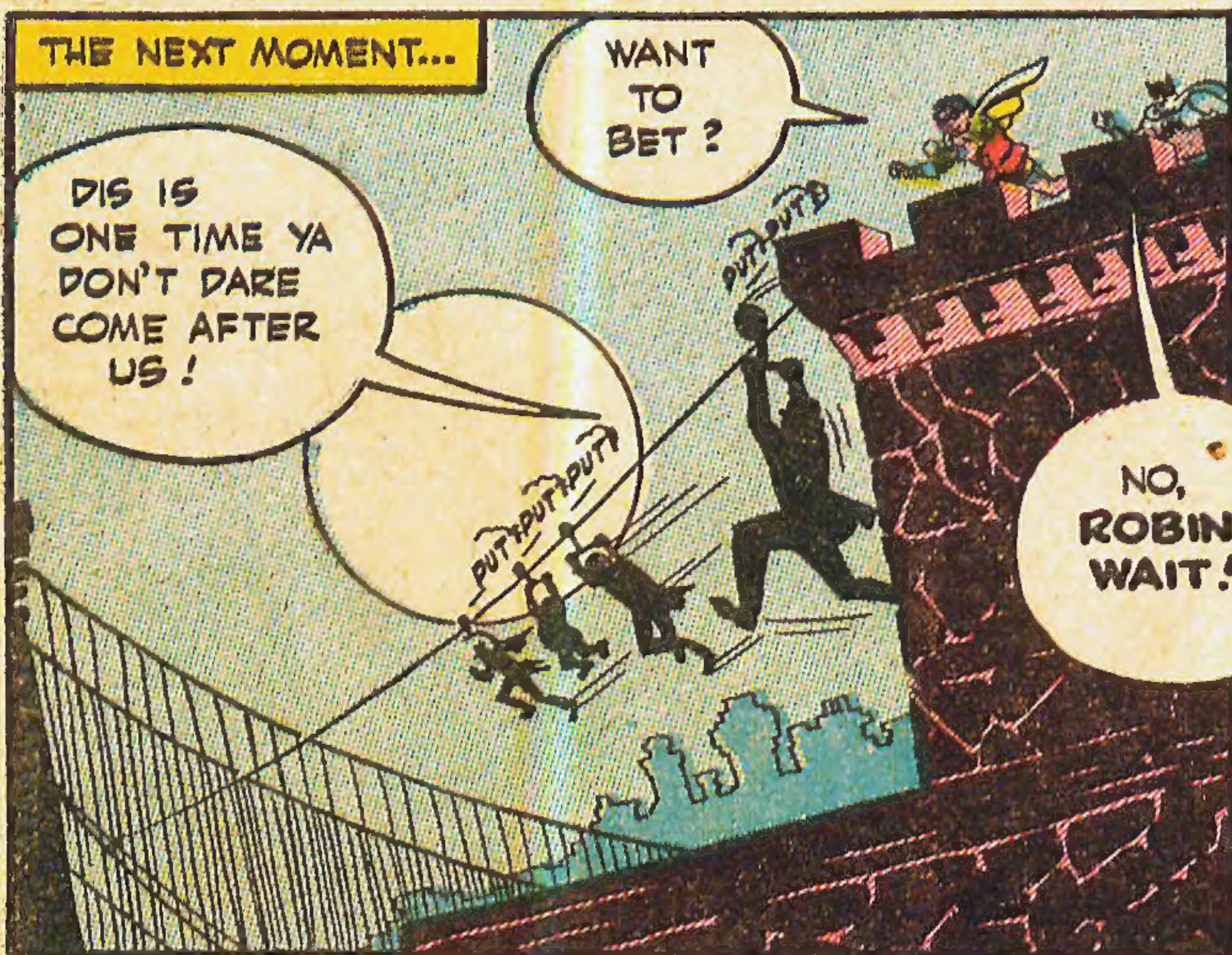
THEY'VE LOCKED IT! WE'LL HAVE TO SMASH THROUGH!



ONCE AGAIN THE STRANGE CANNON ATOP THE TOWER HURLS ITS STRANGE PROJECTILE -- THIS TIME TOWARD THE LOFTY CABLES OF A DOWNRIVER BRIDGE!

LUCKY WE HAD A PLAN FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY AS THIS!

MAKE IT SNAPPY! THIS TRAPDOOR AIN'T STRONG ENOUGH TA HOLD 'EM!

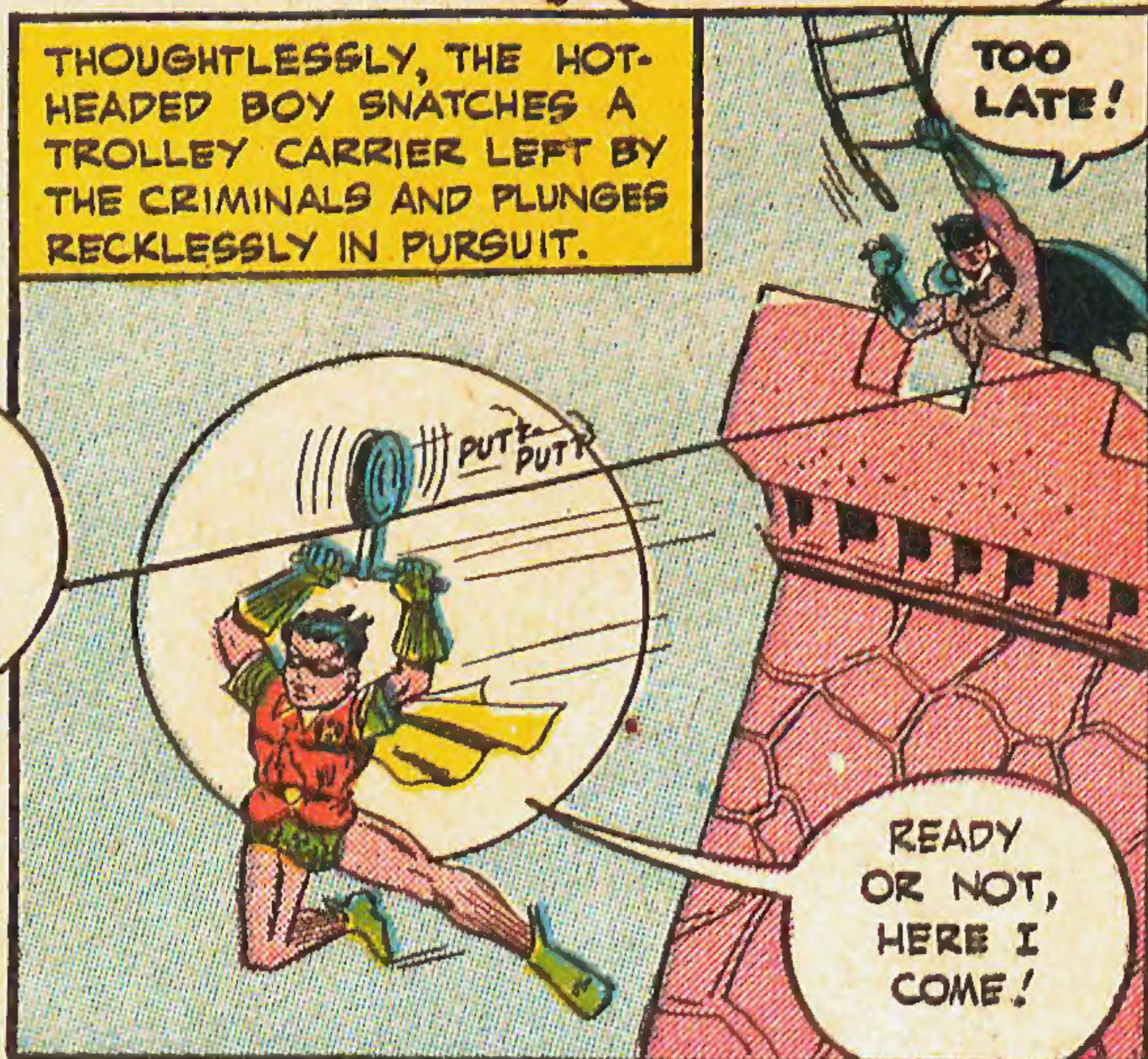


THE NEXT MOMENT...

DIS IS ONE TIME YA DON'T DARE COME AFTER US!

WANT TO BET?

NO, ROBIN! WAIT!

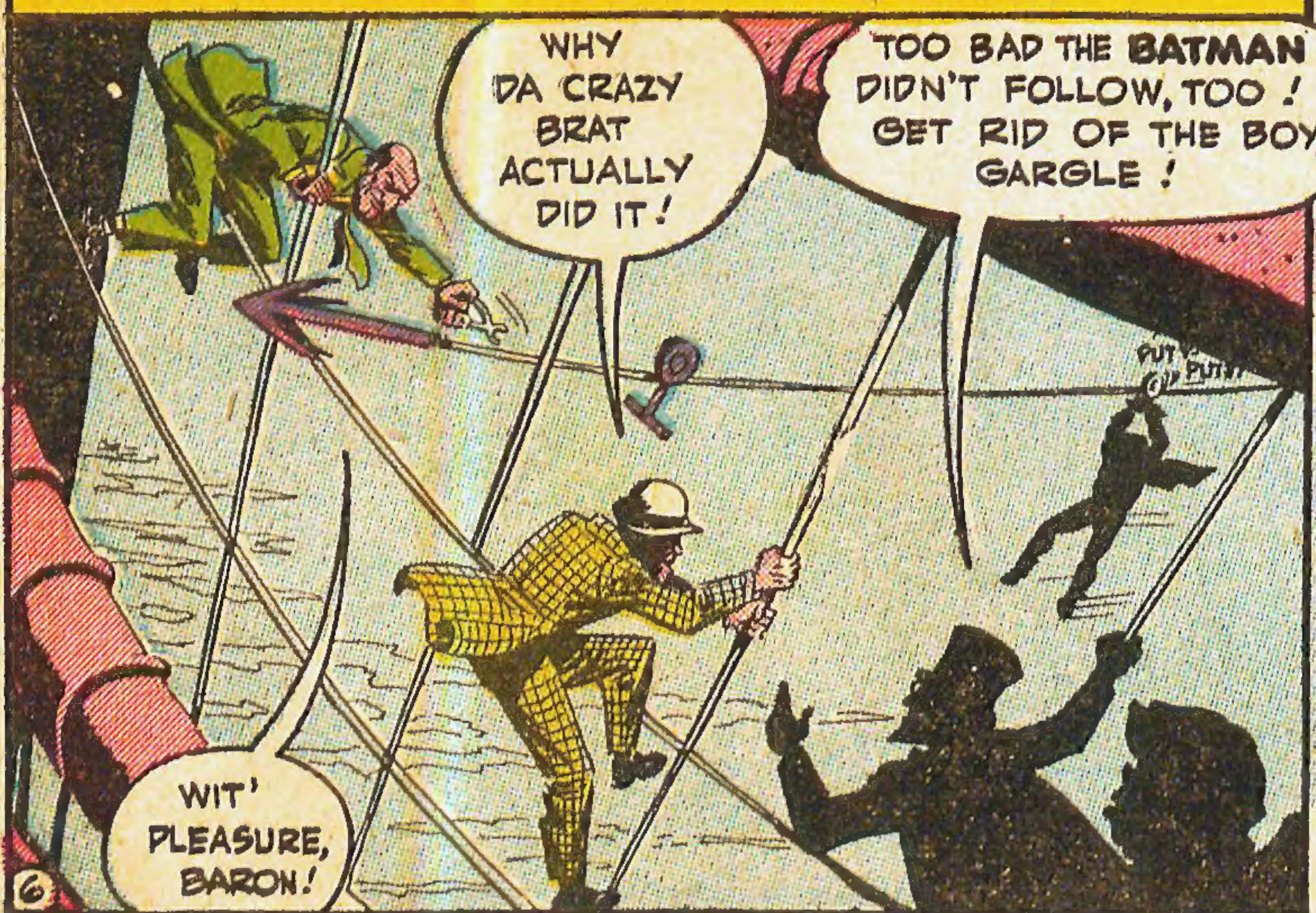


THOUGHTLESSLY, THE HOT-HEADED BOY SNATCHES A TROLLEY CARRIER LEFT BY THE CRIMINALS AND PLUNGES RECKLESSLY IN PURSUIT.

TOO LATE!

READY OR NOT, HERE I COME!

AS THE ROBBER BARON AND HIS BANDIT GANG REACH THE SUSPENSION CABLES OF THE BRIDGE...



WHY DA CRAZY BRAT ACTUALLY DID IT!

TOO BAD THE BATMAN DIDN'T FOLLOW, TOO! GET RID OF THE BOY, GARGLE!

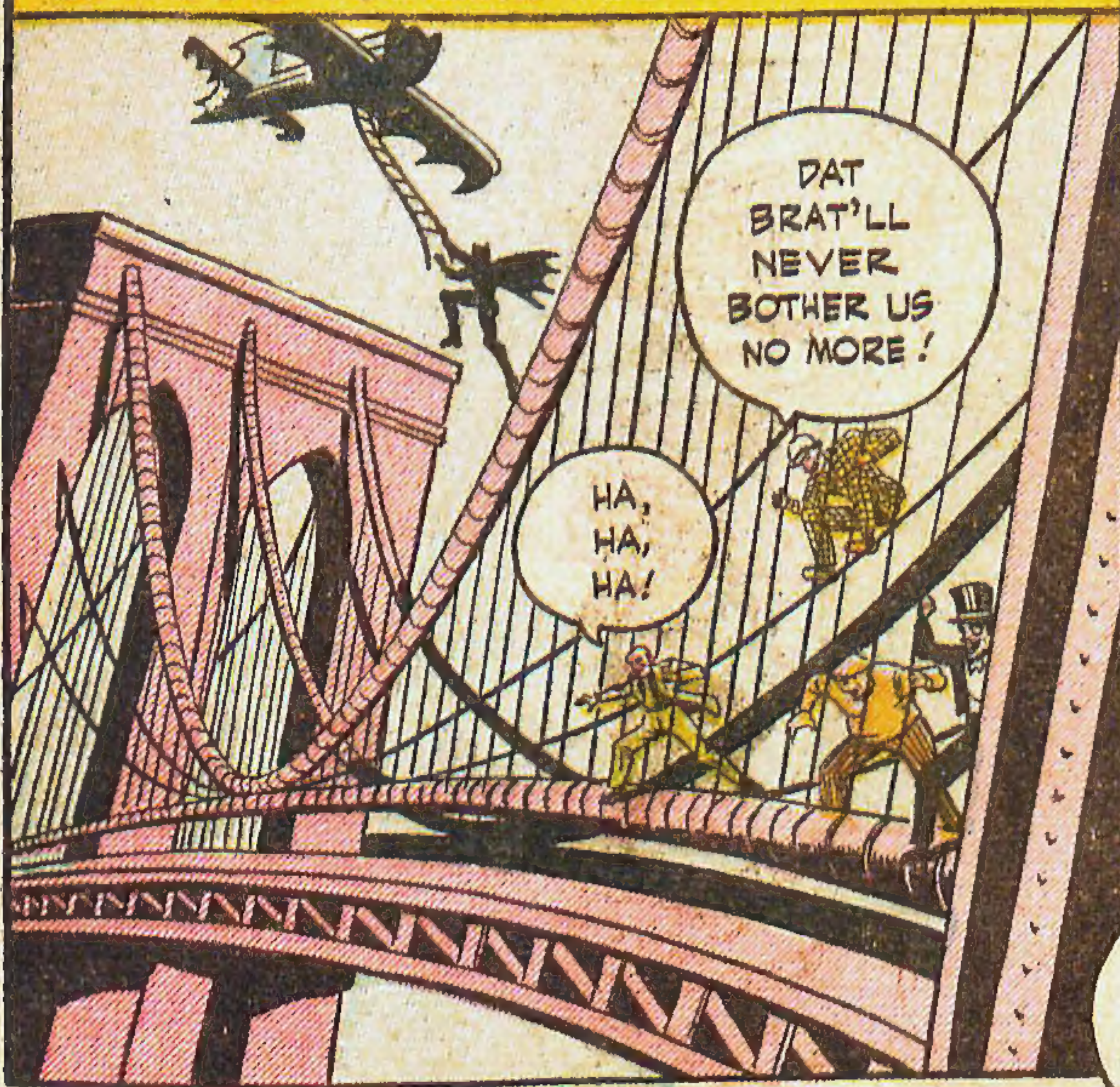
WIT' PLEASURE, BARON!



THE TAUT WIRE PARTS-- AND THE UNLUCKY ROBIN PLUNGES DIZZILY TOWARD THE BLACK RIVER, FAR BELOW!

OH - OH -- NOW I'M IN FOR IT! IF I DON'T LAND RIGHT FROM THIS HEIGHT, I'LL BREAK MY NECK! BUT IF I DO, I MAY BURY MYSELF IN THE MUD AT THE BOTTOM!

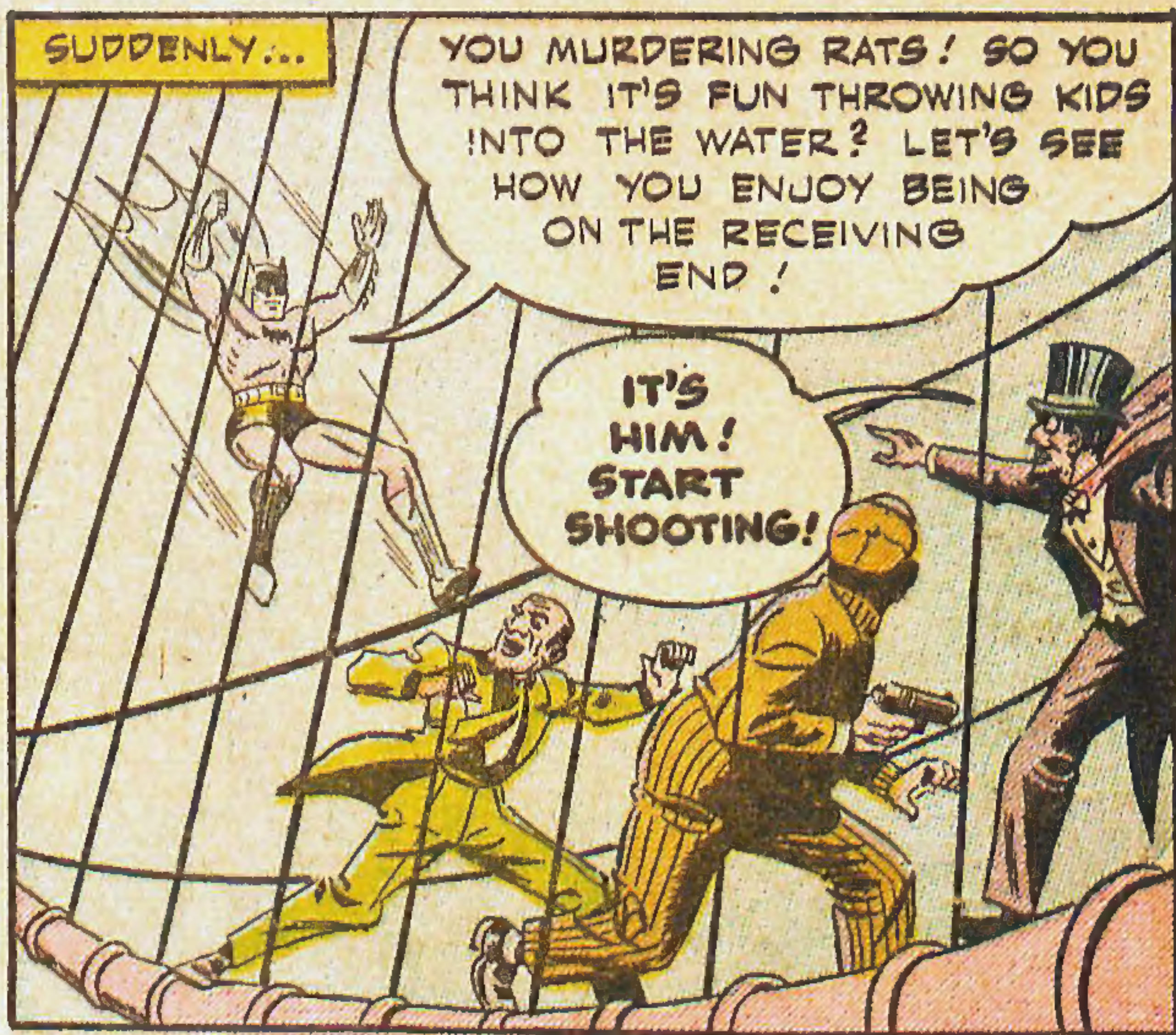
SO INTENT ARE THE OUTLAWS ON THE DRAMATIC SPECTACLE, THAT THEY DO NOT SEE THE BATPLANE SETTLING ABOVE THEM...



DAT BRAT'LL NEVER BOTHER US NO MORE!

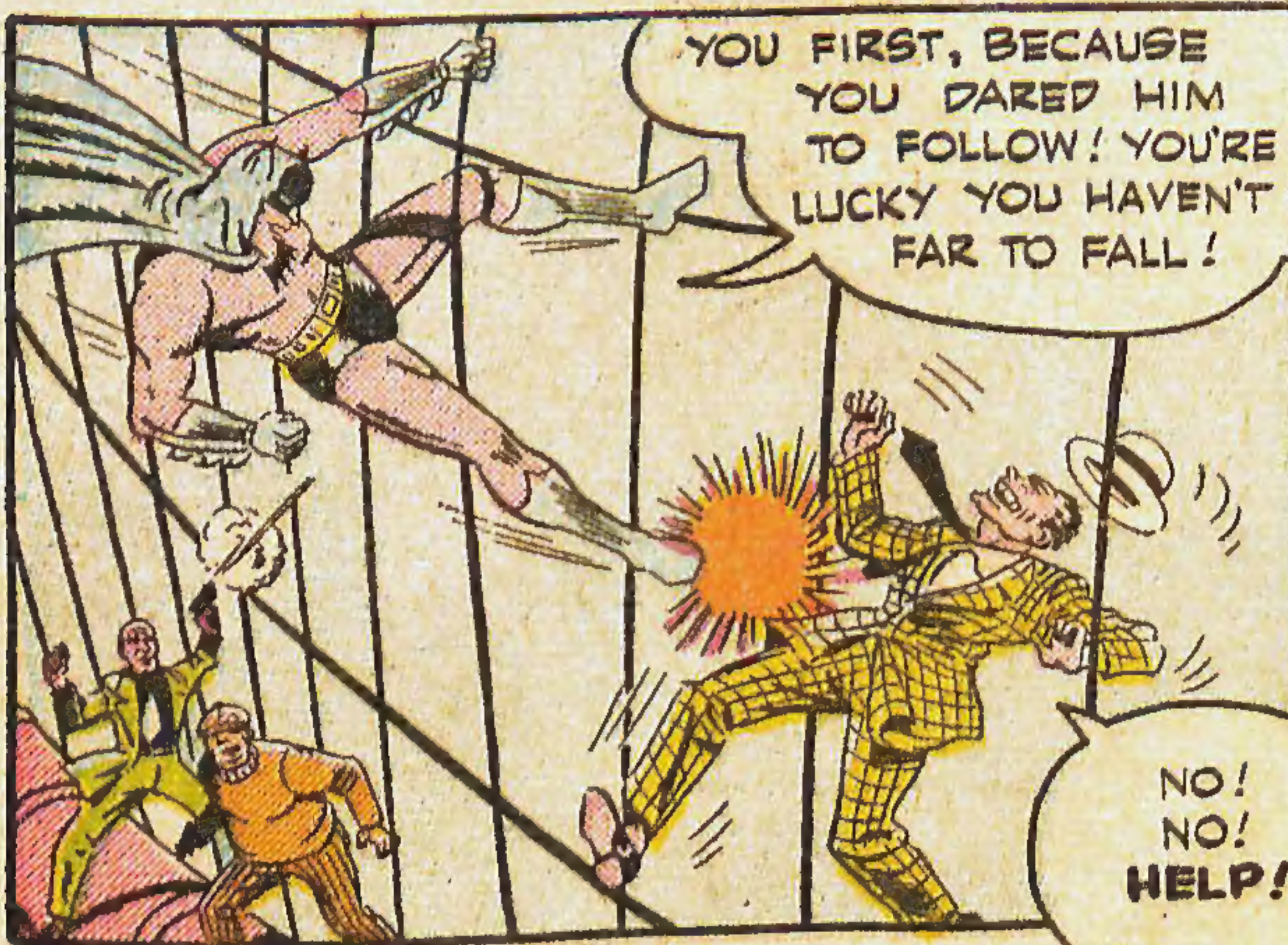
HA, HA, HA!

SUDDENLY...



YOU MURDERING RATS! SO YOU THINK IT'S FUN THROWING KIDS INTO THE WATER? LET'S SEE HOW YOU ENJOY BEING ON THE RECEIVING END!

IT'S HIM! START SHOOTING!

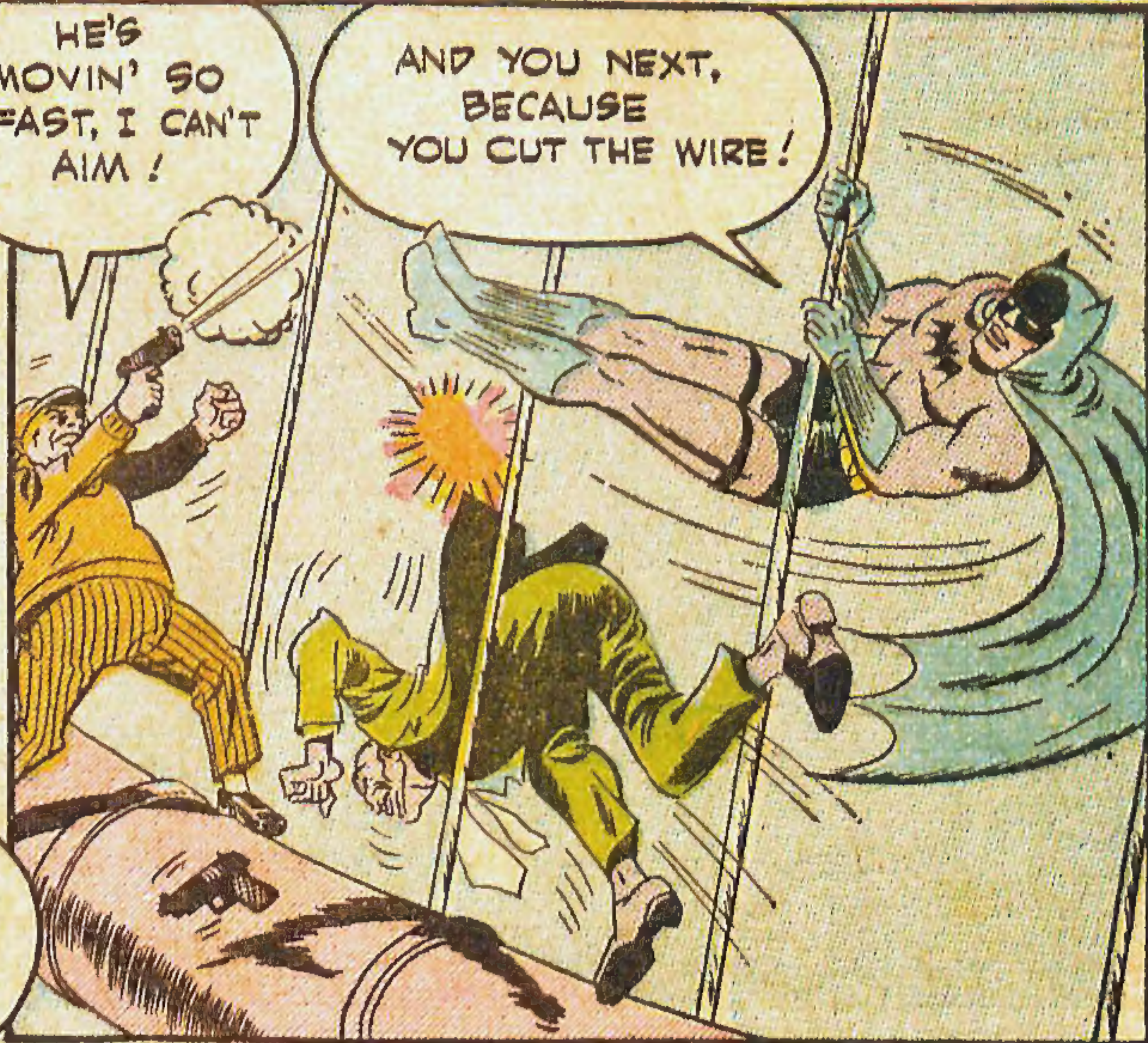


YOU FIRST, BECAUSE YOU DARED HIM TO FOLLOW! YOU'RE LUCKY YOU HAVEN'T FAR TO FALL!

NO! NO! HELP!

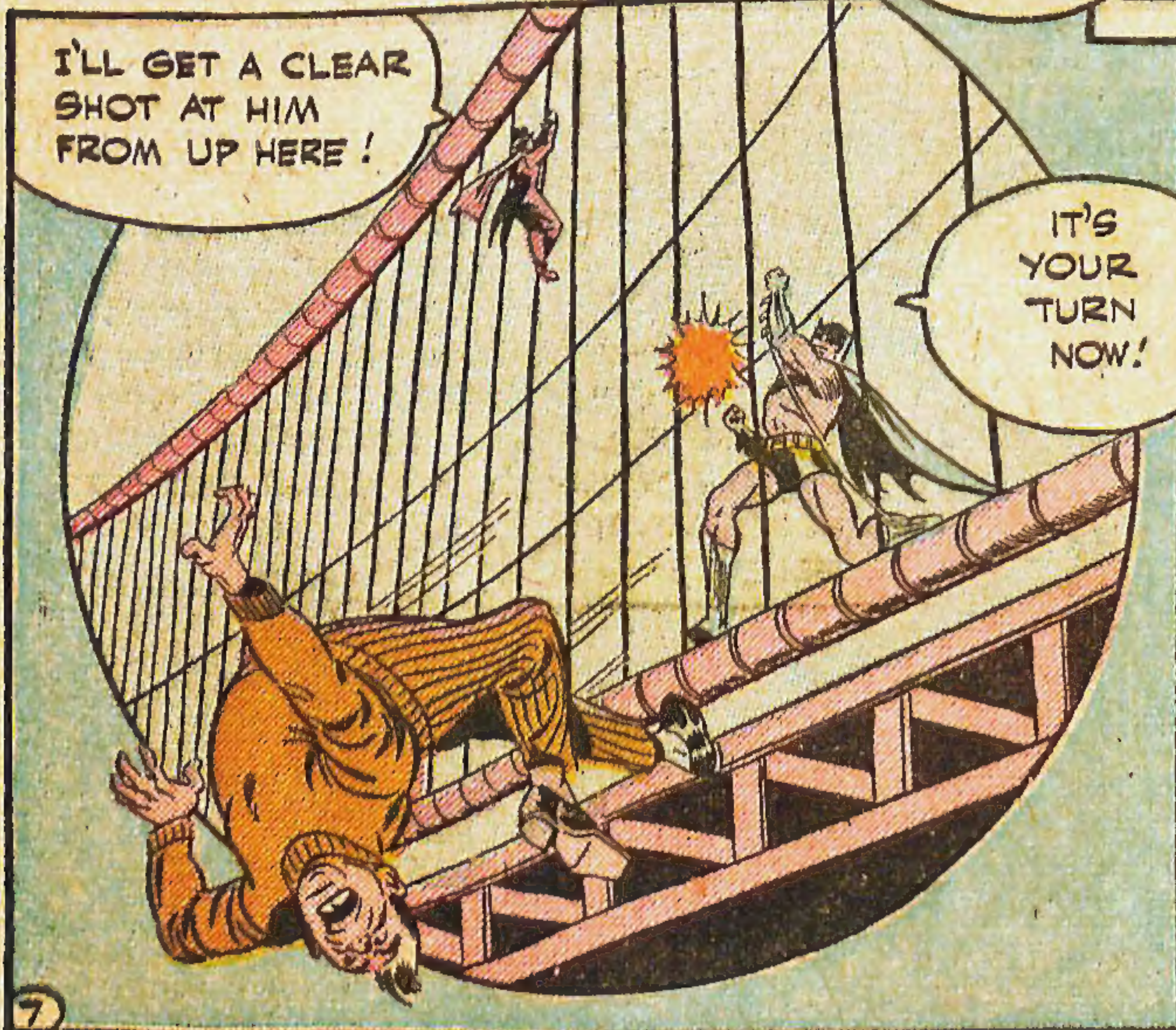
HE'S MOVIN' SO FAST, I CAN'T AIM!

AND YOU NEXT, BECAUSE YOU CUT THE WIRE!



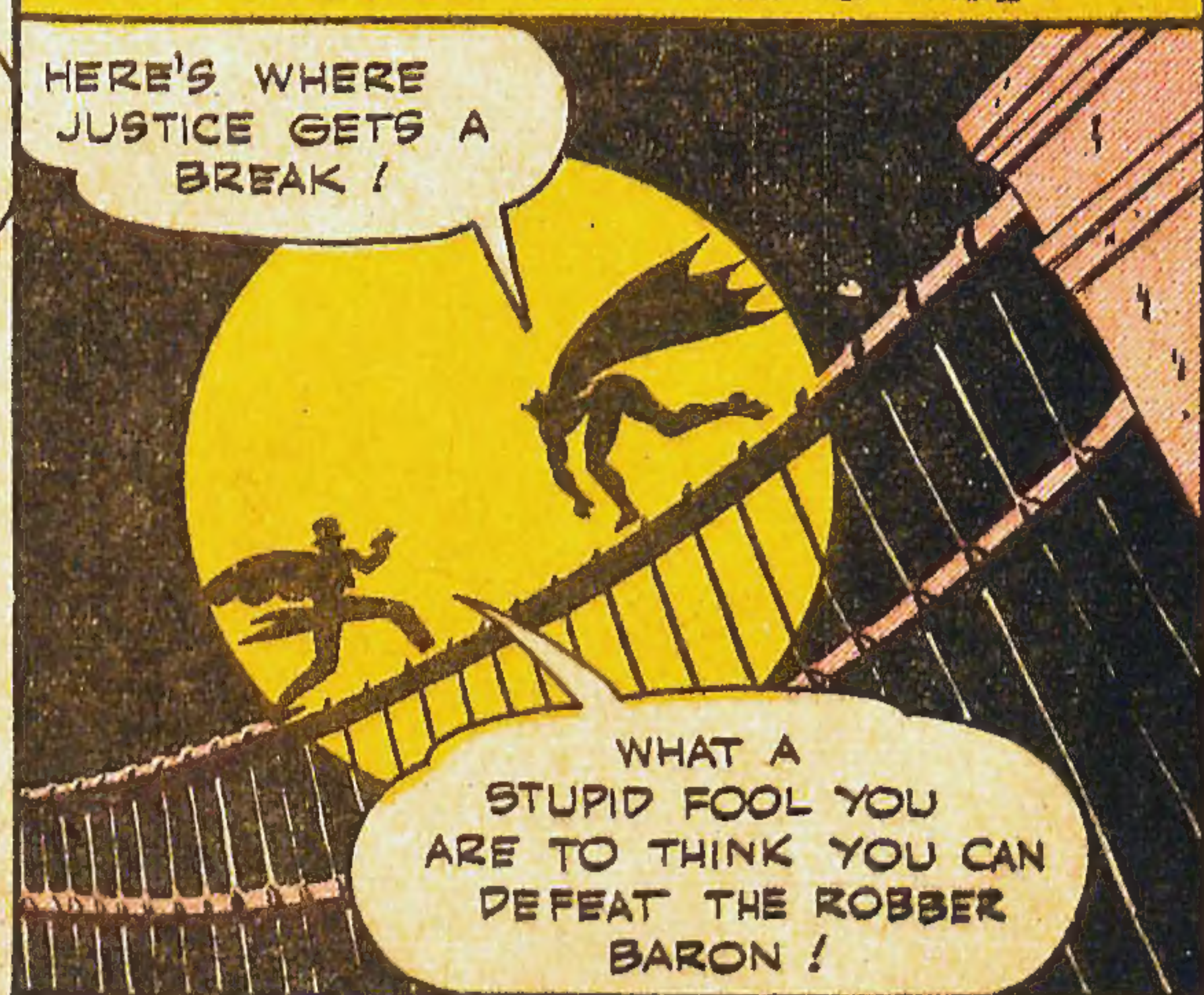
I'LL GET A CLEAR SHOT AT HIM FROM UP HERE!

IT'S YOUR TURN NOW!



SWAYING PERILOUSLY BETWEEN SKY AND WATER, MASTER CRIMINAL AND MASTER CRIME-CRUSHER MEET FACE TO FACE!

HERE'S WHERE JUSTICE GETS A BREAK!

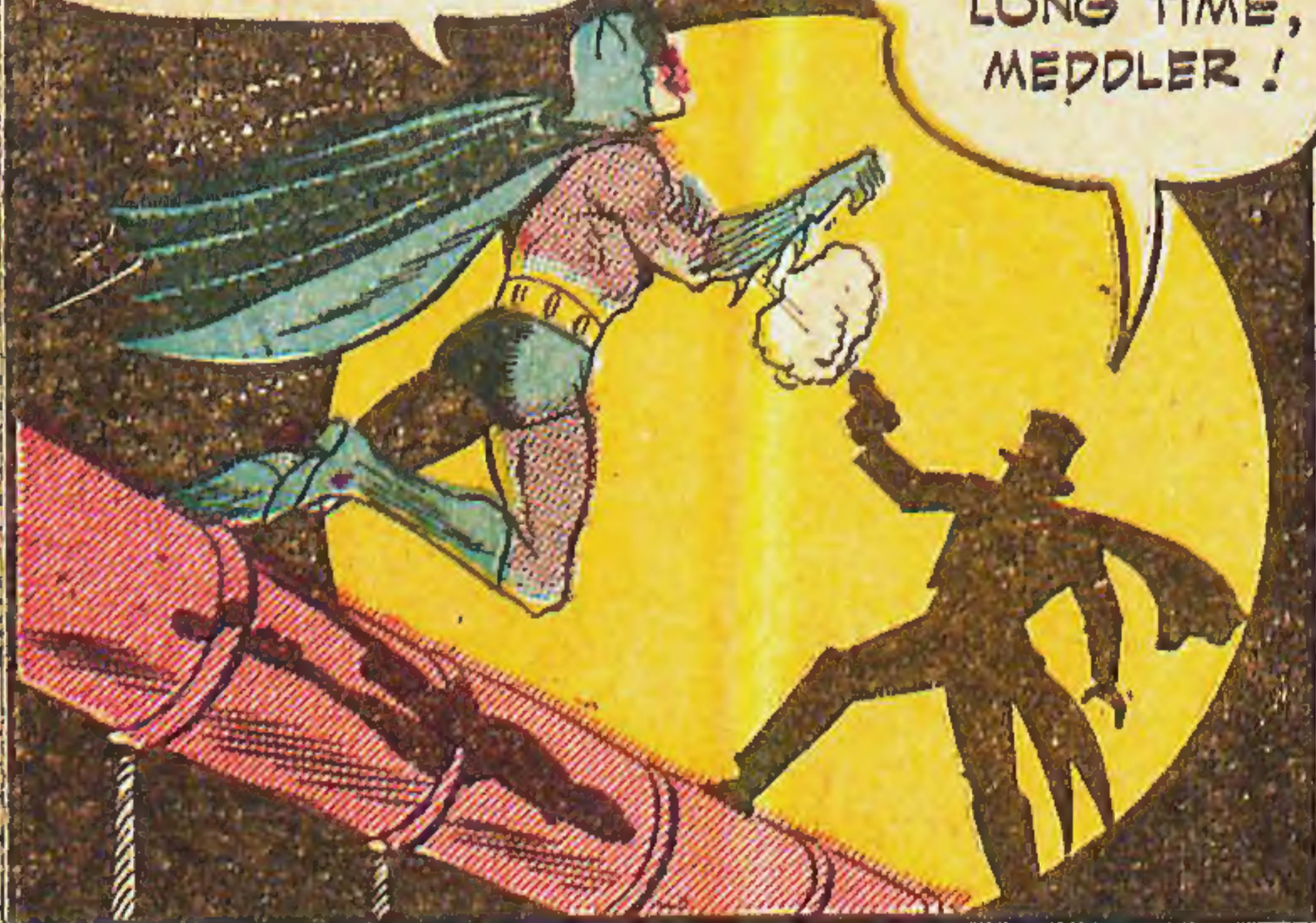


WHAT A STUPID FOOL YOU ARE TO THINK YOU CAN DEFEAT THE ROBBER BARON!

BUT SWIFTER THAN THE BATMAN'S LEAP IS THE SLAMMING STEEL-JACKETED SLUG OF A .45!

JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU, AND -- UGH!

YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING TO YOU FOR A LONG TIME, MEDDLER!

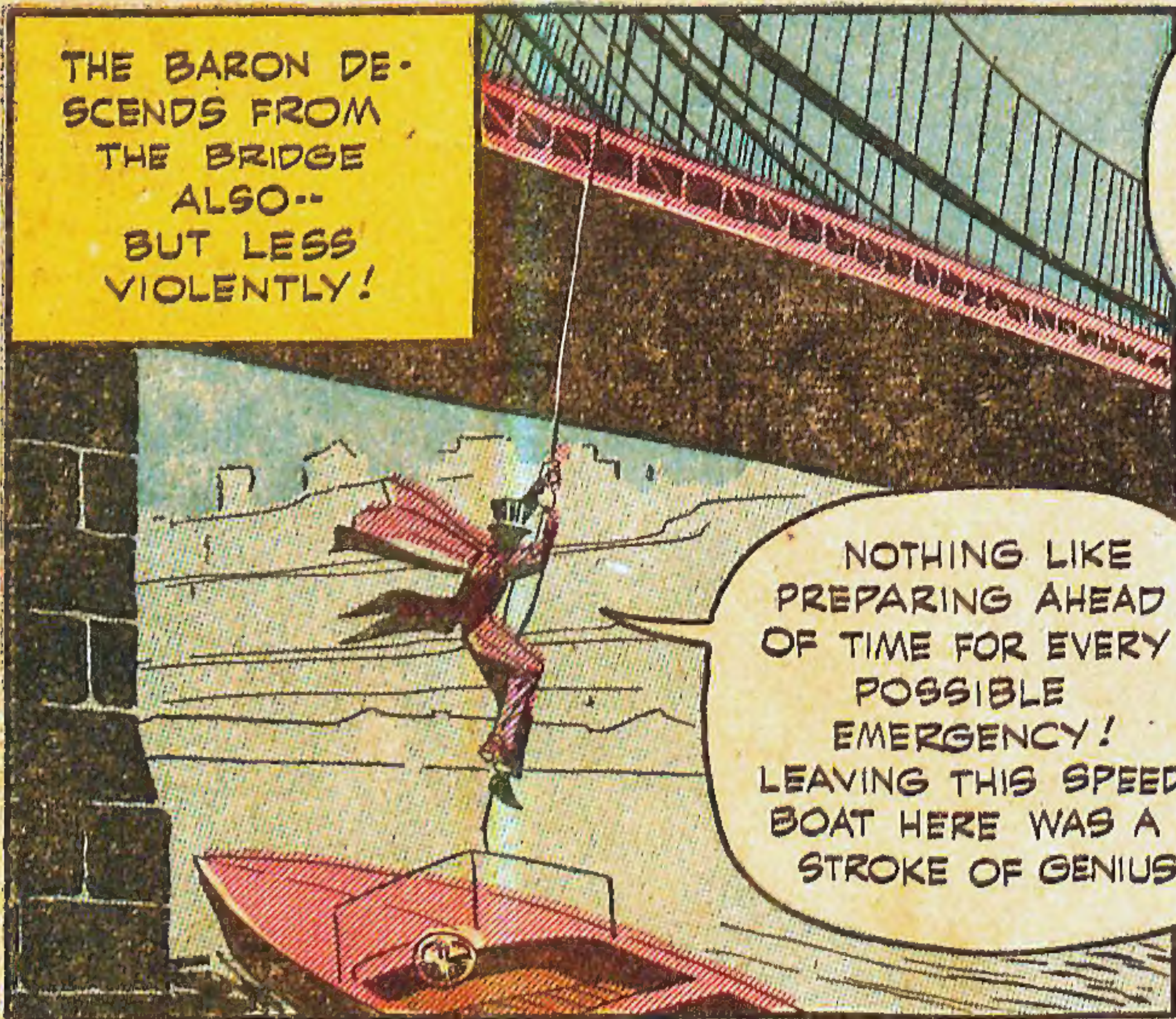


AAAA-A-A-A...

SPLASH!



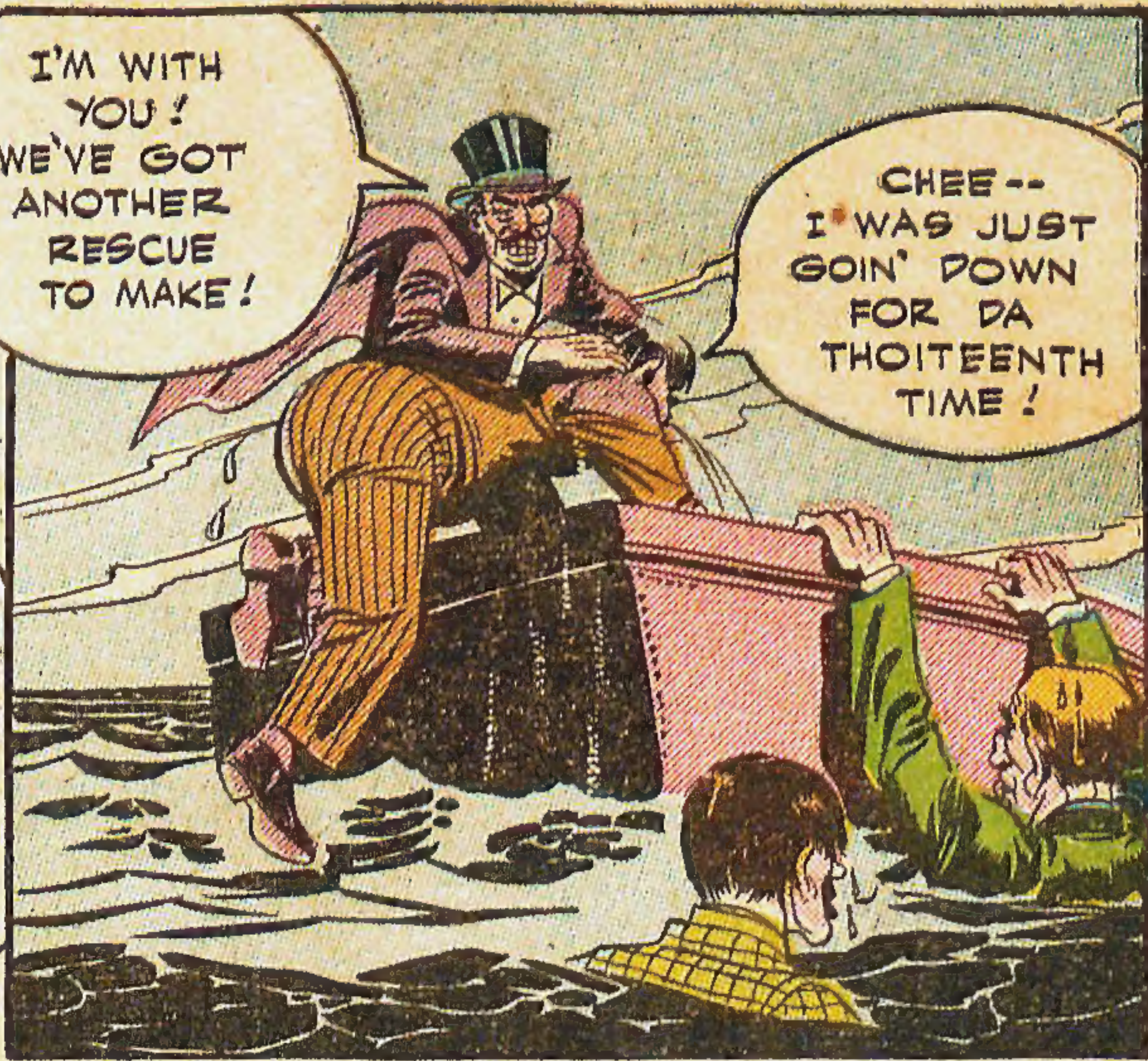
THE BARON DESCENDS FROM THE BRIDGE ALSO-- BUT LESS VIOLENTLY!



NOTHING LIKE PREPARING AHEAD OF TIME FOR EVERY POSSIBLE EMERGENCY! LEAVING THIS SPEED-BOAT HERE WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS!

I'M WITH YOU! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER RESCUE TO MAKE!

CHEE-- I WAS JUST GOIN' DOWN FOR DA THOITEENTH TIME!



FINALLY, A LIMP FORM IS HAULED FROM THE SLUGGISH WATERS...

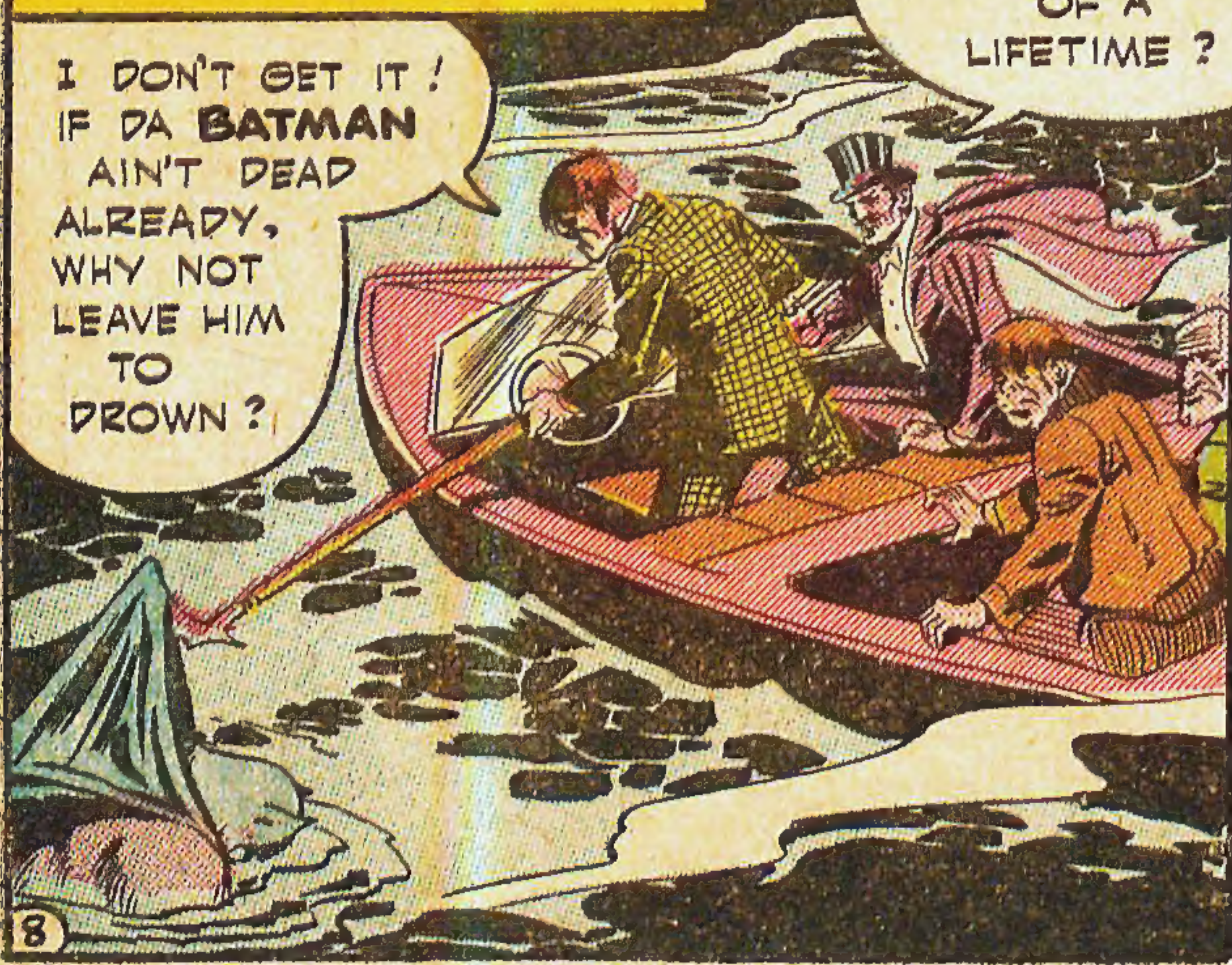
I DON'T GET IT! IF DA BATMAN AIN'T DEAD ALREADY, WHY NOT LEAVE HIM TO DROWN?

WHAT! AND PASS UP THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME?

GOT ME...AND ROBIN TOO...

HEY! HE AIN'T DEAD!

HE WILL BE -- AND THE NEWS WILL BREAK SO DRAMATICALLY THAT HENCEFORTH EVERYBODY WILL SHUDDER WHENEVER THE ROBBER BARON'S NAME IS MENTIONED! TOO BAD THE BOY DROWNED BEFORE WE COULD GET TO HIM...



DEATH LEERS AT ONE ARCH-ENEMY OF CRIME -- WHILE IN THE WAYNE HOME, AMBITION STIRS IN ANOTHER...

IT SAYS HERE, A REAL DETECTIVE MUST NEVER RELAX WHILE CRIMINALS ARE AT LARGE. HE MUST ALWAYS BE ON THE PROWL, SEEKING OUT DANGER! "... BLIMEY-- HERE I AM TAKIN' MY EASE LIKE A BLOOMIN' BANKER!

DANGER -- THAT'S THE THING! FEARLESS ALFRED, THEY'LL BE CALLIN' ME IN THE UNDERWORLD!

PRESENTLY, IN THE RIVERFRONT AREA DESIGNATED ON THE BATMAN'S MAP AS THE ROBBER BARON'S HOME TERRITORY...

NO ACTION! DISGUSTIN'!... I'LL AYSK THESE BOATMEN, WHEN THEY DOCK, IF THEY'VE SEEN ANYTHING OF A SUSPICIOUS NATURE!

I SAY, CHAPPIES, BEASTLY QUIET NIGHT, WHAT?... EH?... IS THAT THE BATMAN?

ANOTHER MEDDLER! GRAB HIM, ONE OF YOU!

BUTTIN' INTA DA ROBBER BARON'S BUSINESS AIN'T HEALTHY, CHUM!

MY WORD!... IT'S THE TH-THE R-ROBBER B-BARON?... I BEG OF YOU, YOUR LORDSHIP -- SPARE ME!

BRING HIM ALONG, BINGO! THE MORE, THE MERRIER!

PLEASE, YOUR LORDSHIP -- I'M HARMLESS AS A BALLY BUTTERFLY! LET ME GO!

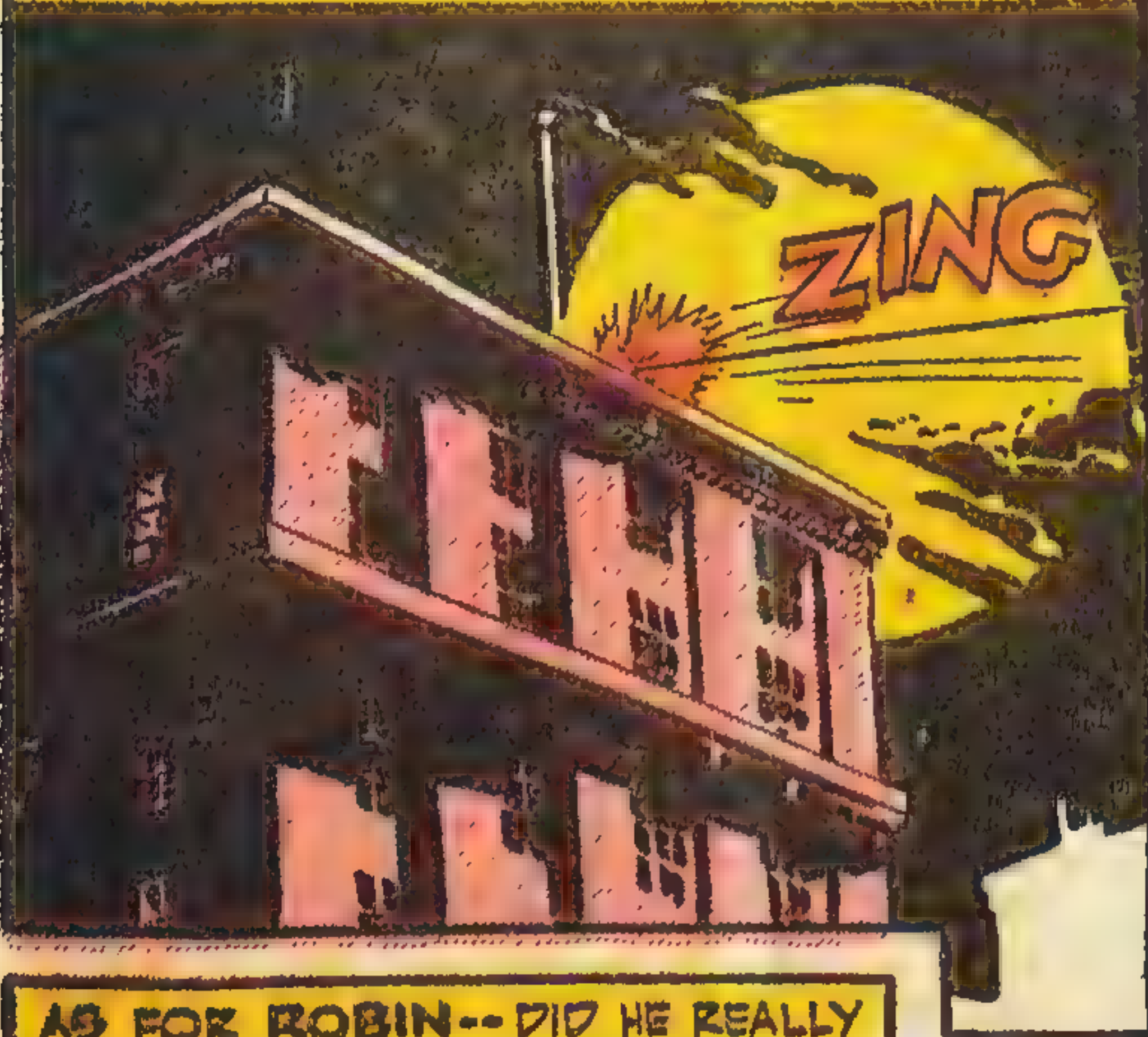
THE IDIOT TALKS TOO MUCH! BIND HIM AND GAG HIM AS YOU DID TO THE BATMAN, AS SOON AS WE REACH THE TOWER!

MINUTES LATER...

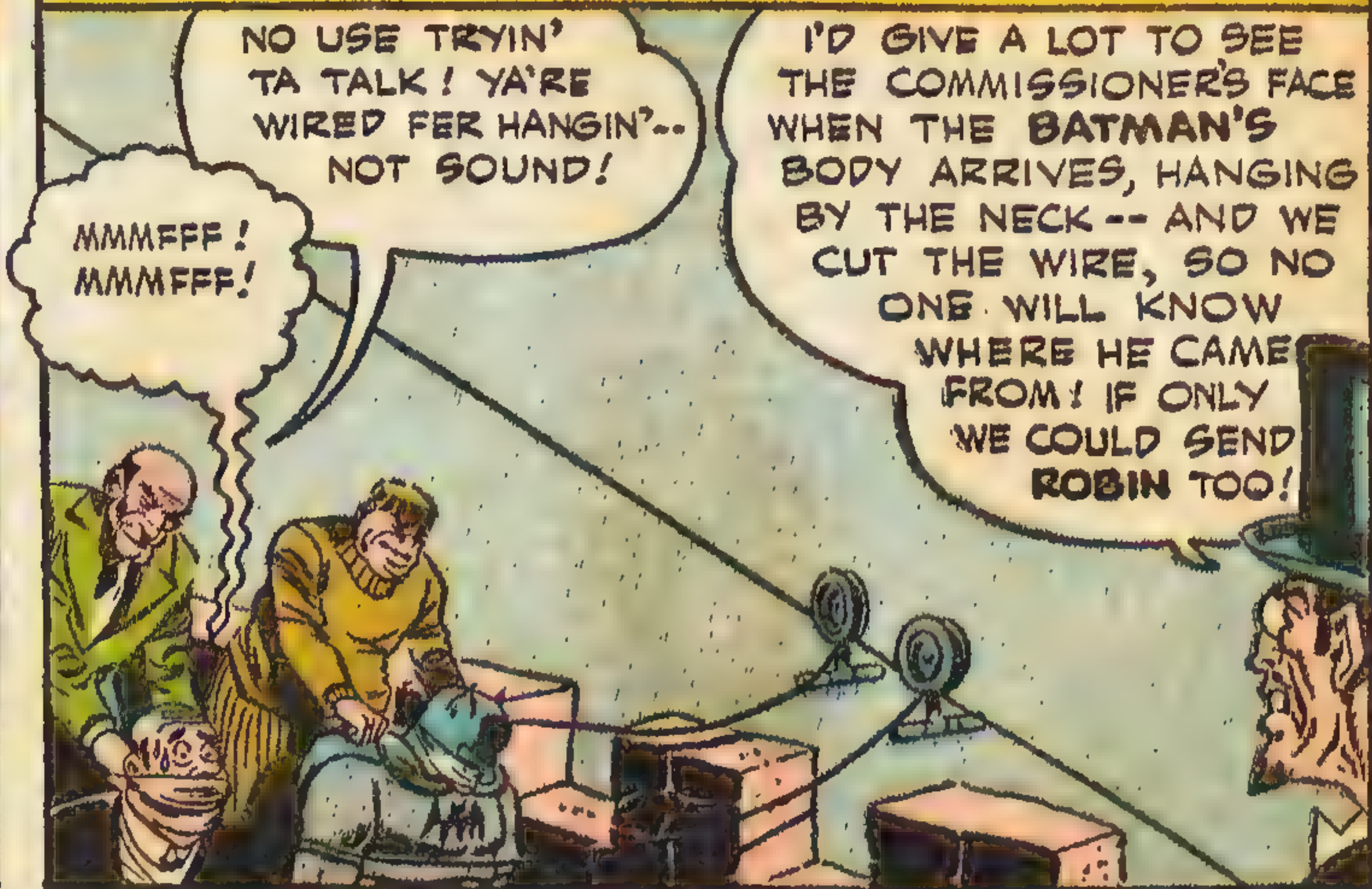
THAT WHITE BUILDING WITH THE FLAGPOLE IS POLICE HEADQUARTERS! OUR SPECIAL DELIVERY MESSAGE OF DEFIANCE WILL BE DELIVERED THERE PROMPTLY! HA, HA, HA!

I GOTTA TAKE ME HAT OFF TO YA, BARON! IT'S DA SLICKEST TRICK O' DA YEAR!

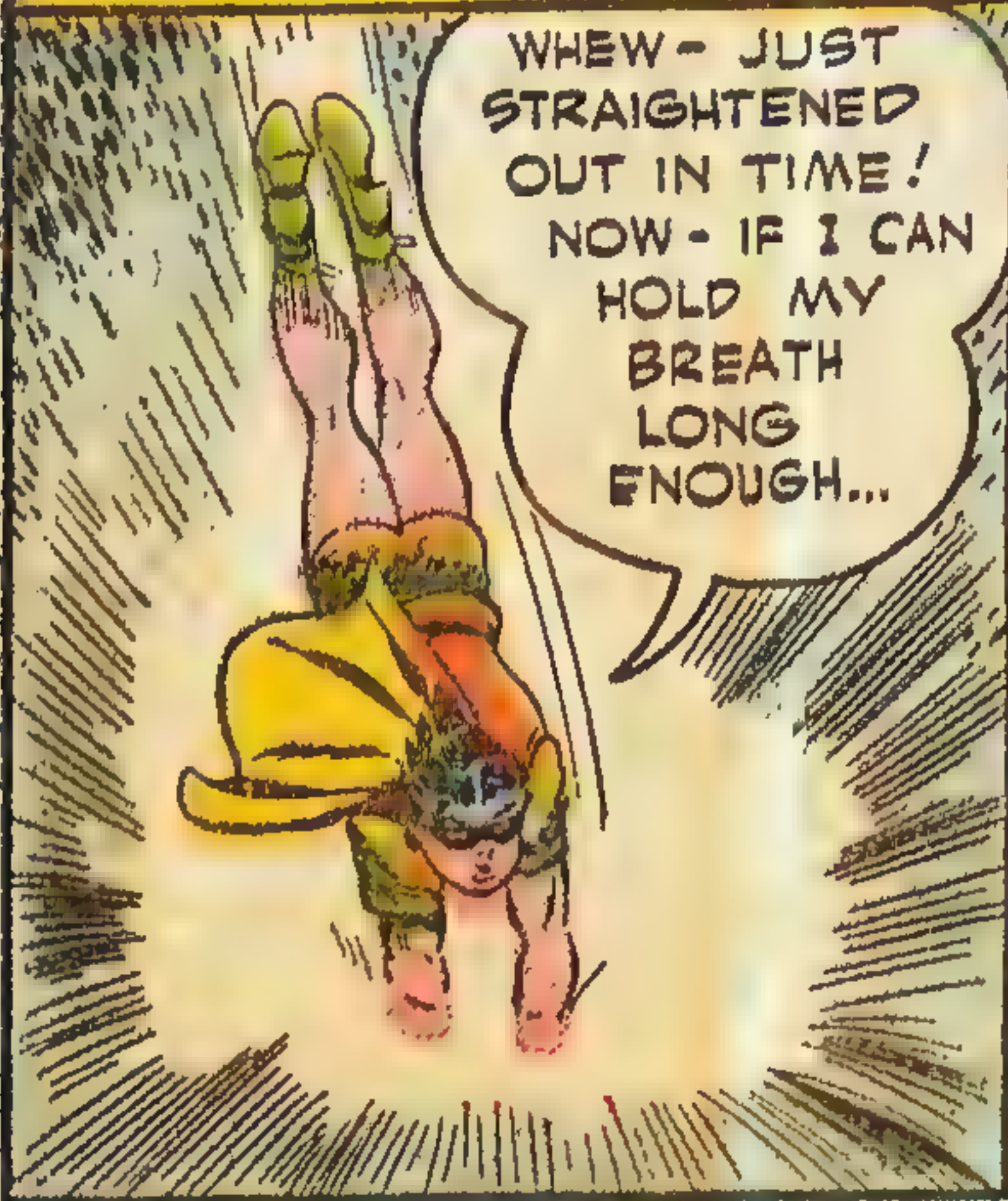
STEEL HOOKS HURTLE ACROSS THE CITY TO GRAPPLE THE ROOF OF THE CENTRAL POLICE STATION...



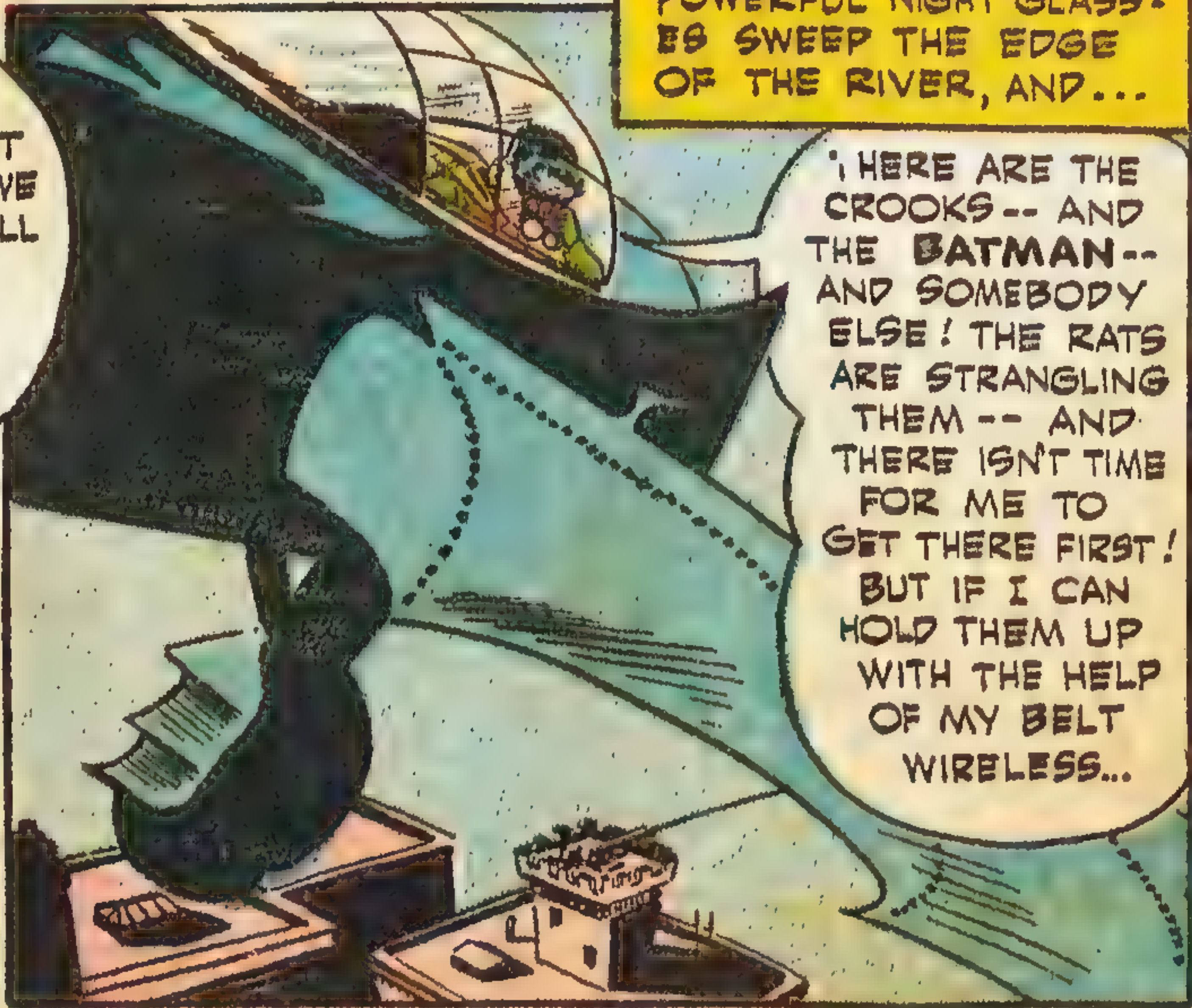
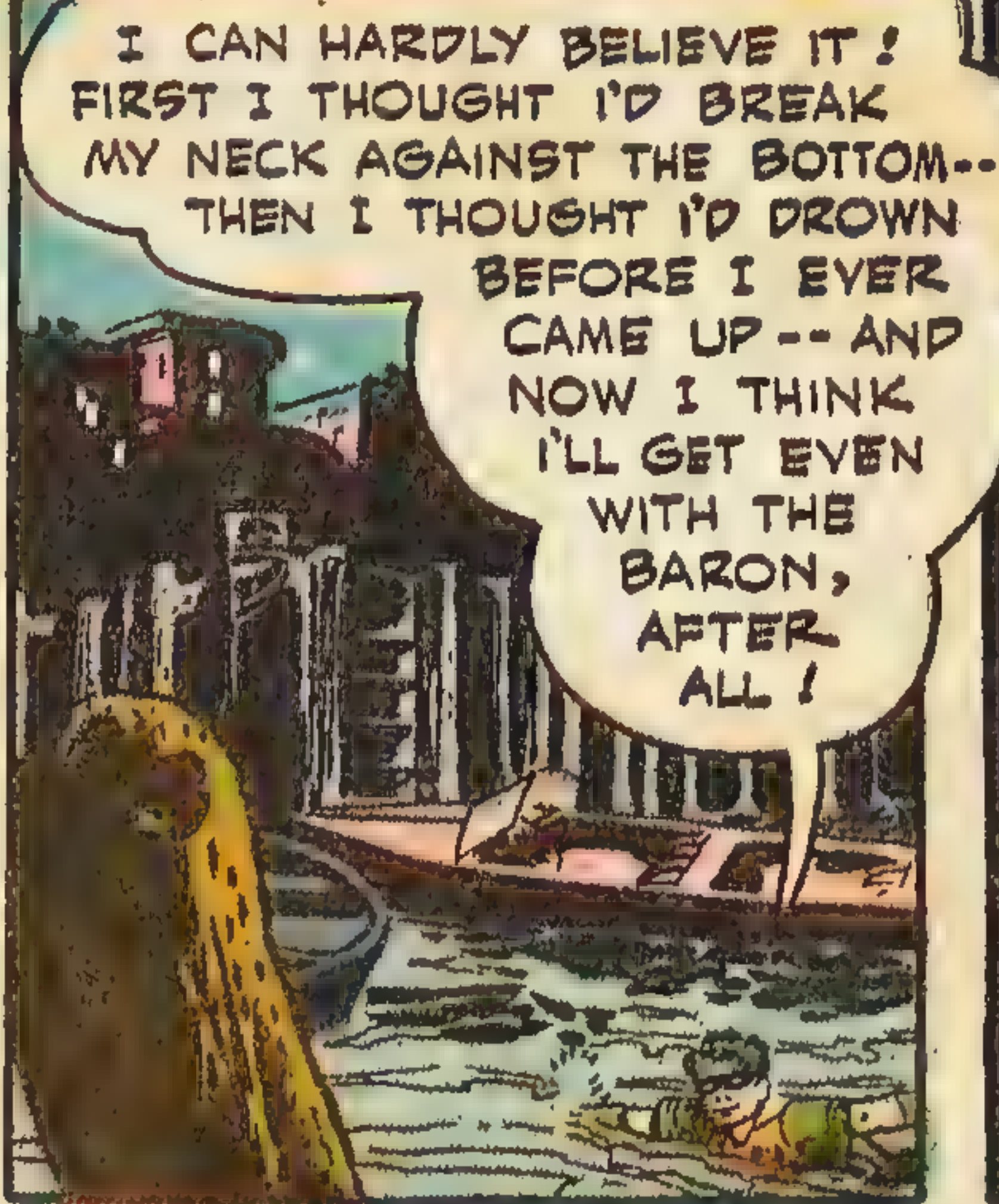
AND NOW THE FULL FIENDISHNESS OF THE BARON'S PLAN BECOMES APPARENT!



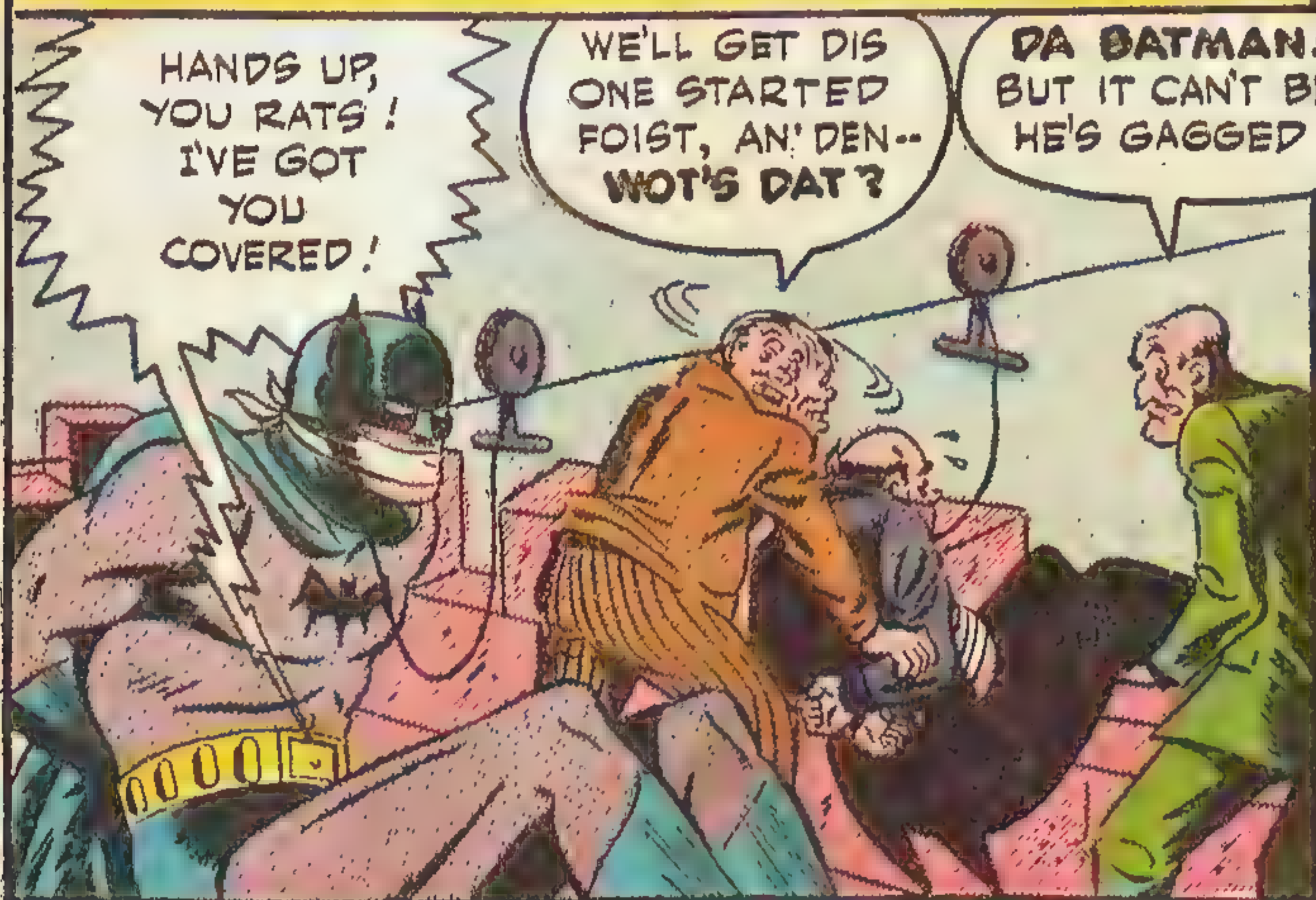
AS FOR ROBIN-- DID HE REALLY DIE IN THAT PERILOUS PLUNGE? LET US LOOK BACK TO THE MOMENT HIS LITHE BODY STRUCK THE WATER...



AND MANY SECONDS LATER...



ABRUPTLY, FROM THE TINY RADIO SPEAKER CONCEALED IN THE BATMAN'S BELT BUCKLE, A RINGING COMMAND HALTS THE GRIM BUSINESS OF MURDER!



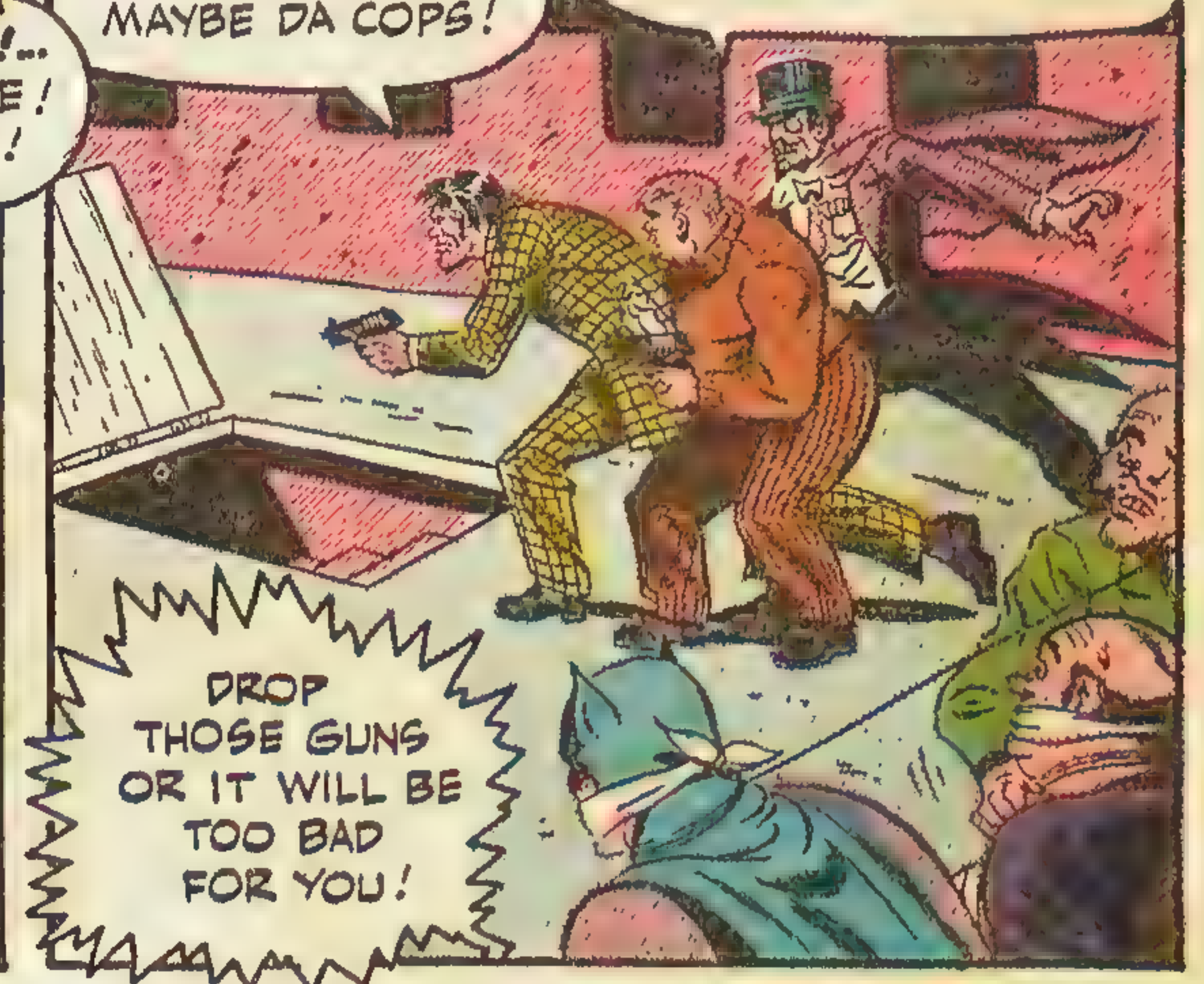
HANDS UP,
YOU RATS!
I'VE GOT
YOU
COVERED!

WE'LL GET DIS
ONE STARTED
FOIST, AN' DEN--
WOT'S DAT?

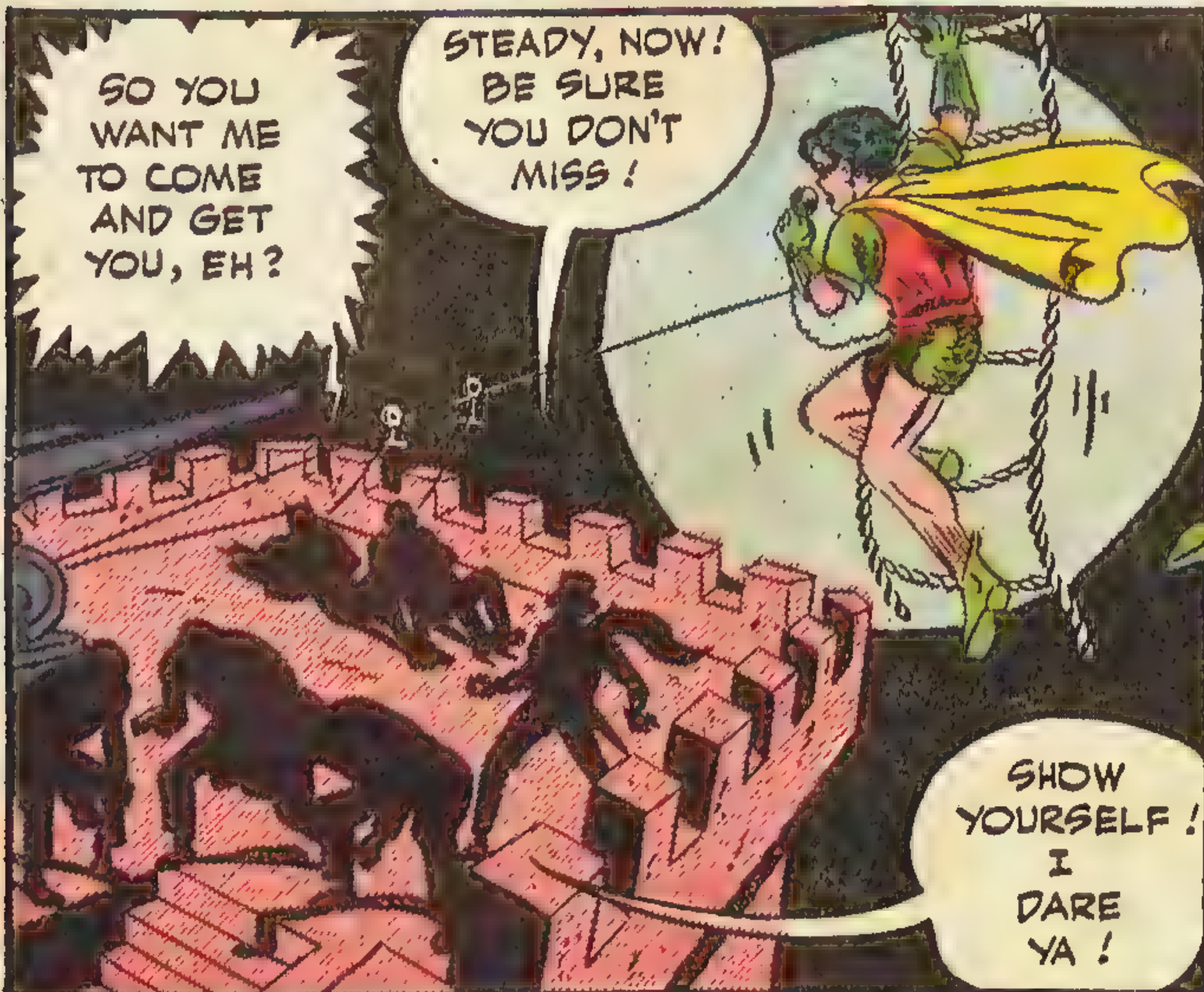
DA BATMAN!...
BUT IT CAN'T BE!
HE'S GAGGED!

MUST BE SOME-
BODY ON DA
STAIRWAY!
MAYBE DA COPS!

WHOEVER IT IS, WE
CAN KILL HIM BEFORE
HE CAN GET UP HERE!



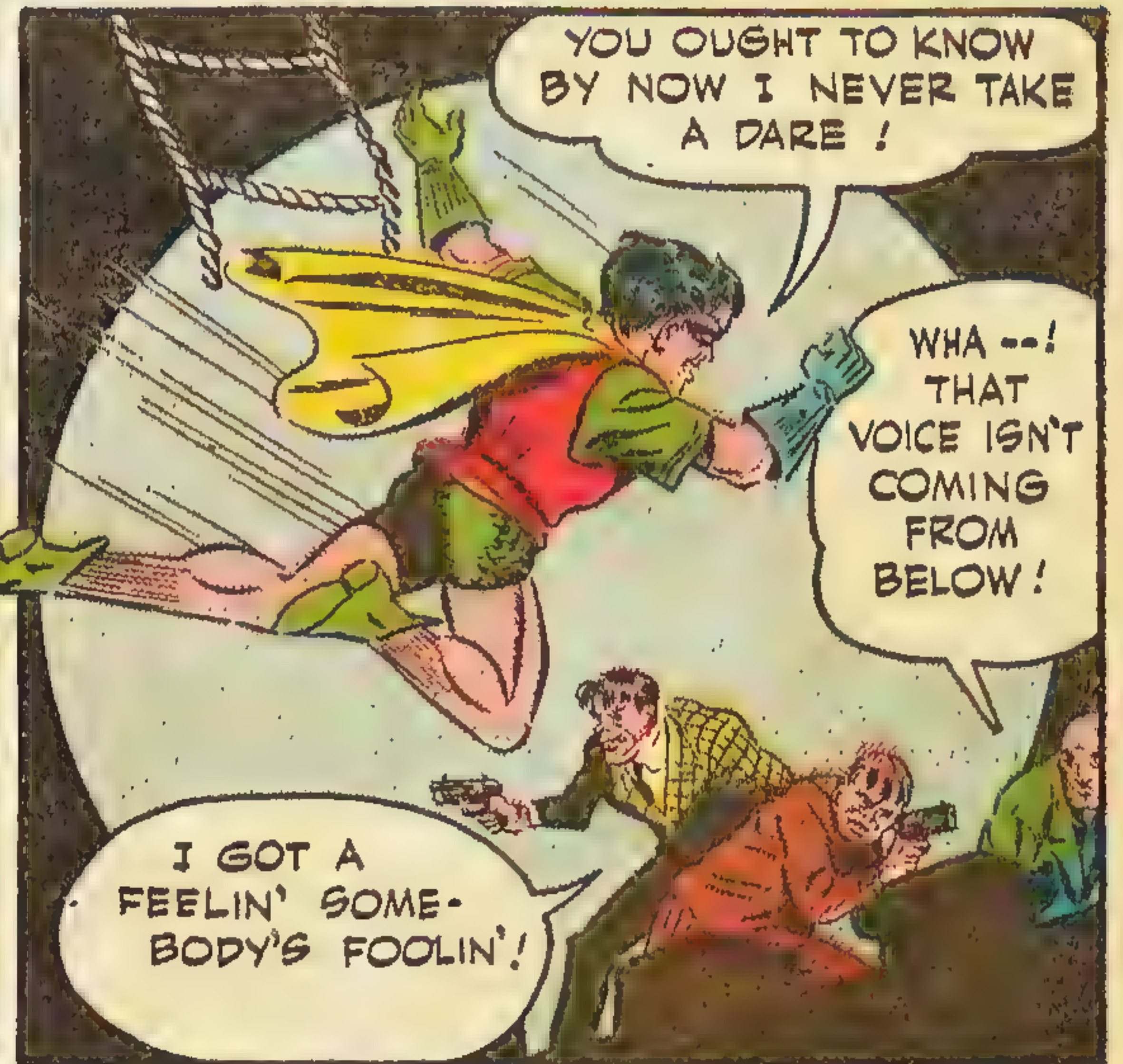
DROP
THOSE GUNS
OR IT WILL BE
TOO BAD
FOR YOU!



SO YOU
WANT ME
TO COME
AND GET
YOU, EH?

STEADY, NOW!
BE SURE
YOU DON'T
MISS!

SHOW
YOURSELF!
I
DARE
YA!



YOU OUGHT TO KNOW
BY NOW I NEVER TAKE
A DARE!

WHA --!
THAT
VOICE ISN'T
COMING
FROM
BELOW!

I GOT A
FEELIN' SOME-
BODY'S FOOLIN'!



GOOD HUNTING!

DA BRAT...OOOFFF!

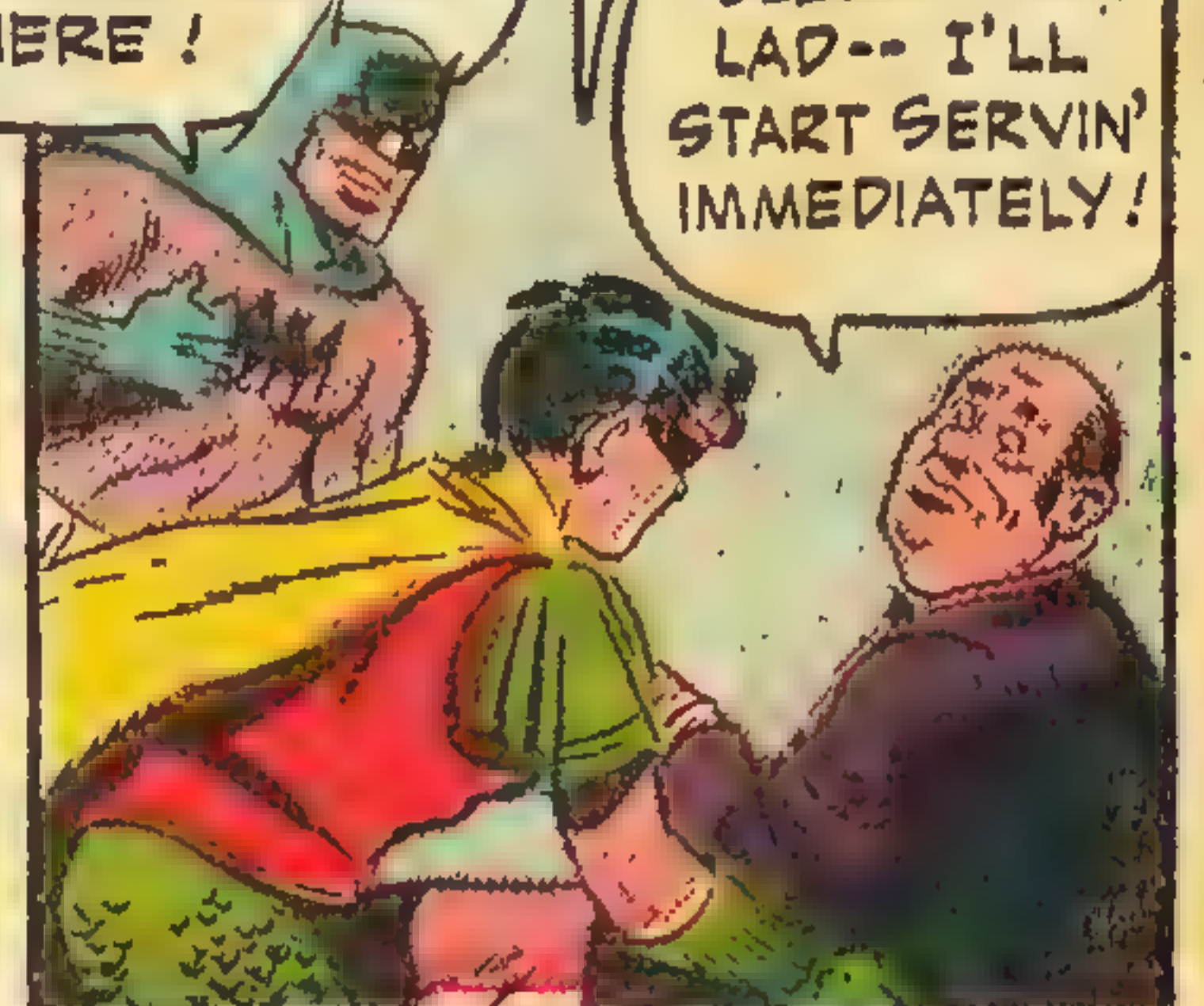
IF HE
ISN'T
ALREADY DEAD,
HE WILL
BE...OOPS!

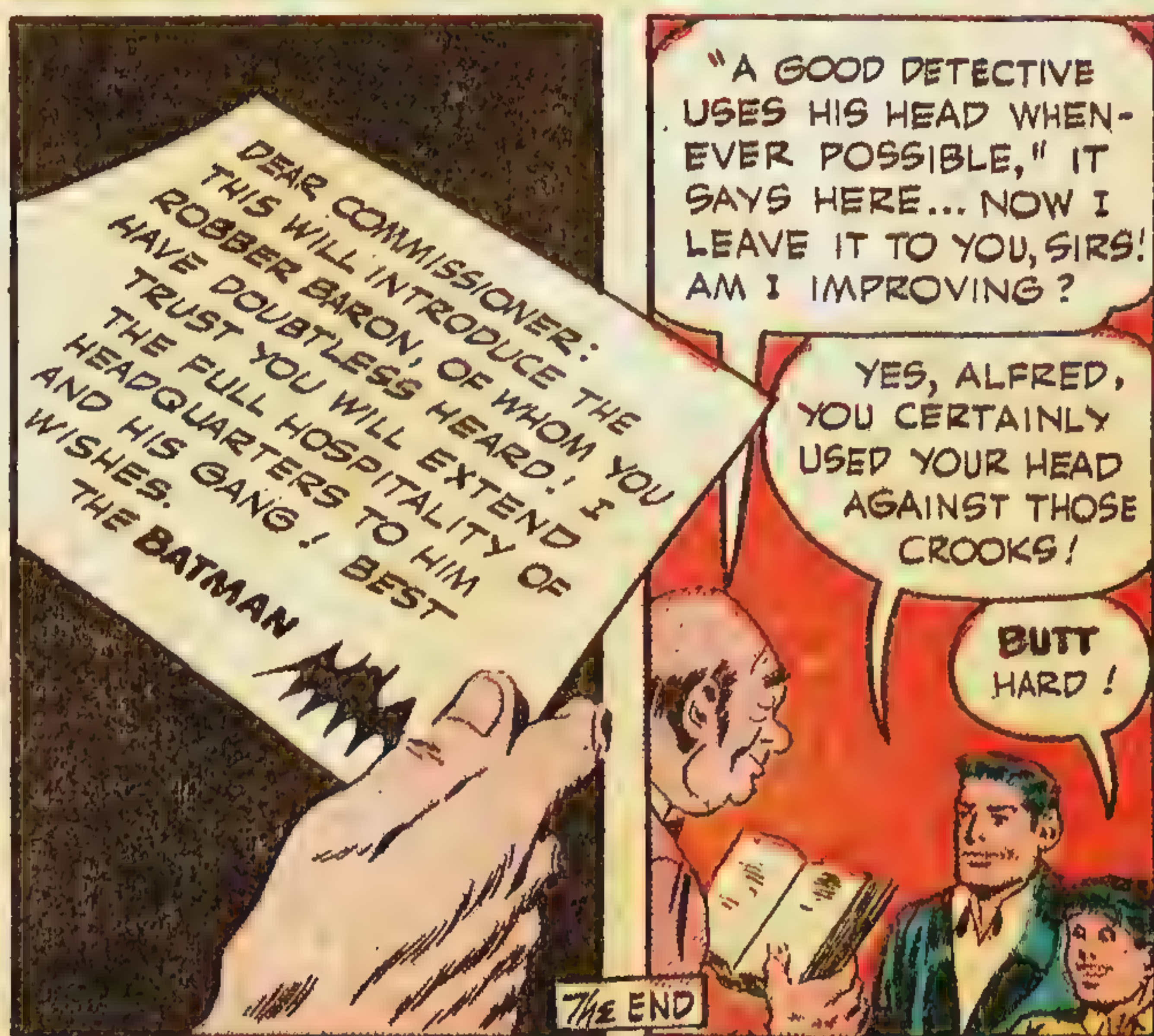
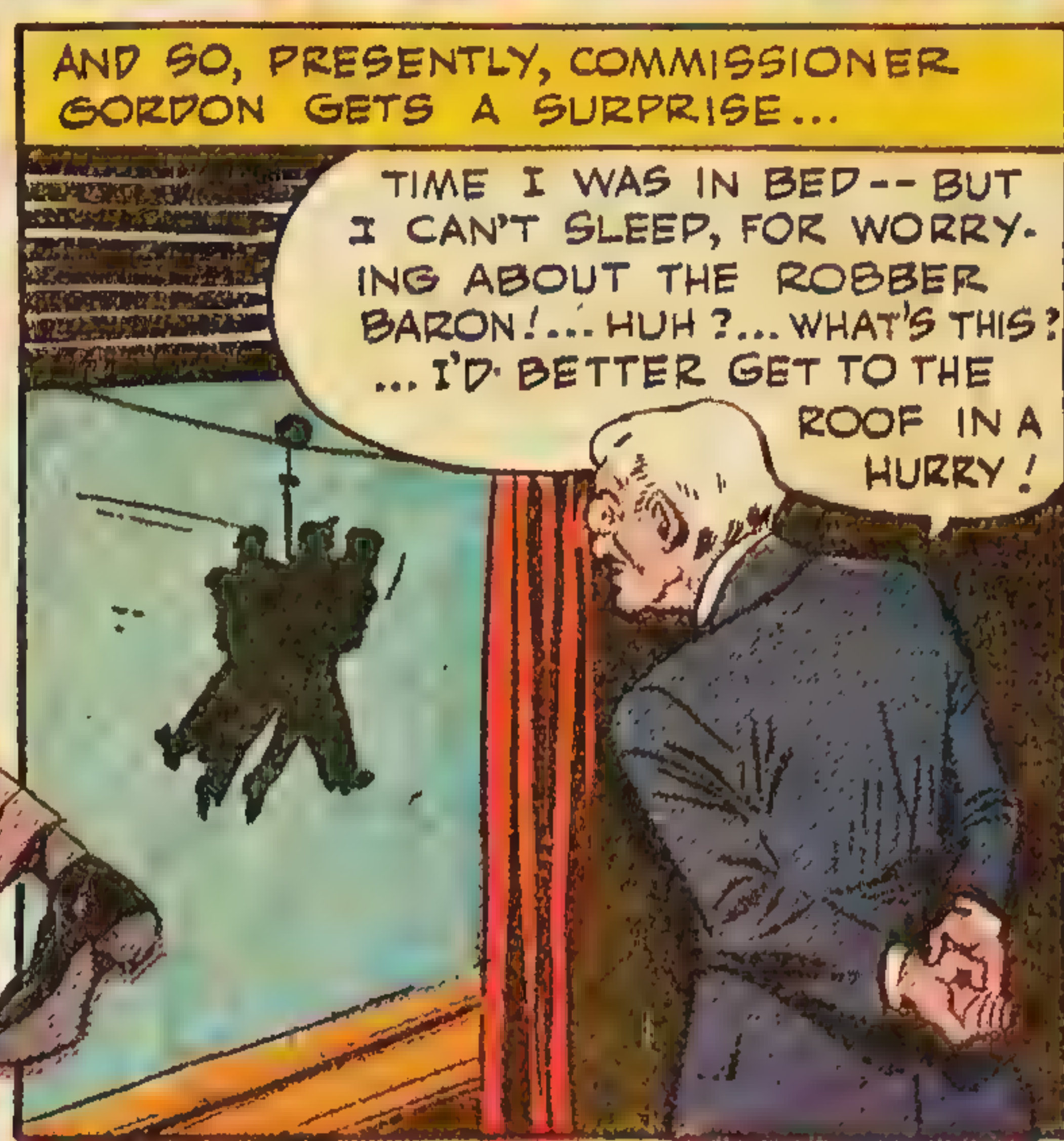
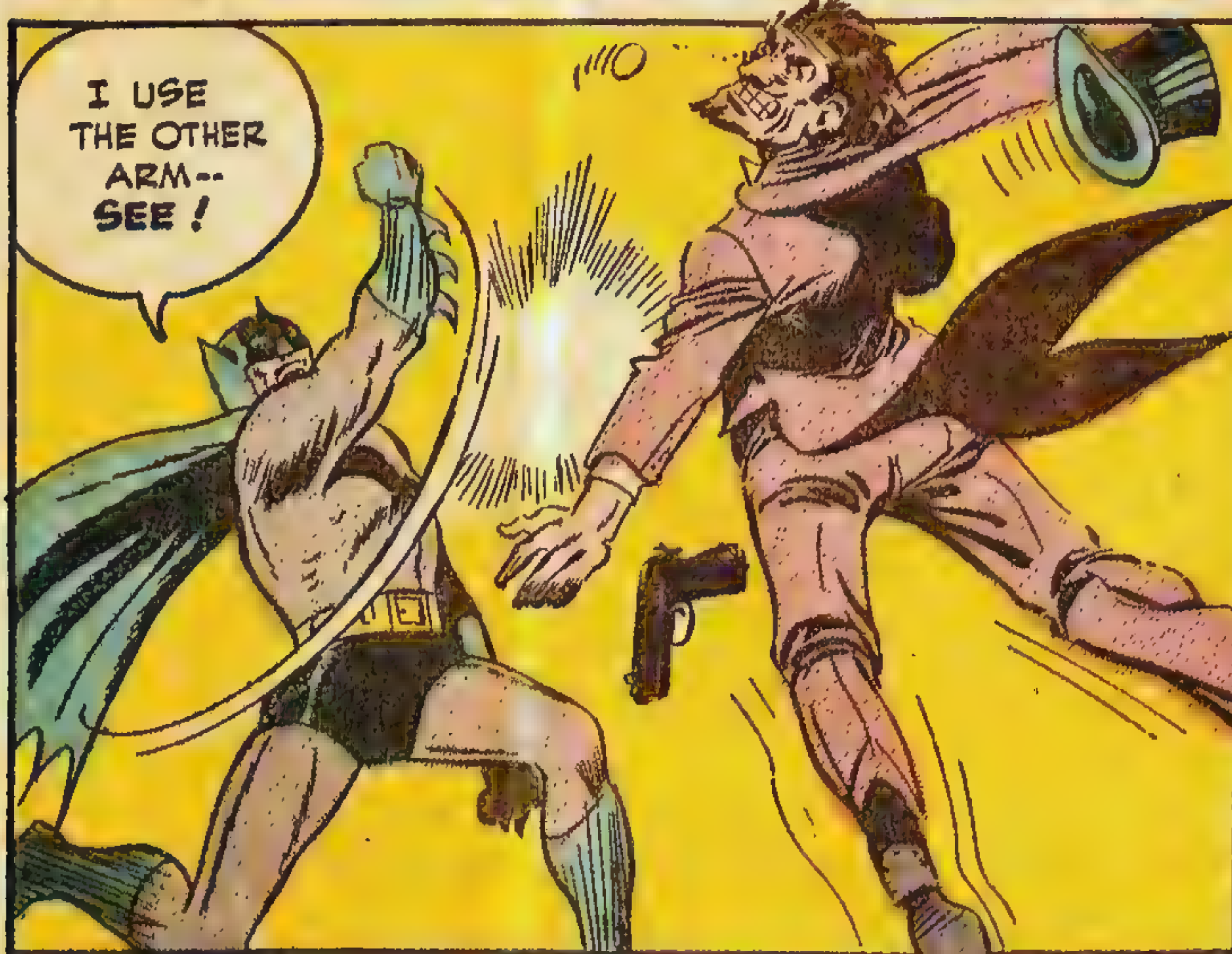
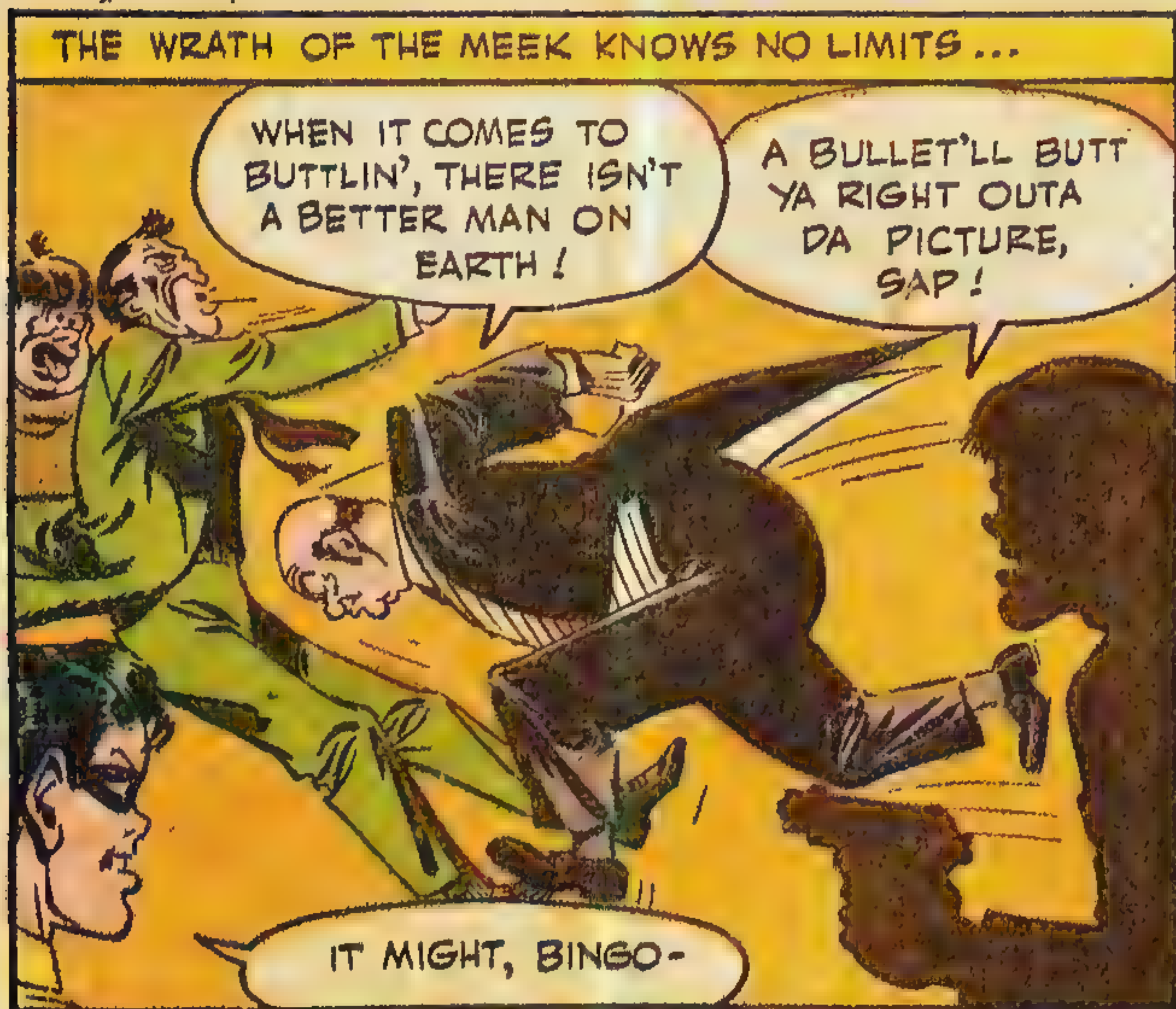
A KEEN BLADE FLASHES -- AND
THE TWO CAPTIVES ARE SWIFTLY
FREED!

REMEMBER ME TO
BUY YOU A
BOUQUET OF
ORCHIDS, PAL--
AS SOON AS I WEED
OUT THE SKUNK
CABBAGE AROUND
HERE!

YOU LOOK
LIKE A BUTLER,
MISTER! LETS
SEE YOU
BUTTLE!

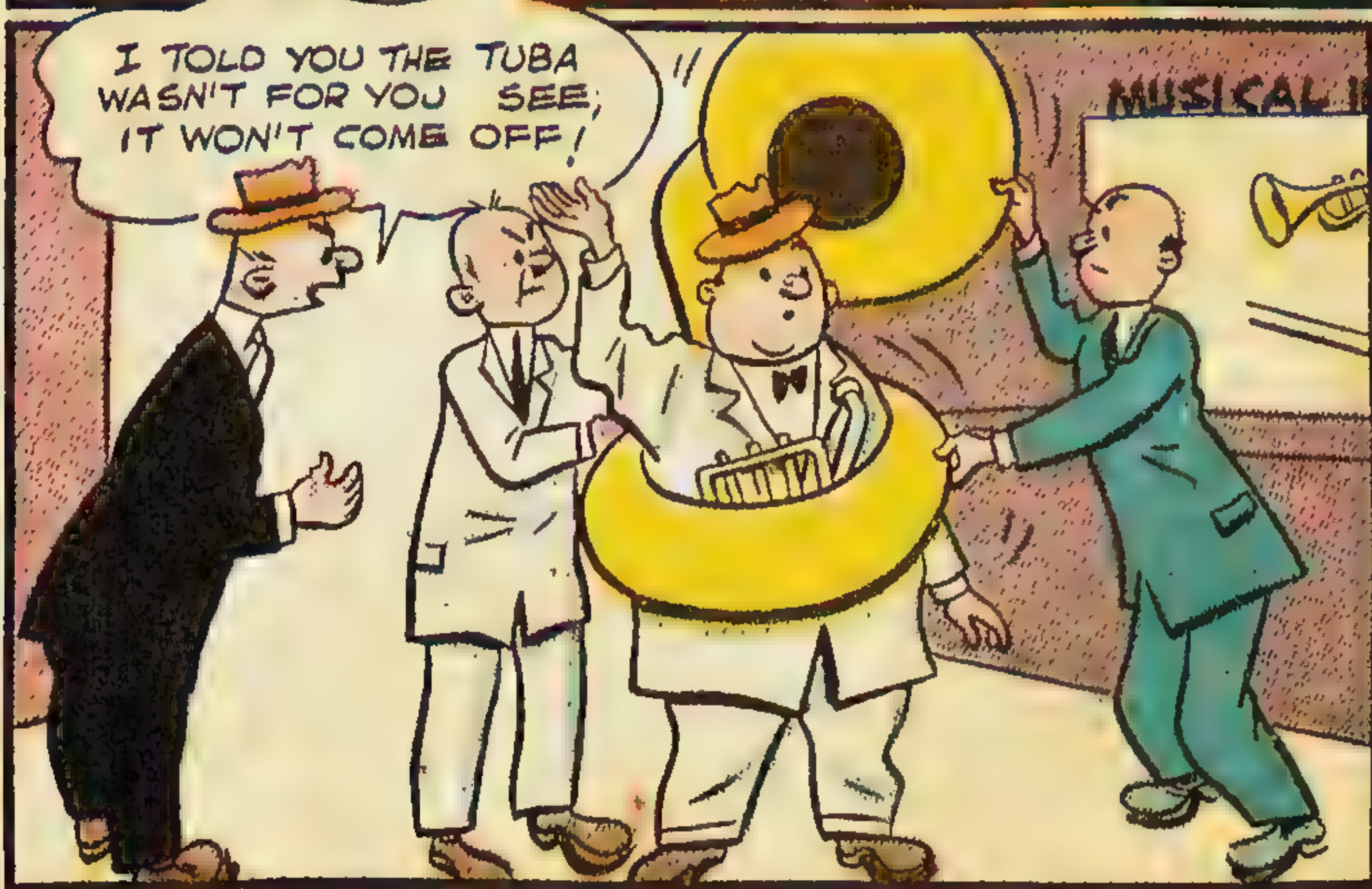
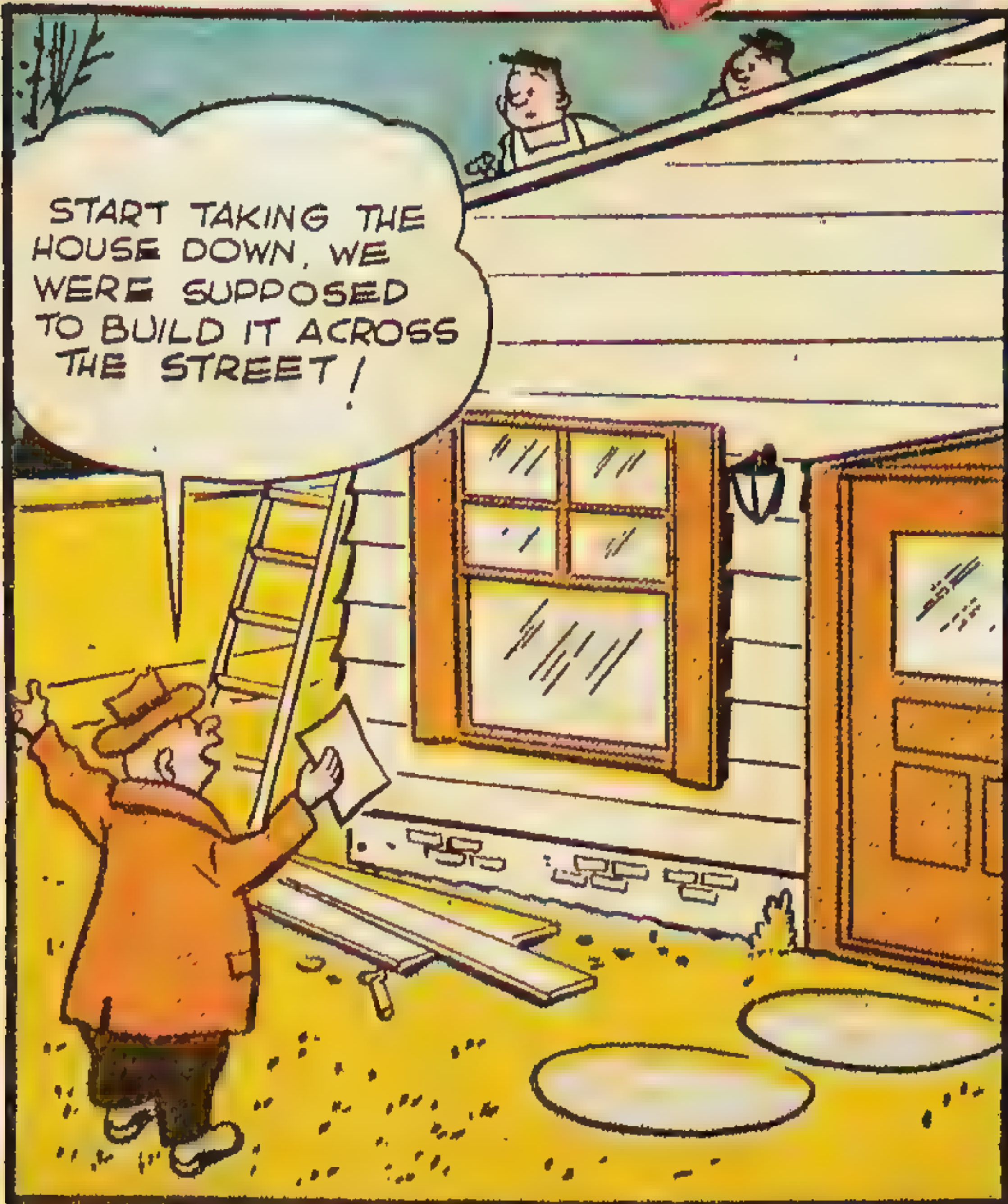
BLESS YOU,
LAD--I'LL
START SERVIN'
IMMEDIATELY!





GAGS

HENRY
BOLTMORE



HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS! ... HERE COMES BATMAN No. 17

4 STARTLING, STUPENDOUS,
BATMAN AND ROBIN
ADVENTURES! **4**

FOR EXAMPLE... THE PENGUIN



... THAT COLORFUL
CAREERIST IN CRIME,
TRADES HIS FAMED
UMBRELLAS FOR THE
WEAPONS OF THE
CHASE AS HE GRIMLY
STALKS HUMAN PREY

IN "THE PENGUIN HUNTS BIG GAME!"

PLUS THREE MORE SMASHING
STORIES FEATURING
BATMAN AND ROBIN!

ON SALE APRIL 9TH



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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

WHITEY'S FIRST ROUND-UP

By Glen Rounds

Whitey was pretty young to be a cowboy. He was only ten. But he had been living on Uncle Torwal's ranch for several years now, and he thought he could about hold his own with any full-fledged cowboy by this time. So when the men were making ready to go out on the round-up, Whitey reckoned he'd go along. Uncle Torwal was doubtful, but finally agreed.

But Whitey had a few surprises in store for him. In the first place there was his horse, Spot, who chose that day of all days to get ornery and refused to be saddled up. So Whitey was late in starting, and the others had all gone on ahead. Then Whitey made another mistake—he left the road and started to cut across country. And finally—the worst mistake of all—he got off his horse to look for arrow-heads, and the first thing he knew he was alone, and Spot was nowhere to be seen. Walking wasn't easy on that land, and Whitey was footsore. And when some hostile cattle came and edged in on him he was scared, too.

Uncle Torwal rescued him, though he knew that he was in disgrace. But when, seated once more on Spot, he saw an unruly cow break loose and threaten the branding crew, Whitey did just the right thing. He threw his loop at her head. And, accidentally or not, he caught her and stopped her until the others came up. So Whitey redeemed himself, and proved he was a cowboy after all.

This is a very short story with lots of pictures. Ask your librarian for it.

**BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**

The BOY COMMANDOS

IN DOUBLE DEATH

ORDER OF THE DAY

Did you Boys ever hear the one about the Scotsman who...? well, this is a brand new angle we Commandos will Investigate...

Rip Carter

CAPTAIN

ANGUS McQUIRT IS A SCOTSMAN...AND A VERY TOUGH SCOTSMAN, INDEED! ANGUS WOULD HAVE BEEN WORTH TWO REGIMENTS TO THE ALLIED ARMY IF THEY COULD HAVE GOT HIM TO FIGHT... BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A WAR GOING ON---WHAT'S MORE...HE DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW! THEN THE WAR CAME AND DELIVERED A PERSONAL ULTIMATUM TO ANGUS McQUIRT... AND HOW HE ANSWERED IT, FORMS ONE OF THE WILDEST EPISODES OF THE BOY COMMANDOS' CYCLONIC CAREER!

by

JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY



HIGH IN
NORTHERN
SCOTLAND, THE
CHILL
NORTH SEA
WINDS BLOW
ACROSS
THE BLEAK
MOORS, EVEN IN
MID-SUMMER...
AND AT
NOON EACH
DAY, YOUNG
MAGGIE MEQUIRT
CARRIES A MID-
DAY MEAL TO
HER HUSBAND
FAR OUT
IN THE
FIELDS...



ANY NEWS! WOMAN, WHY WILLYE BE FOREVER
ASKING THE SAME EEDIOTIC QUESTION? WHAT
NEWS COULD I BE TELLIN' YE, MAROONED MILES
OUT IN THE FIELDS AS I AM?



AND
AS
ANGUS
SOURLY
DIGS
INTO
HIS
LUNCH...

THEN I'LL BE TELLIN' YE
TH' NEWS, ANGUS---
THEY'RE TALKIN'
IN TOWN O'---



DON'T BE FOREVER
WORRITIN' ME
WITH LEETLE
PETTY THINGS...
ME WITH A FARM
THAT NEEDS LOOKIN'
AFTER!

ALL
RIGHT,
ANGUS...
THEN
I'LL
BE GOIN'
HOME!



ALWAYS ASKIN' ME FOR NEWS!
A PLAGUE ON THEIR WOMANLY
TONGUE-WAGGLIN! IS THERE
NO PEACE FOR A MON ON
THIS GOOD EARTH?

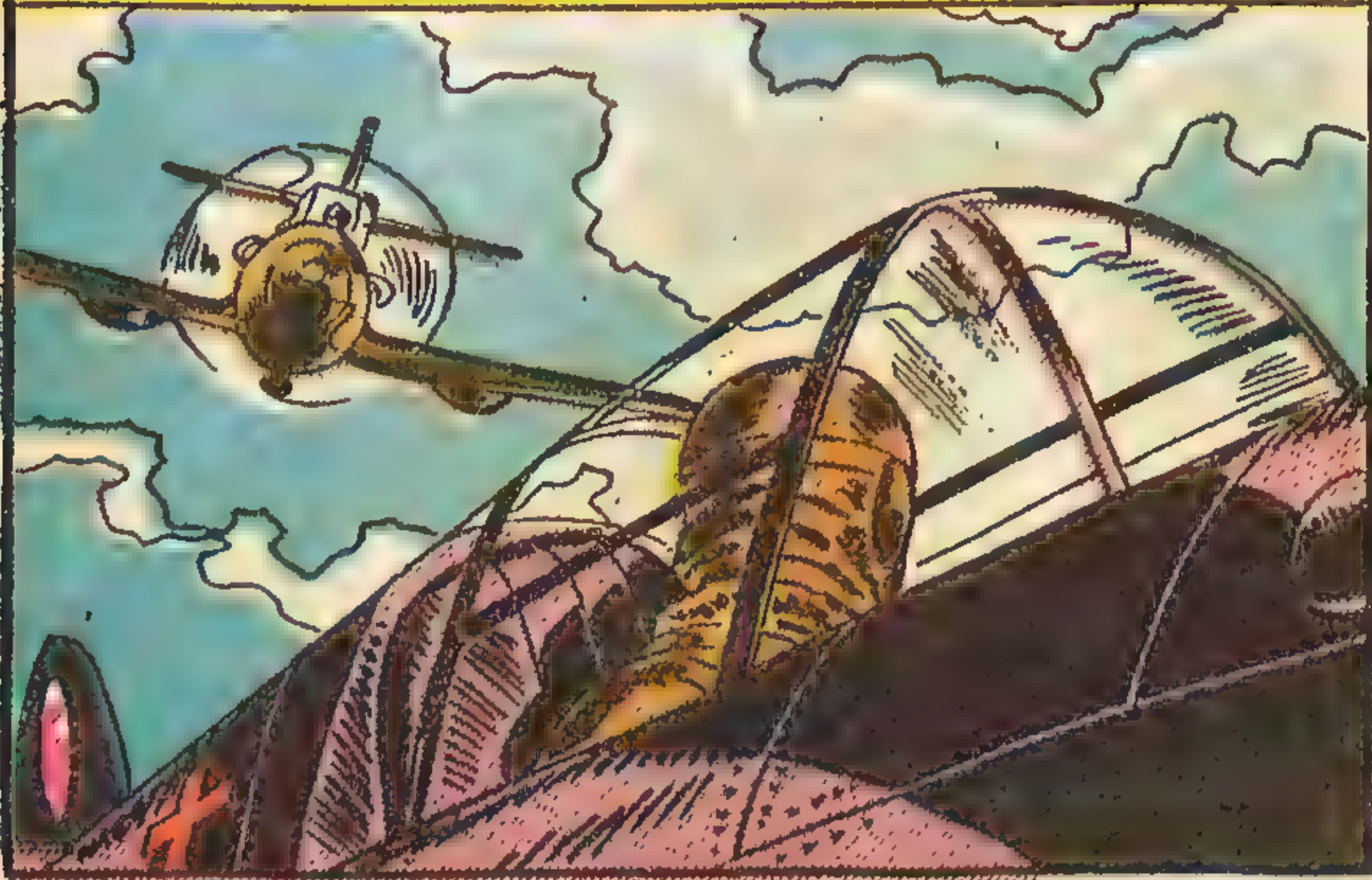


BUT AS THE SILENT SCOTSMAN
RETURNS TO HIS WORK, THE
QUIET OF THE MOORS IS
SUDDENLY SHATTERED...

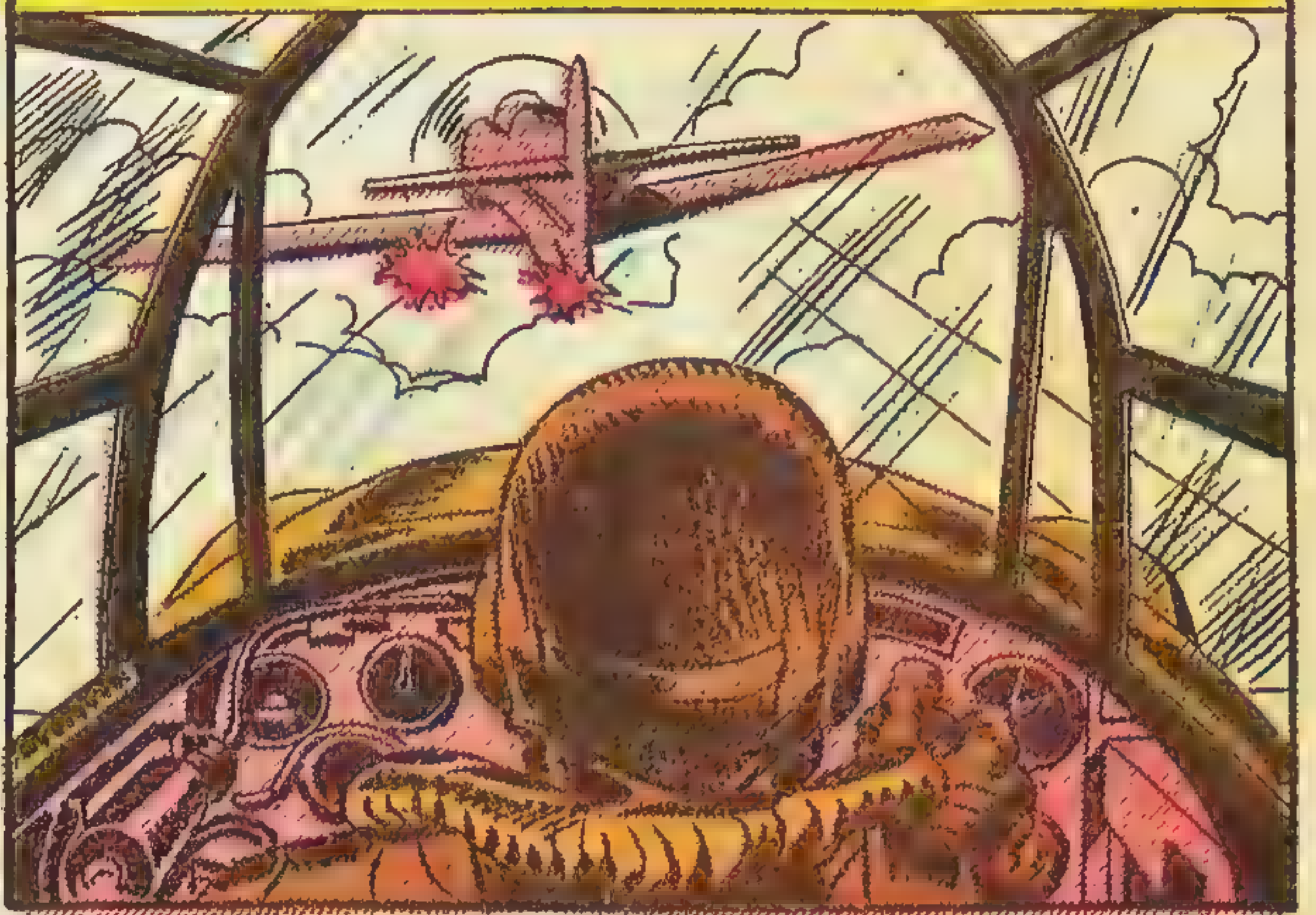
EH? MORE BOTHERATION! THEY BE
THOSE FLYING MACHINES...DISTUR-
BIN' TH' COUNTRY AGAIN!



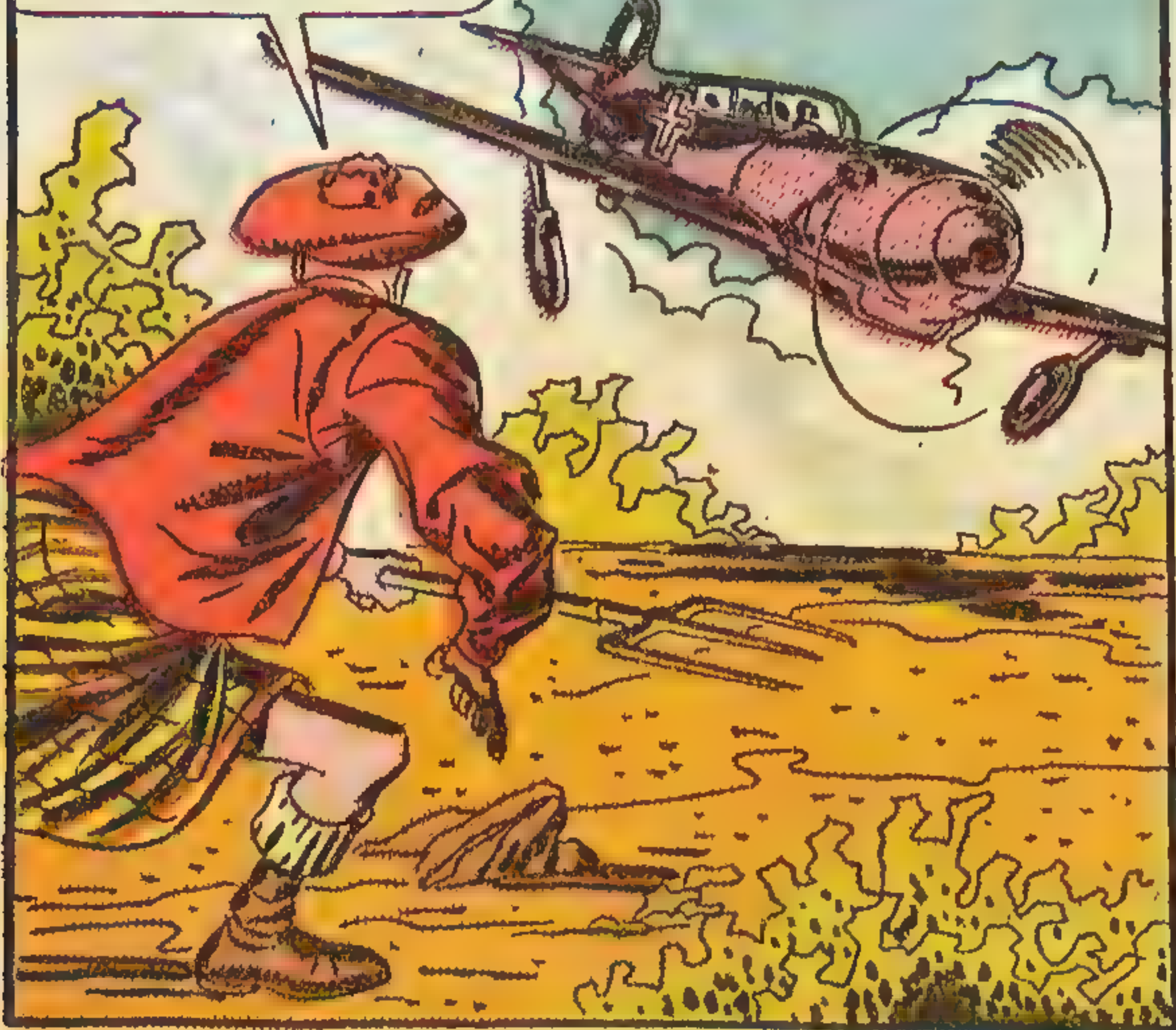
AND HIGH ABOVE... TRAILING A TRACER OF EXHAUST SMOKE LIKE DELICATE LACE...A VICIOUS DOG-FIGHT SWEEPS IN FROM THE NORTH SEA---



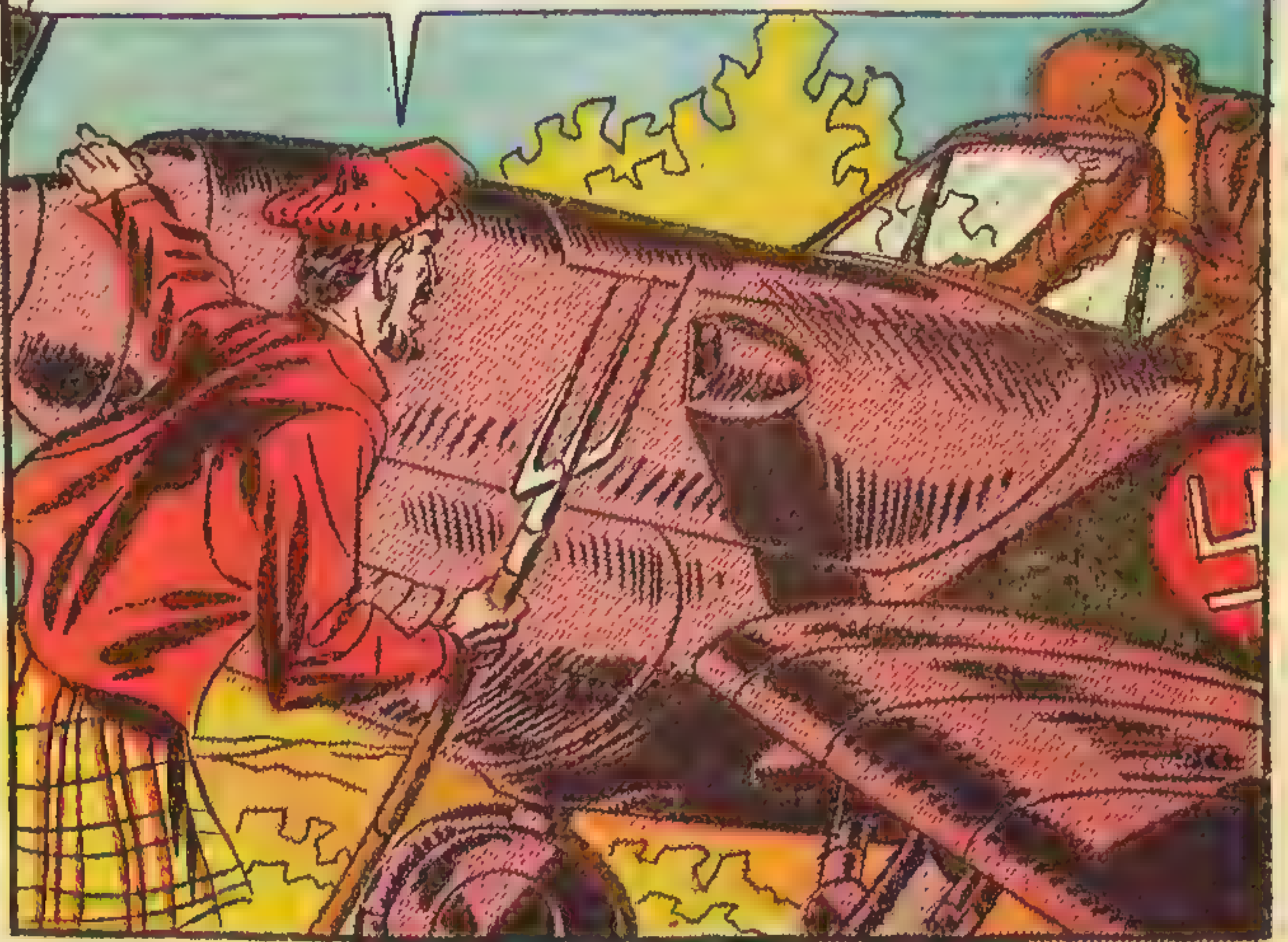
AS ENGINES WHINE AND MACHINE GUNS CRACKLE ---A STRICKEN NAZI PLANE FALTERS, THEN PLUMMETS DOWNWARD---



HE'S LANDIN' ON MY FIELDS! THE EENSOLENCE O' THE BEGGAR!



MON! MON! WHAT ARE YE THINKIN' O' DOIN' ? THAT MACHINE OF YOURS'LL BE TH' DEATH OF THEM FINE CABBAGES OF MINE! I GI' YOU FIVE MINUTES TO GET THAT CONTRAPTION OFF MY LAND OR I'LL HAVE YE UP FER TRESPASS!



NEIN! IT ISS NOT POSSIBLE! ONLY DER FUEHRER COULD HAVE *THIS* KIND OF LUCK!

MON, DON'T BE STANDIN' THERE BLATHERIN'! GET THAT THING OFF ME CABBAGES!



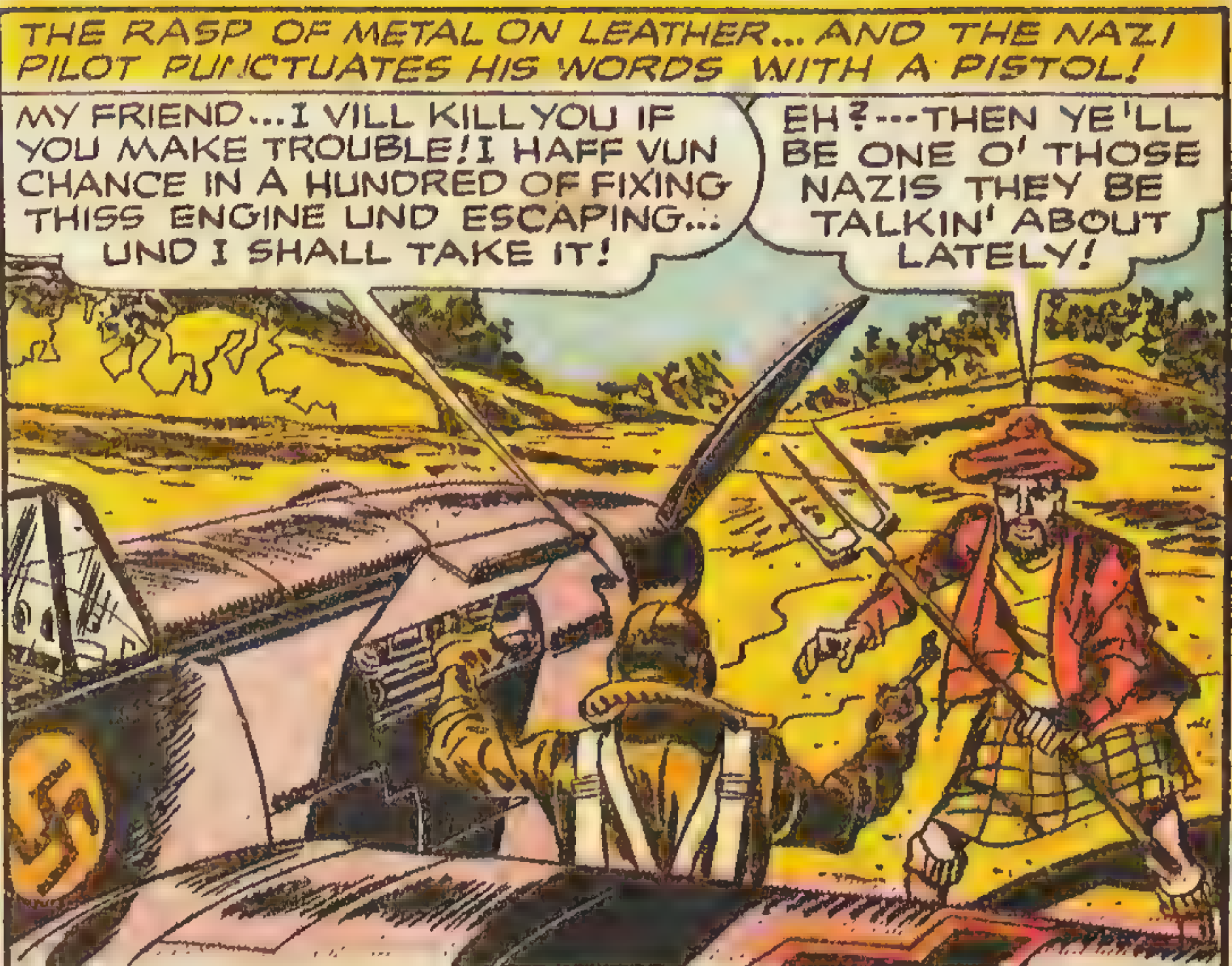
HEINRICH GANZ! VOT ARE YOU DOING HERE? MEIN FREUND, DOT BEARD ISS A MASTERPIECE!

DINNA TRY TO PLAY WI' ME, LADDIE! ME NAME'S ANGUS McQUIRT, AND I'LL TROUBLE YE TO GET OFF THOSE CABBAGES!





SO...YOU ARE NOT GANZ!
ACH...BUT DER RESEMBLANCE
IS AMAZING! VUNDERBAR!!



THE RASP OF METAL ON LEATHER... AND THE NAZI
PILOT PUNCTUATES HIS WORDS WITH A PISTOL!

MY FRIEND...I VILL KILL YOU IF
YOU MAKE TROUBLE! I HAFF VUN
CHANCE IN A HUNDRED OF FIXING
THISS ENGINE UND ESCAPING...
UND I SHALL TAKE IT!

EH?---THEN YE'LL
BE ONE O' THOSE
NAZIS THEY BE
TALKIN' ABOUT
LATELY!



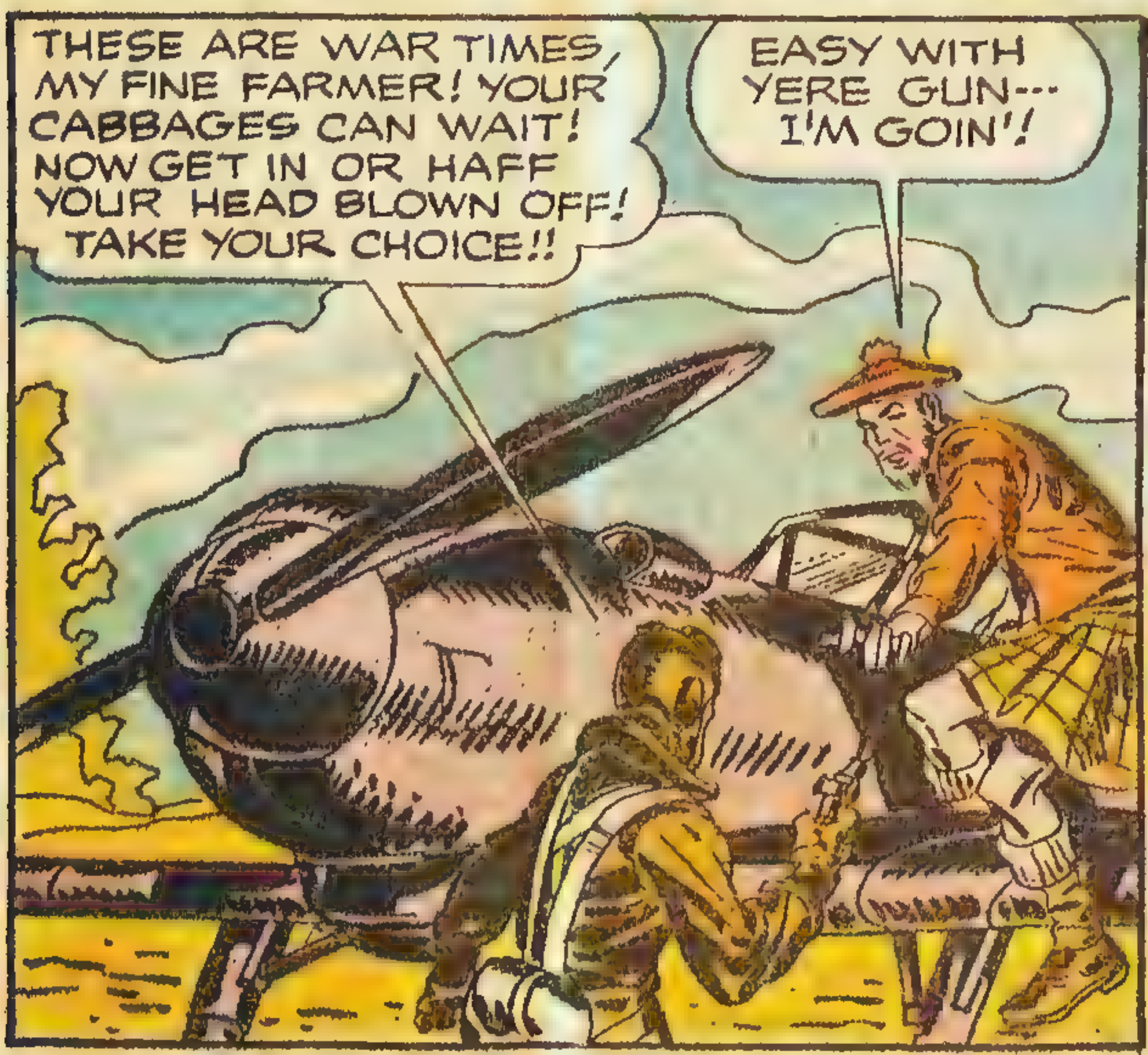
SWIFTLY, EXPERTLY---THE AIRMAN
ADJUSTS HIS AILING ENGINES...

YES, MY FRIEND...I AM A NAZI!
YOU HAFF HEARD OF US UP HERE
IN YOUR COLD, SCOTTISH
MOUNTAINS, HEIN? YOU
HAFF LEARNED TO
FEAR US!

TALK SENSE,
MON! WHAT
SHOULD I
FEAR FROM
YOU?

GUT! SUCH LUCK! ALL FIXED!
I VILL SHOW YOU VOT TO
FEAR, MINE FRIEND! YOU
ARE COMING BACK MIT
ME IN THISS PLANE!

YE'RE OUT OF
YOUR MIND, LAD!
I'LL DO NO SUCH
THING! I'VE A FARM
TO LOOK AFTER!



THESE ARE WAR TIMES,
MY FINE FARMER! YOUR
CABBAGES CAN WAIT!
NOW GET IN OR HAFF
YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF!
TAKE YOUR CHOICE!!

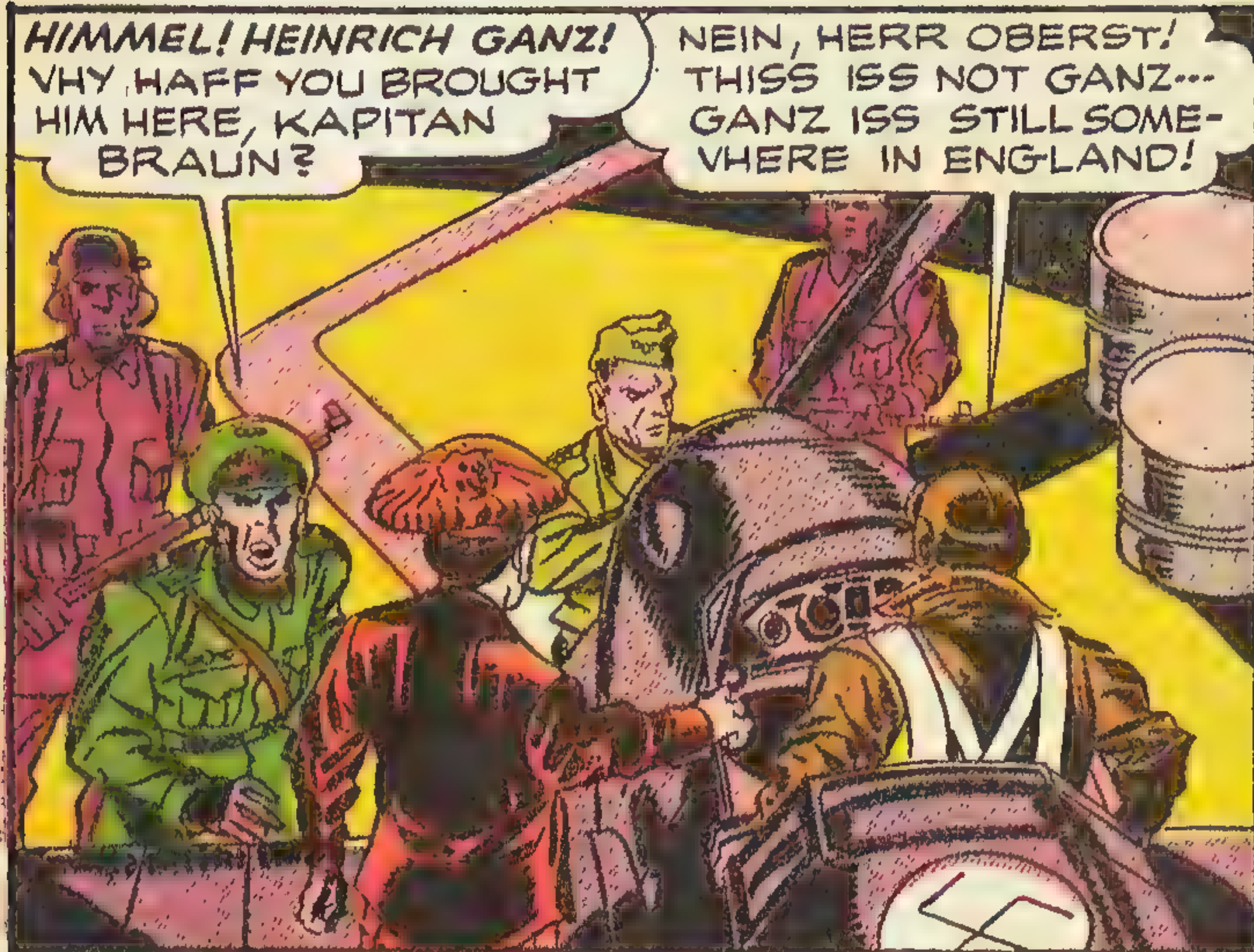
EASY WITH
YERE GUN---
I'M GOIN'!



LIKE A SILVER STREAK,
THE PLANE RISES AND
SKIMS ACROSS THE
CHANNEL---FLYING
SOUTHEAST...



...TO PANCAKE ON A
COASTAL FLYING
FIELD IN OCCUPIED
FRANCE!



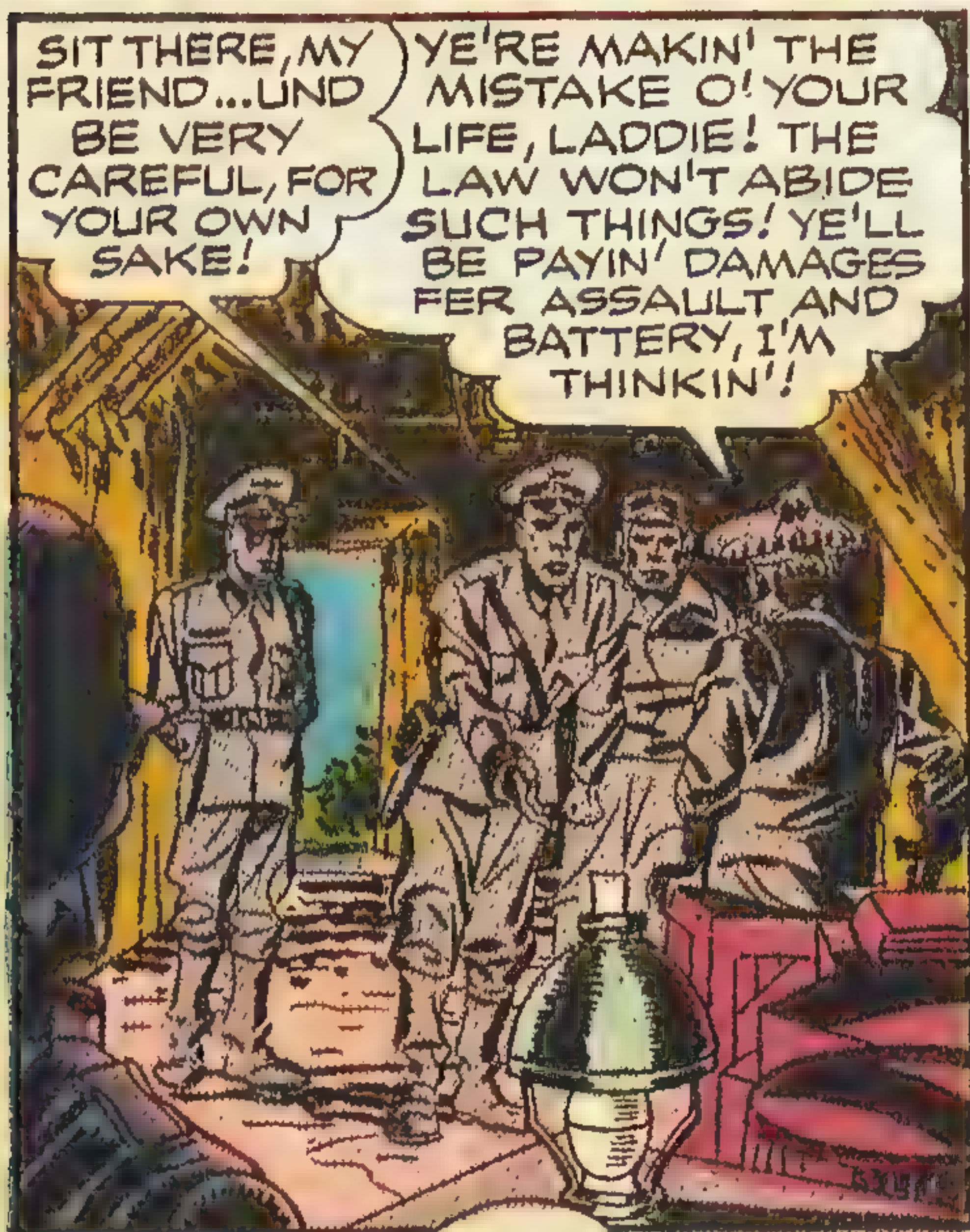
HIMMEL! HEINRICH GANZ!
VHY HAFF YOU BROUGHT
HIM HERE, KAPITAN
BRAUN?

NEIN, HERR OBERST!
THISS ISS NOT GANZ---
GANZ ISS STILL SOME-
WHERE IN ENGLAND!



JA! GANZ ISS VORKING
AS A BUTLER IN A
HOUSE OPPOSITE DER
WOOLWICH ARSENAL!
VE VILL HEAR GREAT
THINGS VROM HIM
YET!

UND VE VILL
HEAR GREATER
THINGS VHEN I
TELL YOU MINE
IDEA! IT CAME
TO ME AS SOON
AS I MET THISS
VUN!



SIT THERE, MY
FRIEND...UND
BE VERY
CAREFUL, FOR
YOUR OWN
SAKE!

YE'RE MAKIN' THE
MISTAKE O' YOUR
LIFE, LADDIE! THE
LAW WON'T ABIDE
SUCH THINGS! YE'LL
BE PAYIN' DAMAGES
FER ASSAULT AND
BATTERY, I'M
THINKIN'!



GANZ IS TOO WELL
KNOWN AS A SPY! HE
HASS BEEN CAPTURED
AND ESCAPED SO MANY
TIMES, DER BRITISH
KNOW HISS FACE ALMOST
AS VELL AS DOT OF
VINSTON CHURCHILL!



BUT IF VE SHAVE
THISS VUN...DRESS
HIM IN OUR
UNIFORM UND
LEAVE HIM
DEAD FOR DER
COMMANDOS TO
FIND ON THEIR
NEXT RAID...

DER BRITISH
VILL THINK
GANZ ISS
DEAD UND
STOP LOOKING
FOR HIM!---
SPLENDID,
BRAUN---
SPLENDID!!



HERR
OBERST!

VOT ISS IT? HOW DARE YOU
BLUNDER IN LIKE THISS...
SCHWEINHUNDT!!

THE
DIGOUT
DOOR
CRASHES
OPEN...
ABRUPTLY
ENDING
THE
CON-
FERENCE!

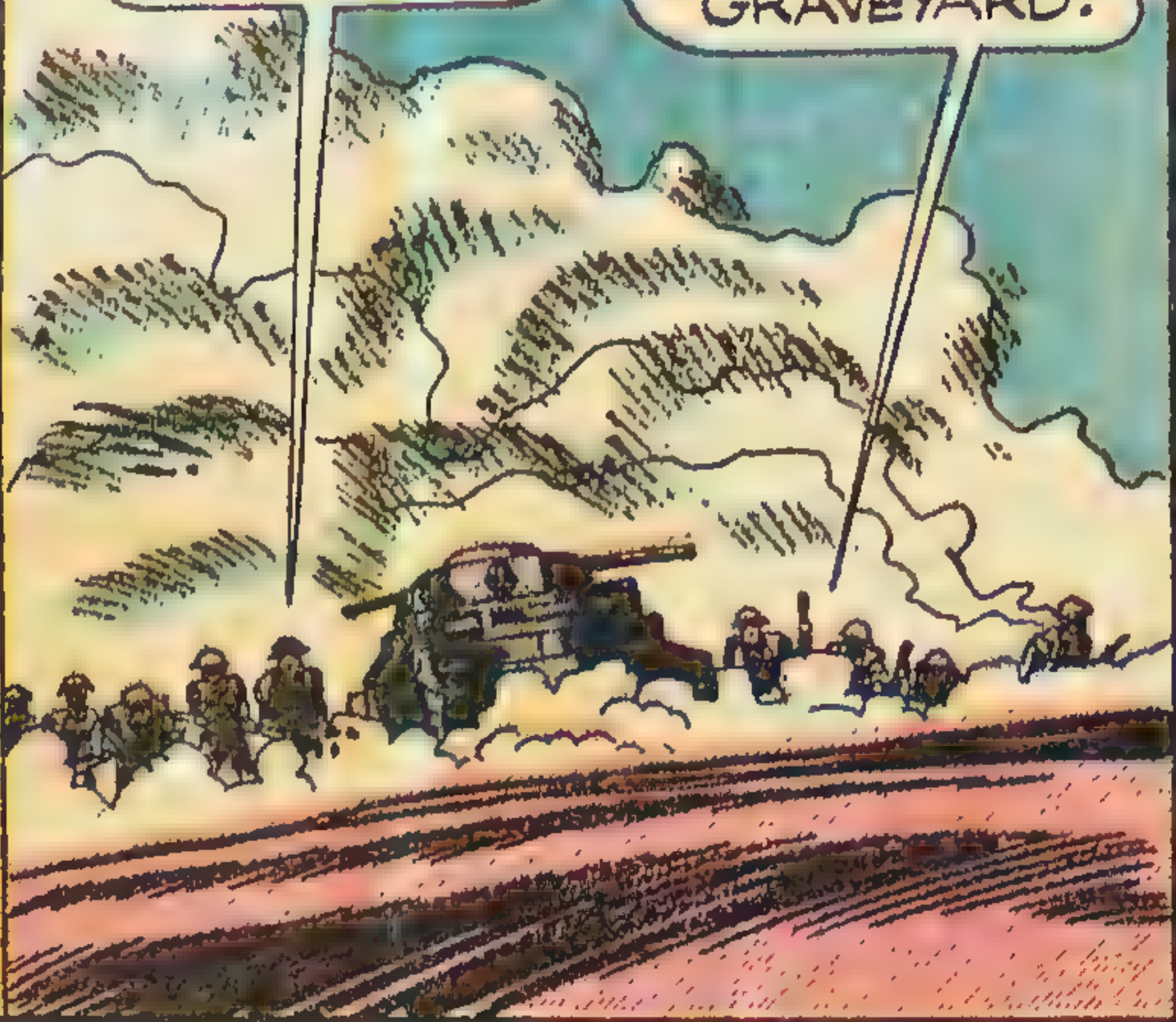


THE C-C-COMMANDOS
ARE C-COMINK!

THE
COMMANDOS
ARE
COMING...
SWEEPING
IN FROM
SHORE
IN A
DARING
DAYLIGHT
RAID
THAT
FREEZES
THE
NAZIS
WITH
FEAR!

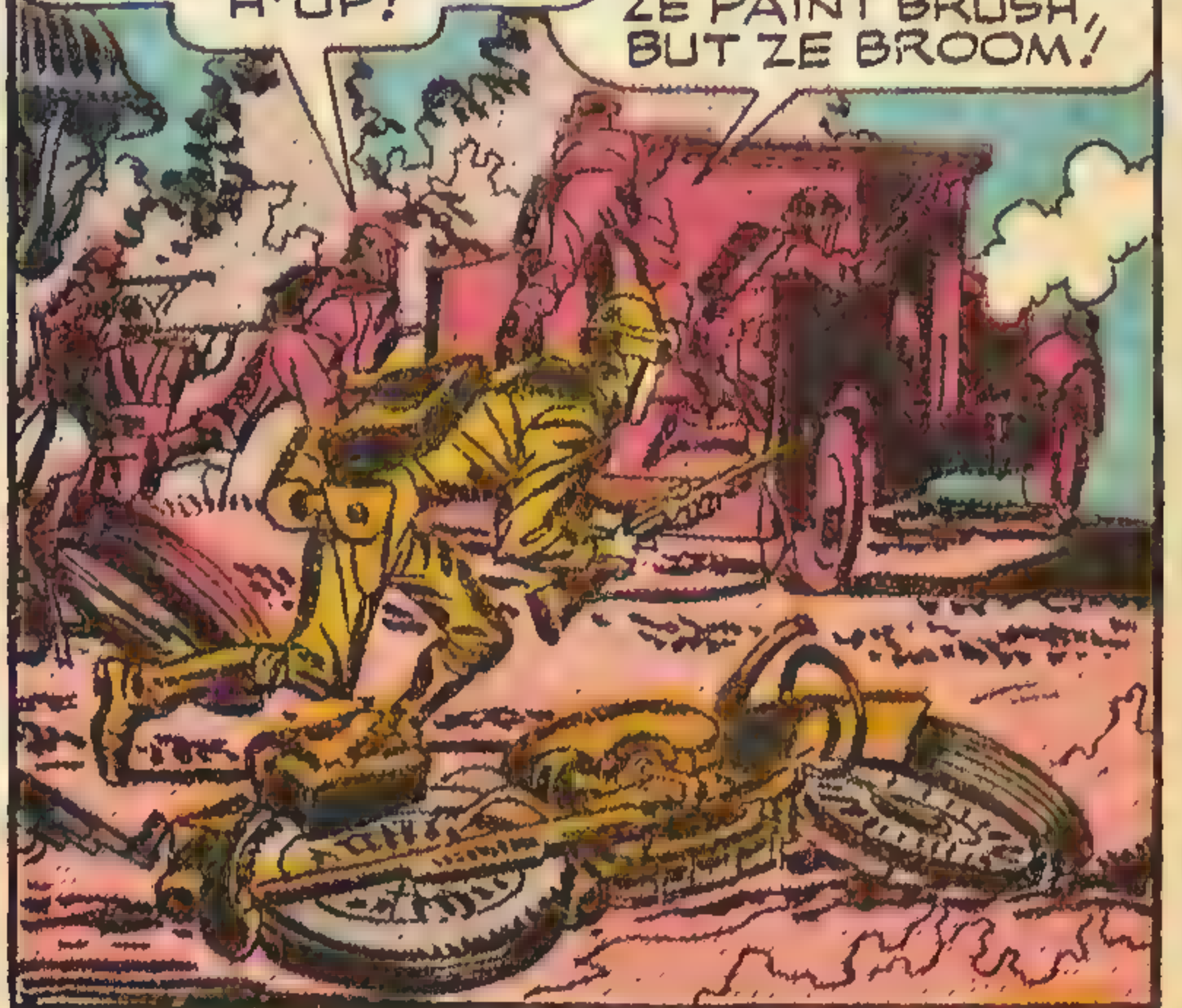
COME ON, COMMANDOS!
WE'LL SMASH THIS
AIRFIELD ONCE AND
FOR ALL!

RIP...
WE'LL TOIN
DIS PLANE-
YARD INTO A
GRAVEYARD!



LET'S LEAVE PLENTY
O' THE BLOOMIN'
BLIGHTERS FOR
ADOLP TO SWEEP
H'UP!

TIENS, MON
AMI! WHEN WE
ARE FINISH HE
WEEL NOT USE
ZE PAINT BRUSH,
BUT ZE BROOM!



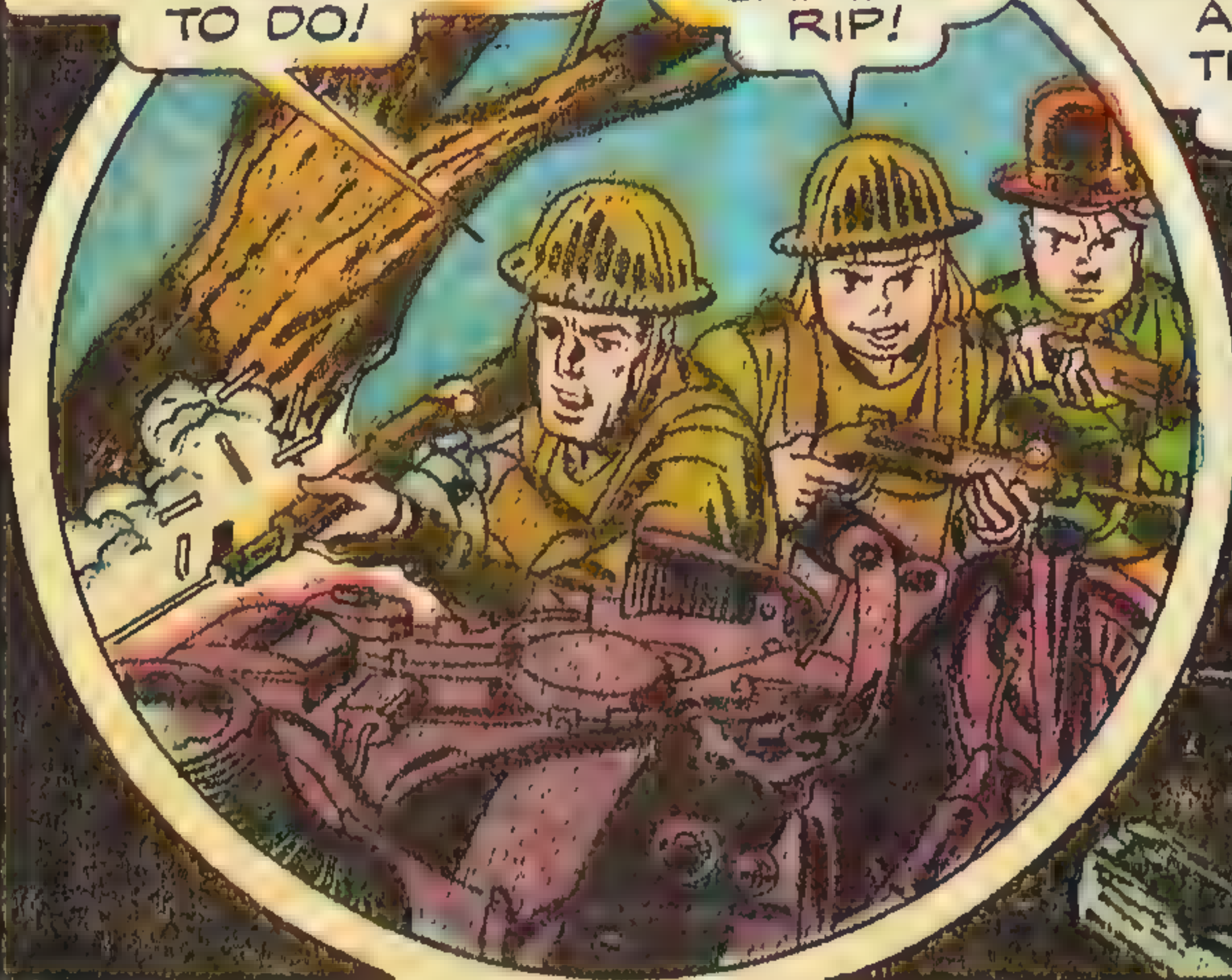
NO TIME FOR SMART
DIALOGUE, FELLAS---
WE'VE GOT WORK
TO DO!

GOOD
SHOOTING,
CAPTAIN
RIP!

WHILE INSIDE THE NAZI HEADQUARTERS---

DONNERVETTER! THOSE
BLASTED COMMANDOS
ARE BREAKING
THROUGH! CAN
NOTHING STOP
THEM?

DO NOT VORRY, CAPITAN!
THEY ARE BEING LURED INTO
A TRAP! AS SOON AS THEY
REACH THE MINED AREA, VE
VILL TOUCH THISS KEY UND BLOW
THEM TO BITS!



FORGOTTEN
IN
THE
ABRUPT
ATTACK,
ANGUS
MCQUIRT
CROUCHES
IN A
CORNER
AND
DOES
SOME
GRIM
THINKING!

SO THIS IS WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON!
THEY'VE BEEN KILLIN' OUR BOYS!
ENGLISH... IRISH... AND YANKS!
AYE! I'LL WAGER THEREBE
SOME BRAVE SCOTSMEN OUT
THERE!

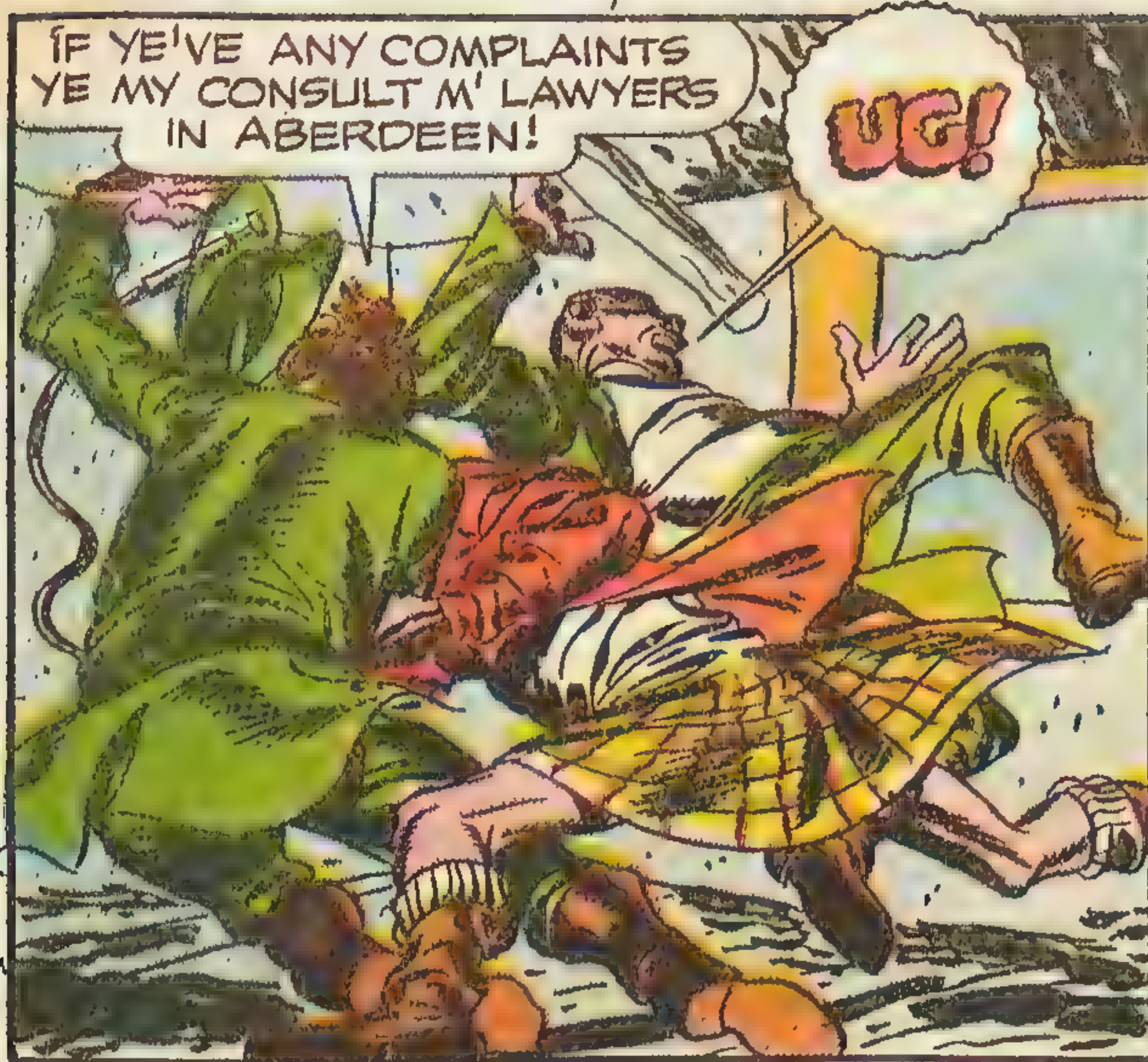


**THEN... WITH A SAVAGE SCOTTISH YELL,
THE FARMER GOES INTO COMBAT...
COUNTRY STYLE!**

VATCH, KAPITAN! VUN CLICK
...AND DER COMMANDOS
VILL HAFF MADE THEIR
LAST RAID!

AHH, NO, MON!
YE'LL KILL
NO MORE
SCOTSMEN!





THE
AIRFIELD
A
SMOKING
INFERNO
BEHIND
THEM,
THE
COMMANDOS
RE-
EMBARK
FOR
ENGLAND...

THERE'S NO NEED
TO BE MAWLIN'
ME, LADS! I'M A
LOYAL SUBJECT
OF BONNY
KING GEORGE!

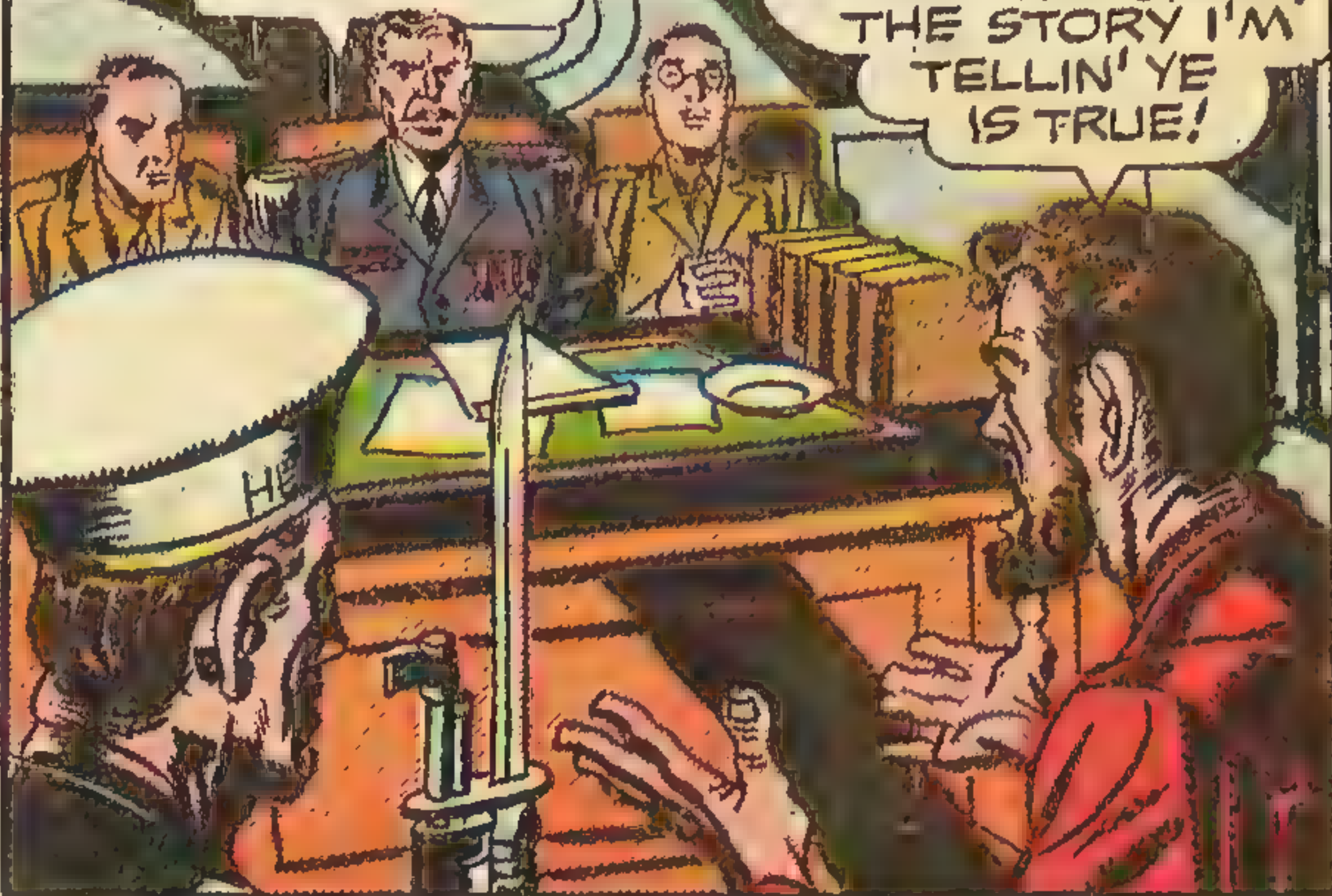
SHADDUP!
DON'T TRY TA
OUT-TALK
US WIT' DAT
FANCY LINE
O' MAGOOOLA!



AND ON BOARD SHIP ANGUS MCQUIRT
FACES A STERN MARTIAL COURT OF HIGH
OFFICERS---

GANZ, WHY DO YOU PER-
SIST IN THIS MASQUERADE?
THIS ACTING WON'T
HELP YOU!

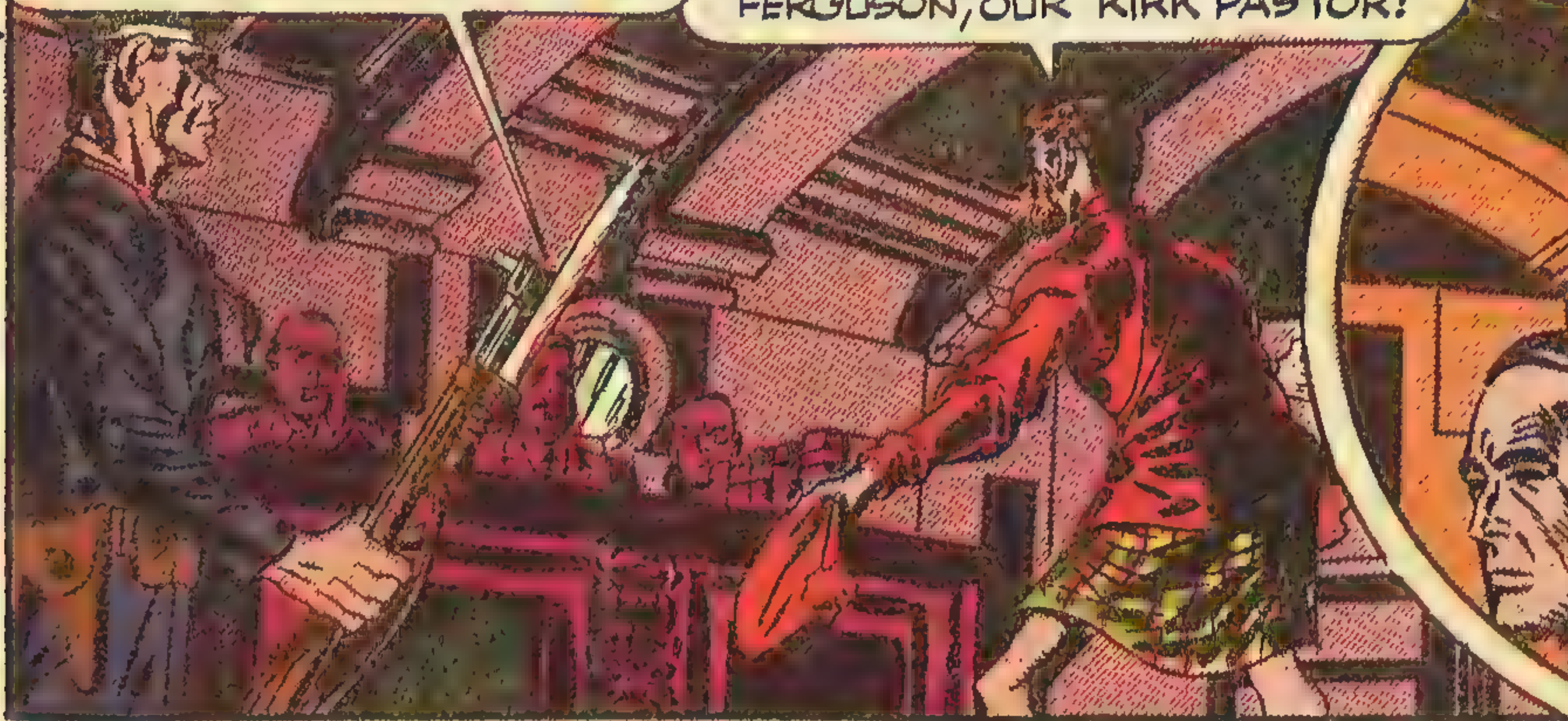
BUT YE DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
GENERAL.... I'M
NOT THIS GANZ!
THE STORY I'M
TELLIN' YE
IS TRUE!



YOU UNDERESTIMATE OUR INTELLIGENCE,
GANZ! DO YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE
A FANTASTIC TALE ABOUT A MAN
WHO DIDN'T KNOW A WAR WAS
GOING ON? **RIDICULOUS!**

BUT IT'S TRUE! EVERY
WORD IS TRUE! I CAN
GEEVE YOU REFERENCES!
ANNIE, MY WIFE... MC CANN
AND CAMERON, MY LAWYERS...
FERGUSON, OUR KIRK PASTOR!

YOU HAVE ALREADY BEEN
SENTENCED TO DEATH AS A
SPY, HEINRICH GANZ!...
I SHALL SEE THAT THIS
JUDGEMENT IS PULY
EXECUTED!

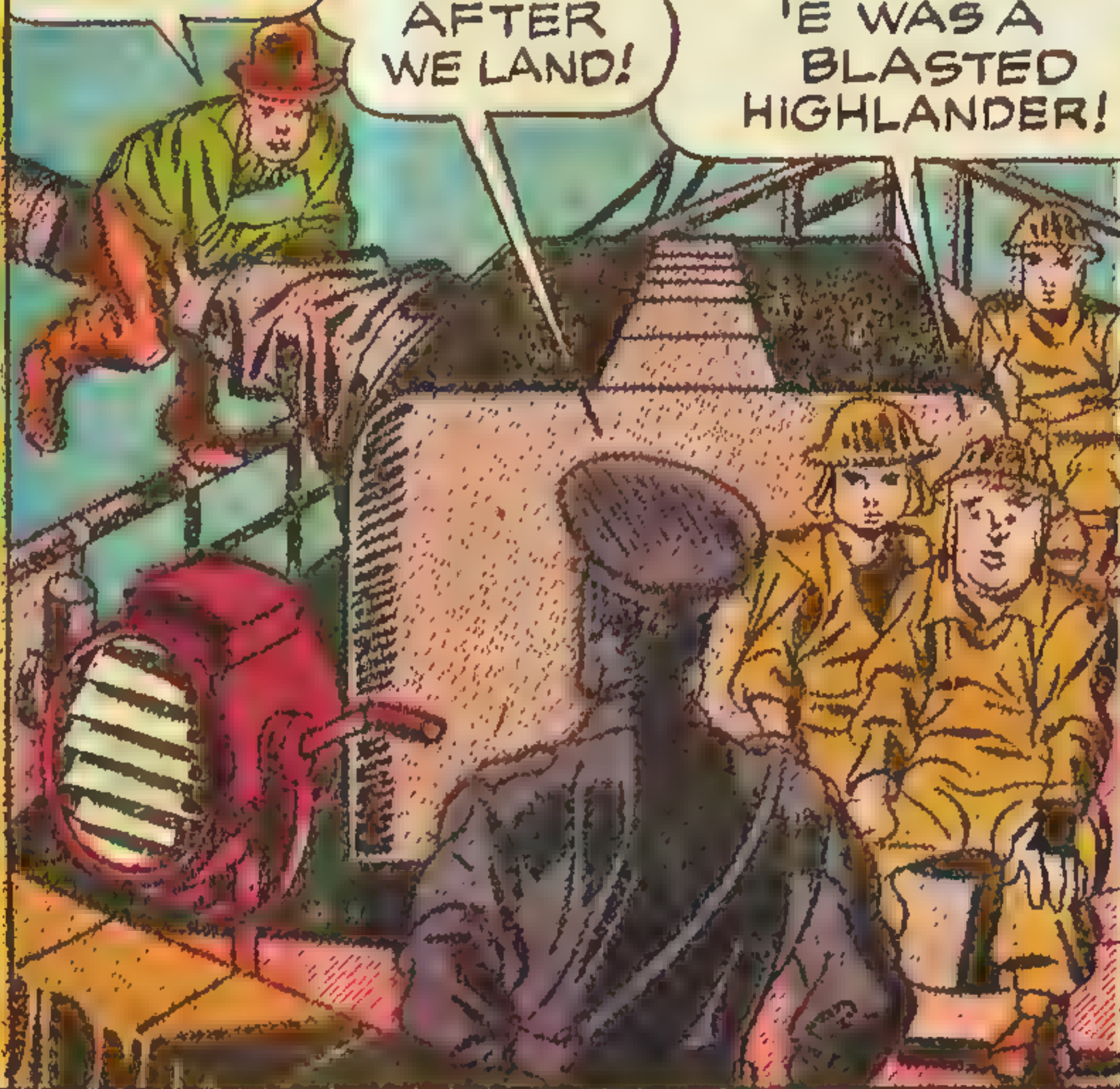


SWIFTLY
NEWS
OF THE
VERDICT
SPREADS
THROUGH
THE
SHIP...

HI, RIP!
WHAT'S
COOKIN'?

GANZ IS TO
BE SHOT
SOON
AFTER
WE LAND!

NO! BLIMEY!
AN' I'M SWEARIN'
ALL ALONG
'E WAS A
BLASTED
HIGHLANDER!



'ERE, LET'S GET
ANOTHER PEEP
AT TH' BLIGHTER!
THEY GOT 'IM
IRONED UP H'IN
TH' BRIG!

YOU
THINK
MAYBE
ZAT
COURT
MAKE ZE
MISTAKE?

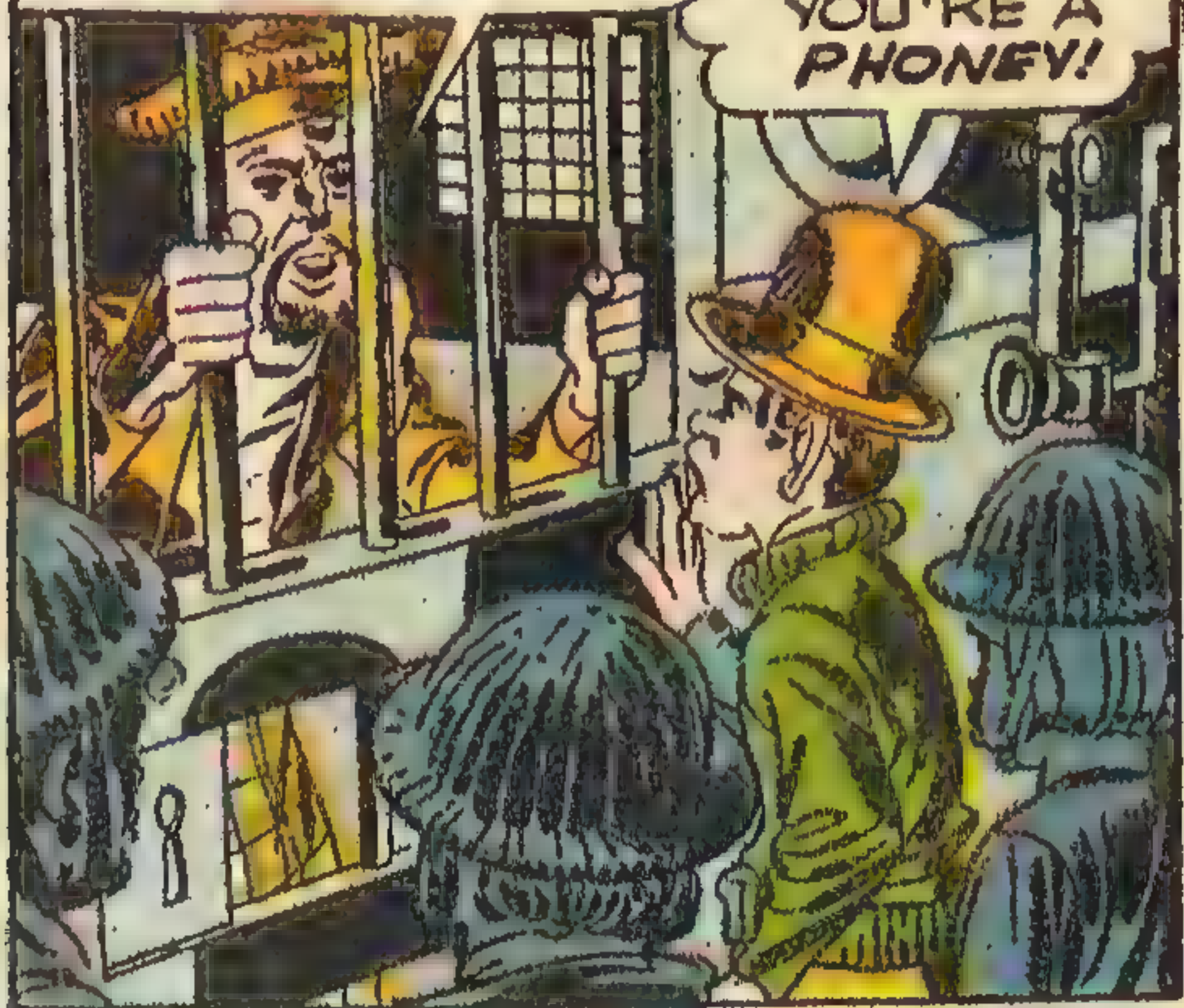
G'WAN! RIP
SAID DA GUY
WUZ A STOOL,
DIDN' HE?
SO DAT
SETTLES IT!



**BUT AS THE ANGUISHED ANGUS
ENERGETICALLY EXPLAINS---**

LADS, I'M TELLIN' YE
THE STORY JUST AS
I TOLD IT TO THE
OFFICER MON! IT'S
TRUE---I'M NO ONE
FOR BLATHERIN' LIES!

PIPE DOWN,
BEAVER-
PUSS! I KIN
TELL BY
LOOKIN'
ATCHA THAT
YOU'RE A
PHONEY!



BLIMEY, BOYS... I'M
WEAKENIN'! 'OW
COULD ANY NAZI
PUT ON A
DIALECT LOIKE
THAT? 'E SOUNDS
GENOOINE TO ME!

ZUCH
THINGS
HAVE
HAPPENED
BEFORE,
NO?



LADS, I AM THE GEEN-
UINE ARTICLE! TH' MON
YE'RE AFTER IS POSIN'
AS A BUTLER IN A
HOUSE OPPOSITE THE
WOOLWEECH ARSENAL!
I JUST REMEMBER
HEARIN' THE NAZIS
TELL OF IT!



AND AS THE SHIP DOCKS IN LONDON!

GET A LOAD
O' THAT!

MY FRIENDS, PERHAPS
THEES IS WORTH A---
HOW YOU SAY IT--- A
LOOK-SEE, NON?

BLIMEY!
IT SURE
IS!

WE GOT TO 'USTLE
BOYS! MAC MAY BE
DEAD BEFORE WE
CAN CHECK 'IS
STORY!

'ERE, 'ERE!
WHUT'S
GOIN' ON!

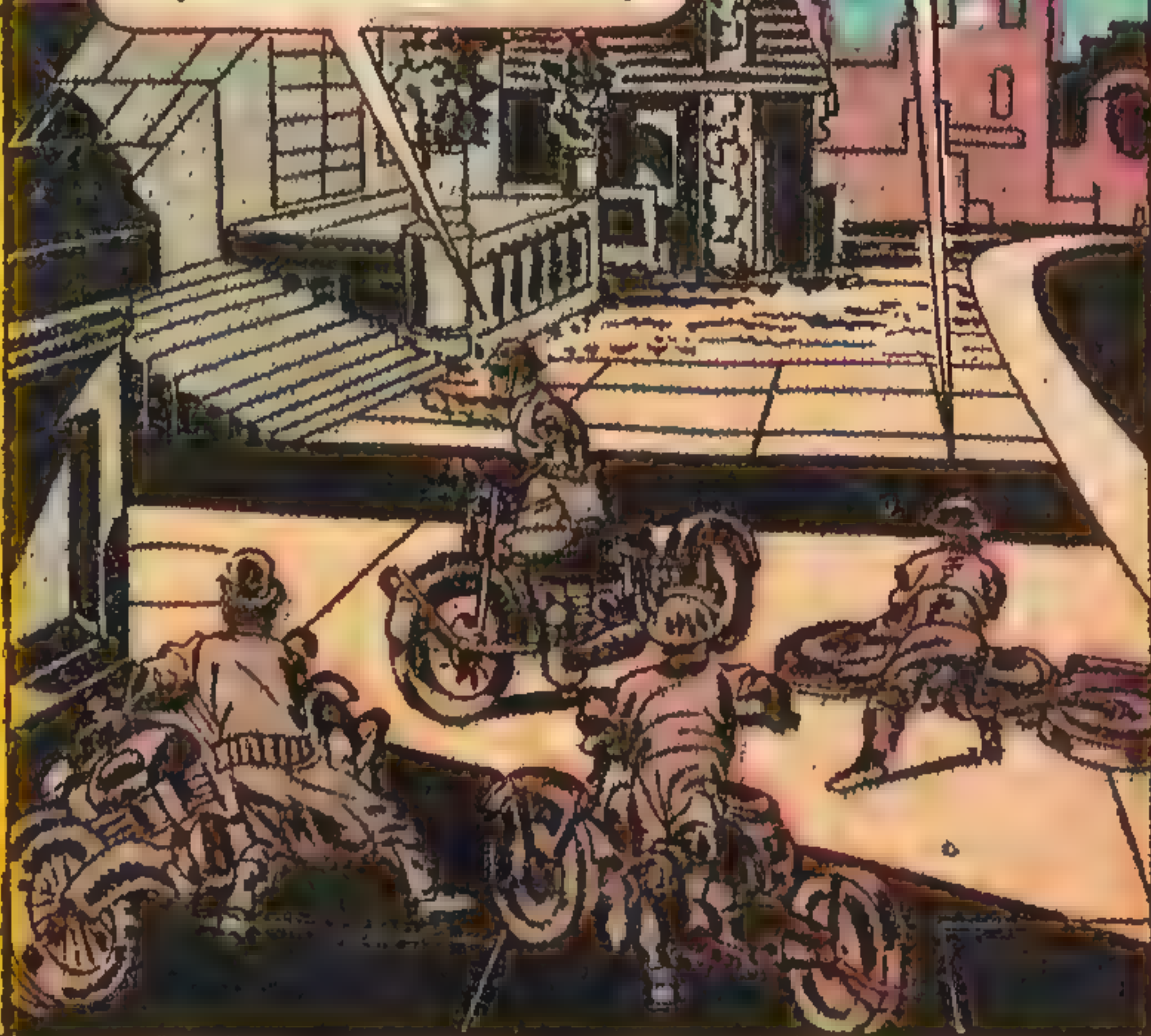
STEP ASIDE,
CHUM!
ME AND ME
FALS IS GONNA
PULL A PAUL
REVERE!



**SIRENS
SCREAM
AS THE
BOY
COMMANDOS
HURTL
TOWARD
THE
WOOLWICH
ARSENAL
OUTSIDE
LONDON...
AND
SCREECH
TO A STOP
BEFORE
A BOMB-
POCKED
MANSION!**

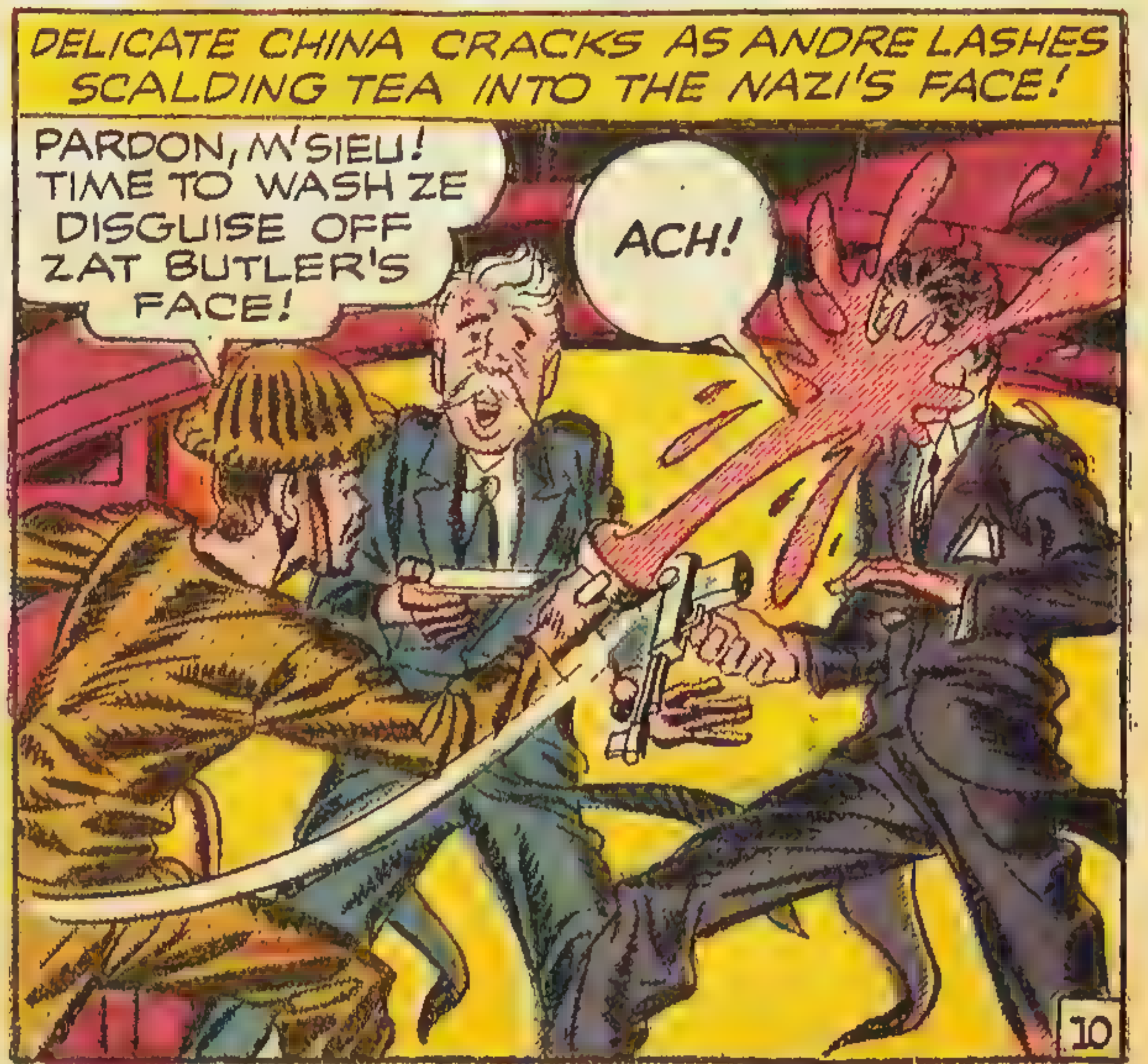
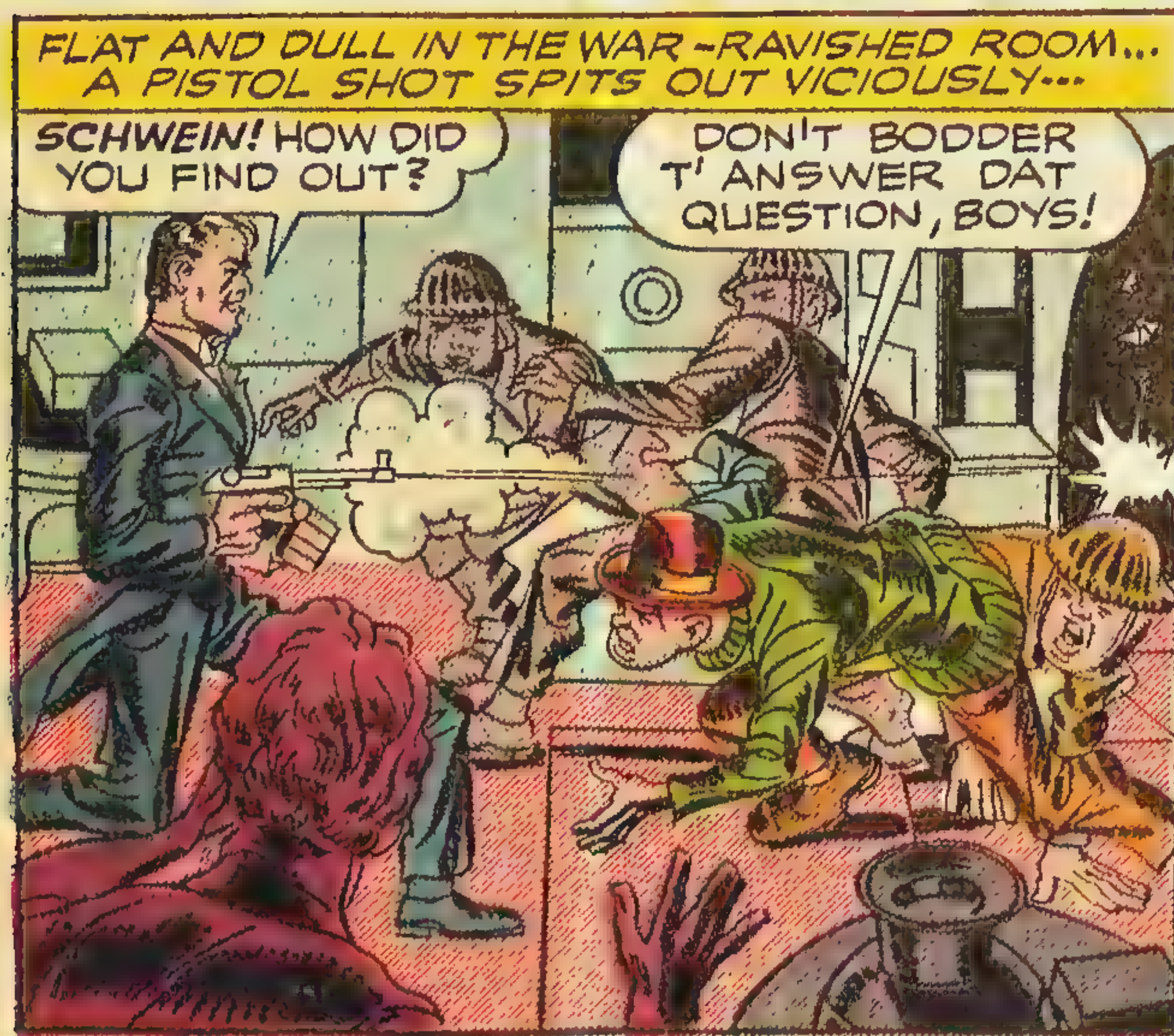
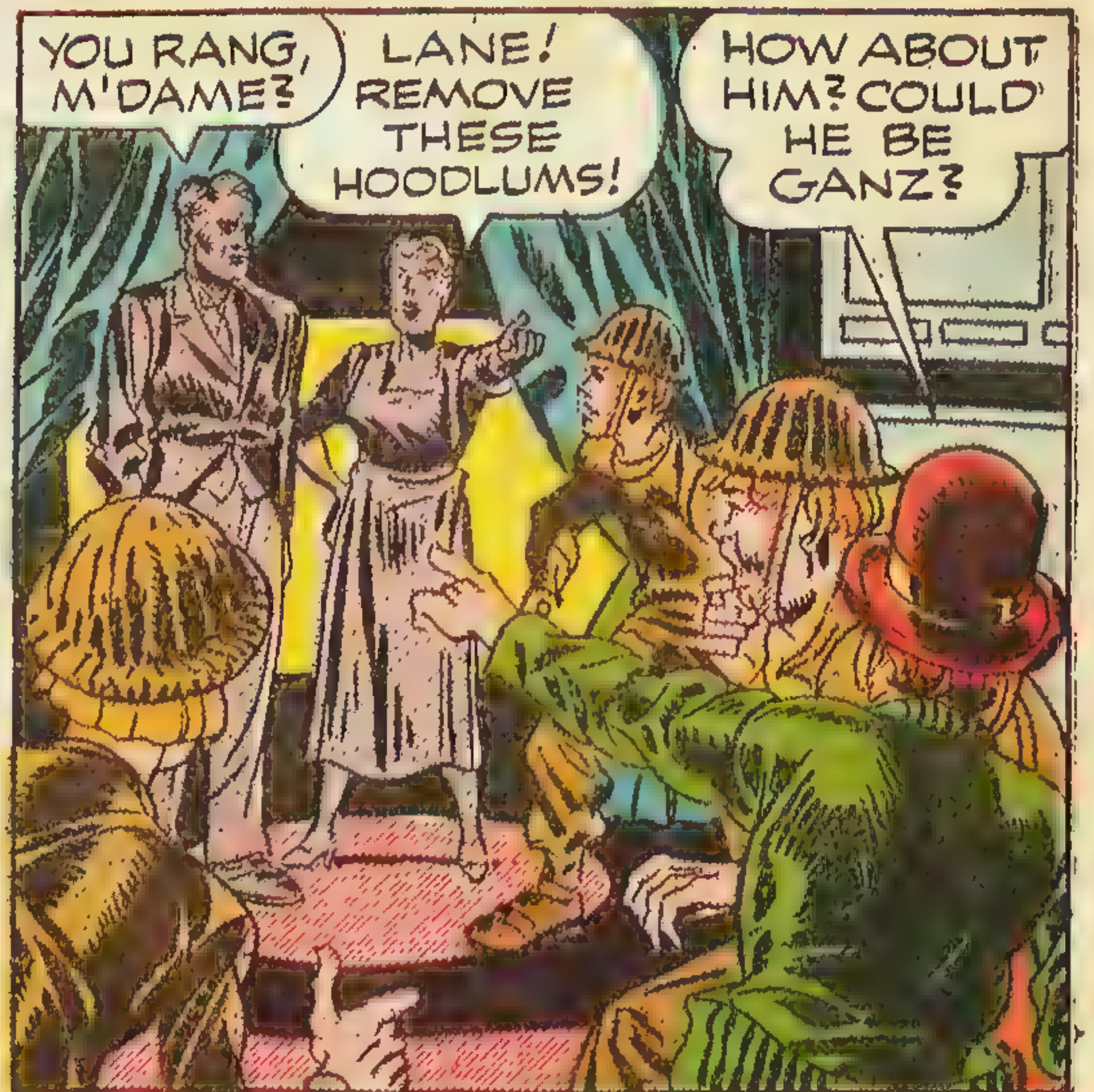
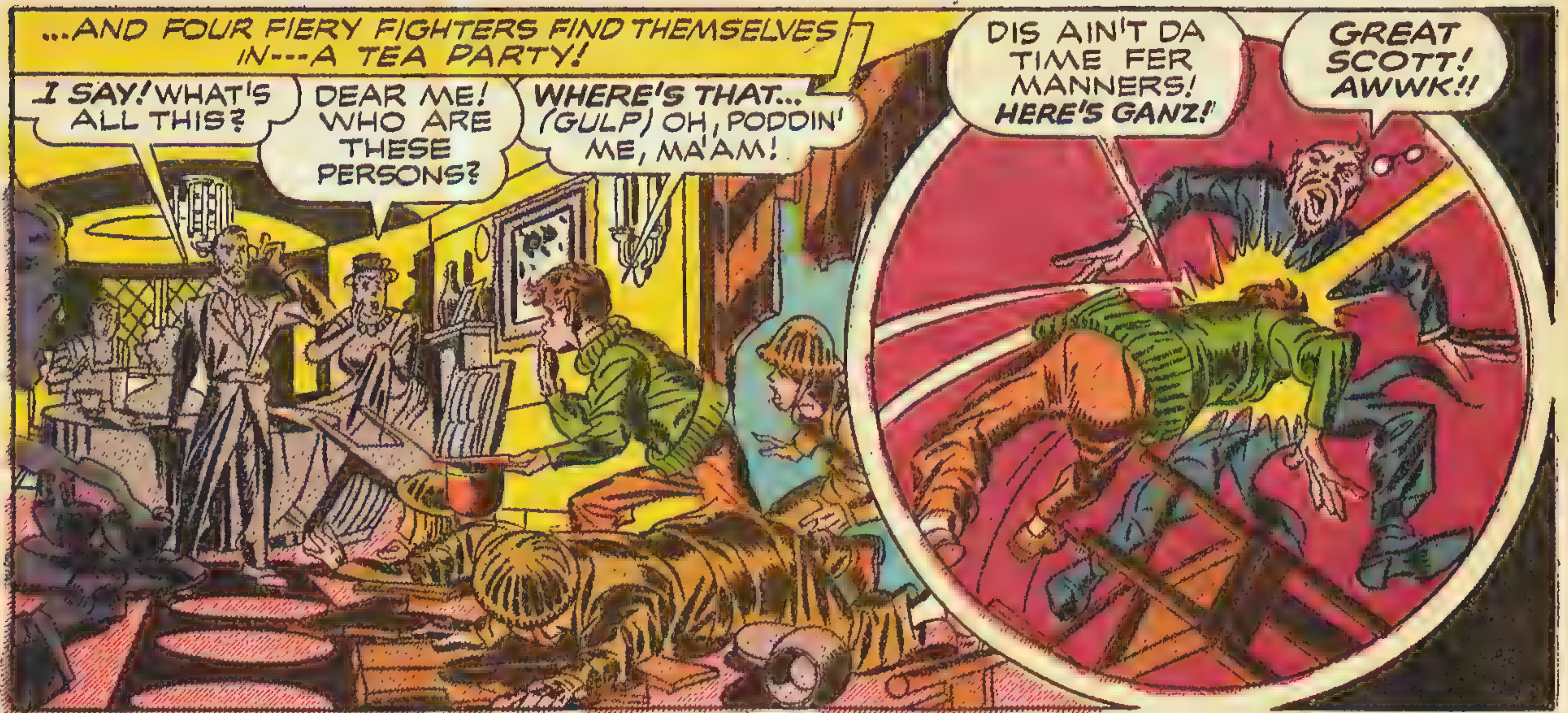
THIS 'AS GOT TO BE
TH' PLACE! H'IT'S THE
ONLY 'OUSE H'OPPOSITE
TH' H' ARSENAL!

WHAT ARE
WE WAITING
FOR?



DON'T BOTHER TA KNOCK,
ALFY! IF DIS BUTLER'S A
SPY HE WON'T BE
RECEIVIN'!





DON'T COMPLAIN, CHUM!
DIS IS PARADISE COMPARED
WIT' WHAT YER GONNA GET!



BAM! CRASH!



EXCUSE IT, PLEASE, LADY! I
WANNA MAKE A CHECK-UP!

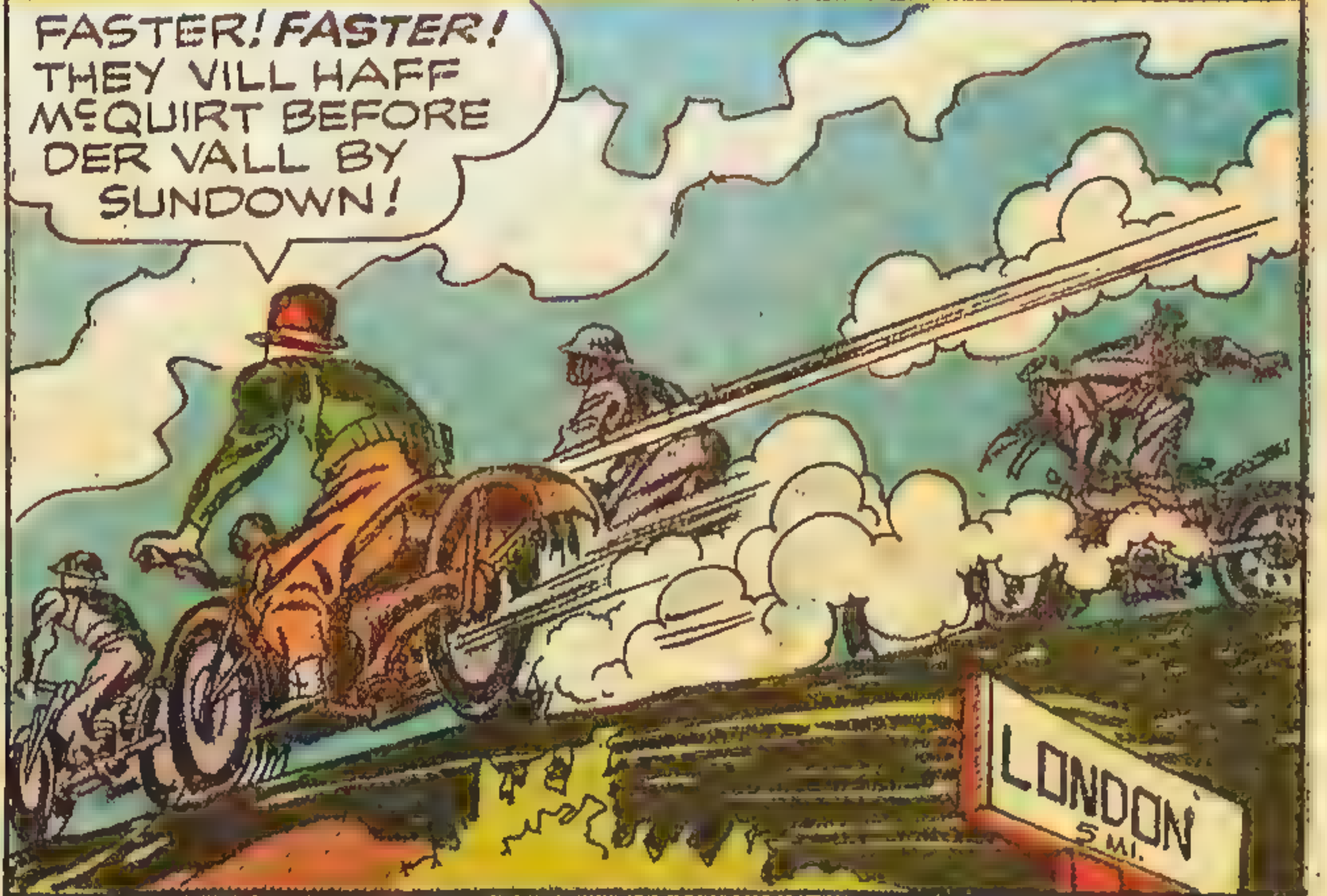


BLIMEY! 'E'S TH' DA FINAL PROOF! C'MON
SPITTIN' IMAGE FELLAS...WE GOTTA
OF H'ANGUS! SPECIAL DELIVERY DISCAR-
CASS BACK TO LONDON!



AS THE AFTERNOON SUN SPRAWLS LONG
SHADOWS ACROSS THE ROAD...FOUR MOTOR-
CYCLES ROAR TOWARD LONDON IN A RACE
WITH DEATH!

FASTER! FASTER!
THEY VILL HAFF
MEQUIRT BEFORE
DER VALL BY
SUNDOWN!



HOLD EVERYTHING, RIP!
DAT ANGUS IS A PHONEY...
WE GOT DA REAL GANZ
WIT' US!

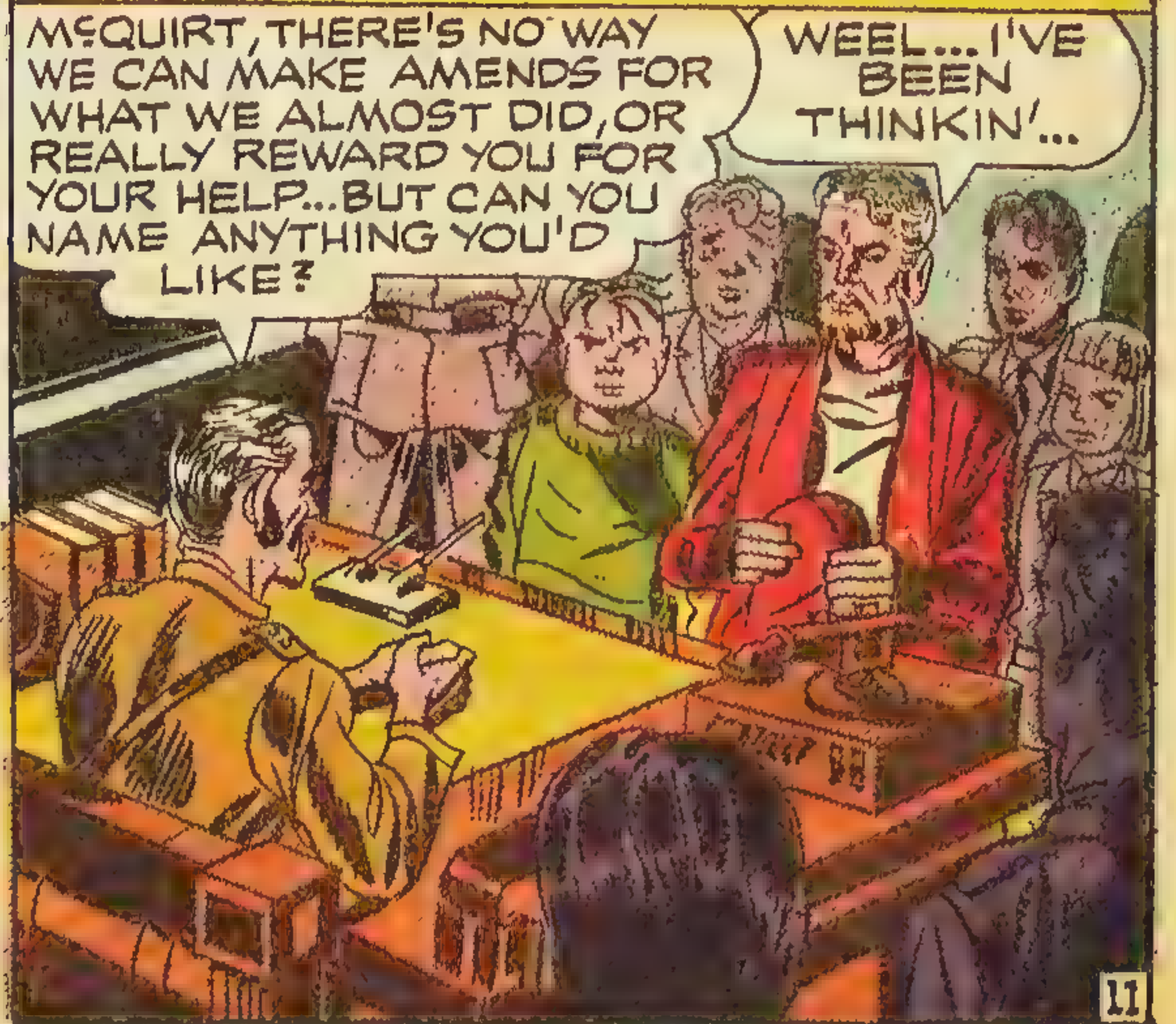
WHAT'S
THAT?



QUICK COMMANDS...LIFE-SAVING ORDERS
---AND THEN, IN RIP CARTER'S OFFICE...

MEQUIRT, THERE'S NO WAY
WE CAN MAKE AMENDS FOR
WHAT WE ALMOST DID, OR
REALLY REWARD YOU FOR
YOUR HELP...BUT CAN YOU
NAME ANYTHING YOU'D
LIKE?

WEEL...I'VE
BEEN
THINKIN'...

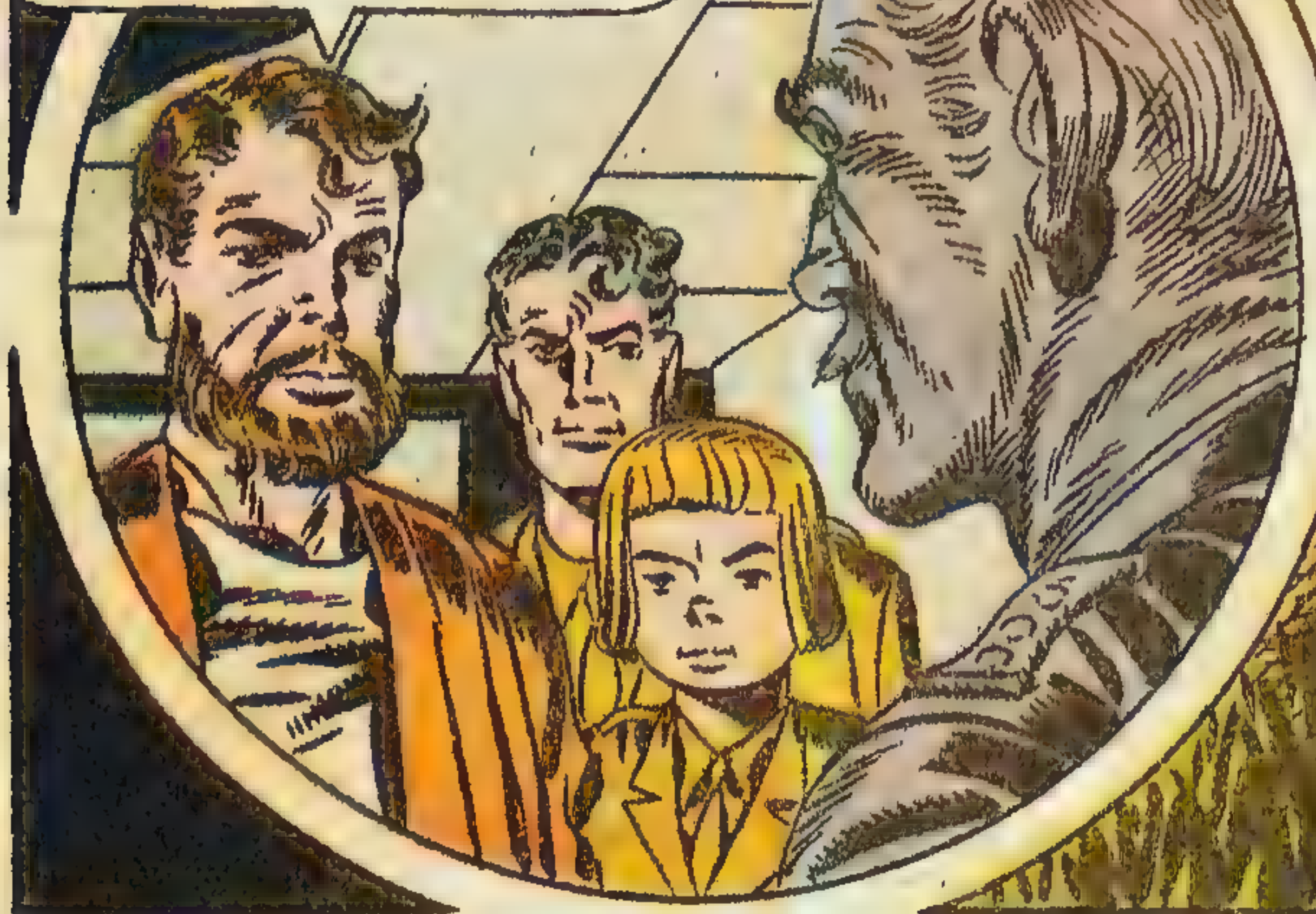


MY ANNIE'LL BE COMIN' OUT TO THE FIELDS IN ANOTHER HOUR TO BE WALKIN' ME HOME IN THE GLOAMIN'! NOW, THIS IS MY IDEA---

GO ON, ANGUS...

AND SO... AN HOUR LATER, AS YOUNG ANNIE McQUIRK CALLS HER HUSBAND HOME FOR SUPPER---

GOOD EVENIN', ANGUS... ANYTHING NEW?



AYE, ANNIE! FOR YEARS YE'VE BEEN ASKIN' ME FOR NEWS WHEN I DINNA HAVE IT! NOW I HAVE PLENTY TO TELL YOU! I'M A COMMANDO NOW!



AND LIKE THE RUSHING OF A SWIFT SCOTTISH MOUNTAIN STREAM, ANGUS FOURS OUT HIS STORY!

IT'S A BIG WAR THEY'RE FIGHTIN' OUT THERE, ANNIE! SO BIG THAT AFTER ALL MY ADVENTURES, I FELT I HAD TO JOIN UP! SO THERE... WHAT D'YE SAY TO THAT?



NOTHING! IT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YE FOR A YEAR... BUT YE'D NEVER GI' ME A CHANCE! NOW... COME HOME TO SUPPER, ANGUS!

GG LUG!

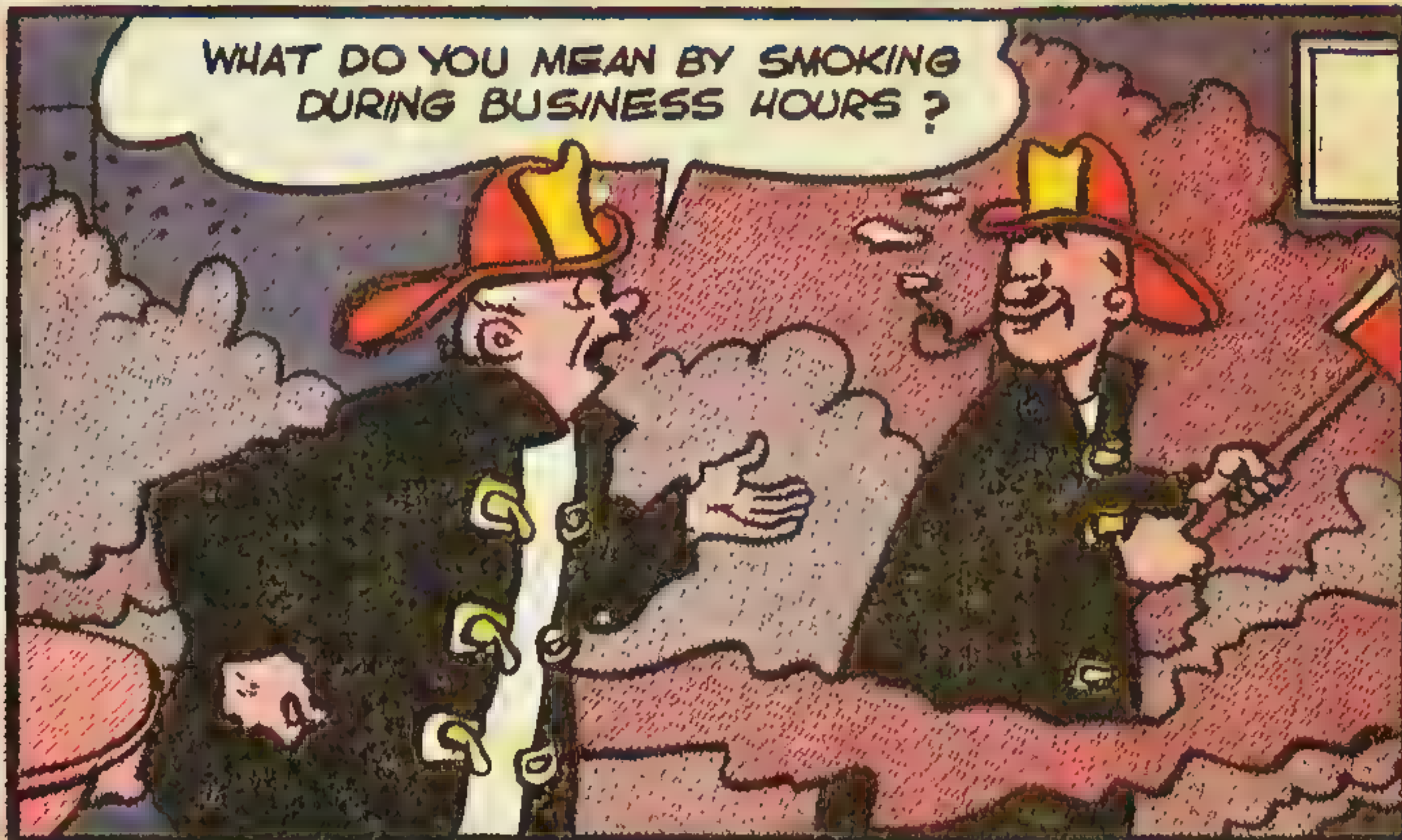
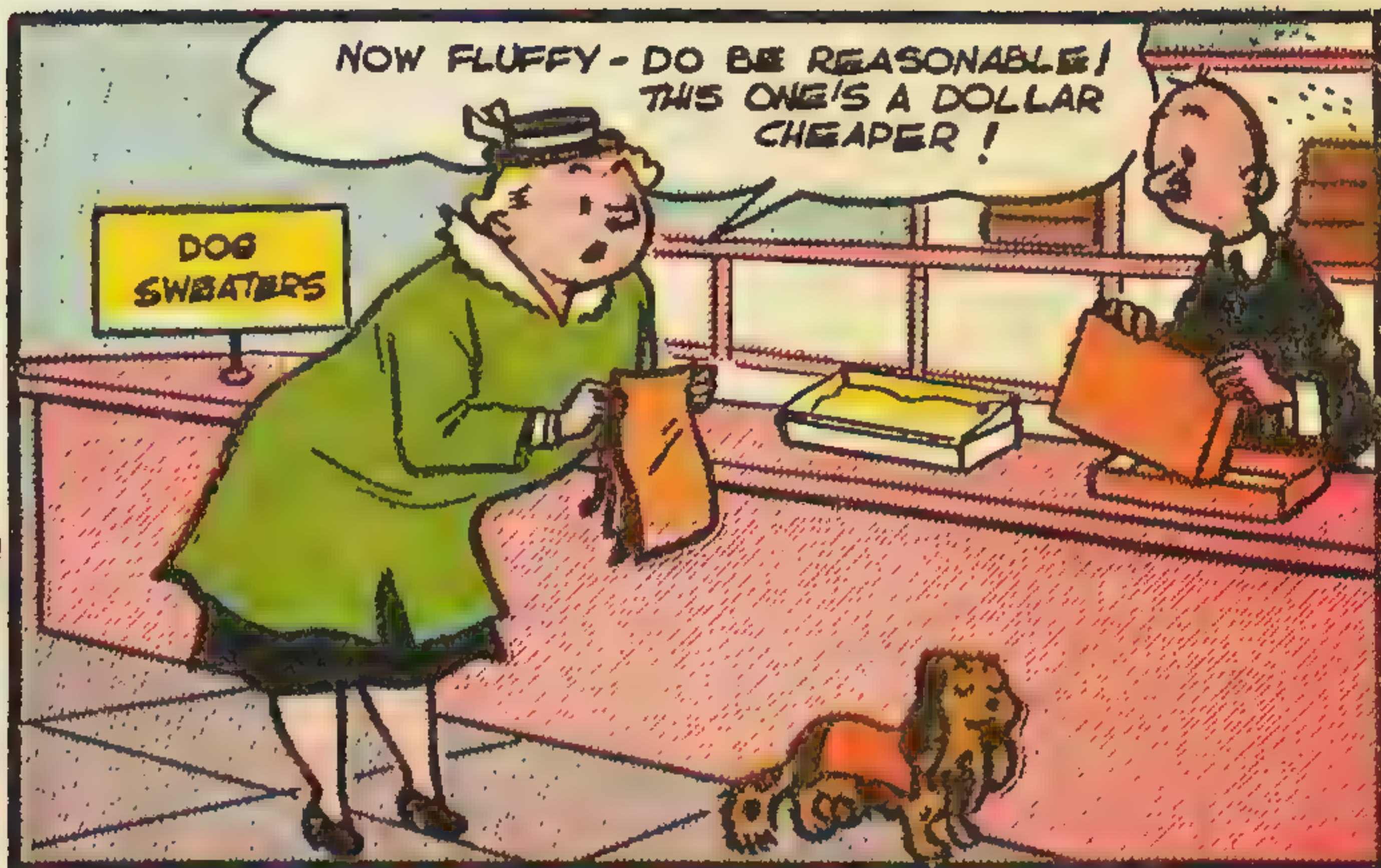
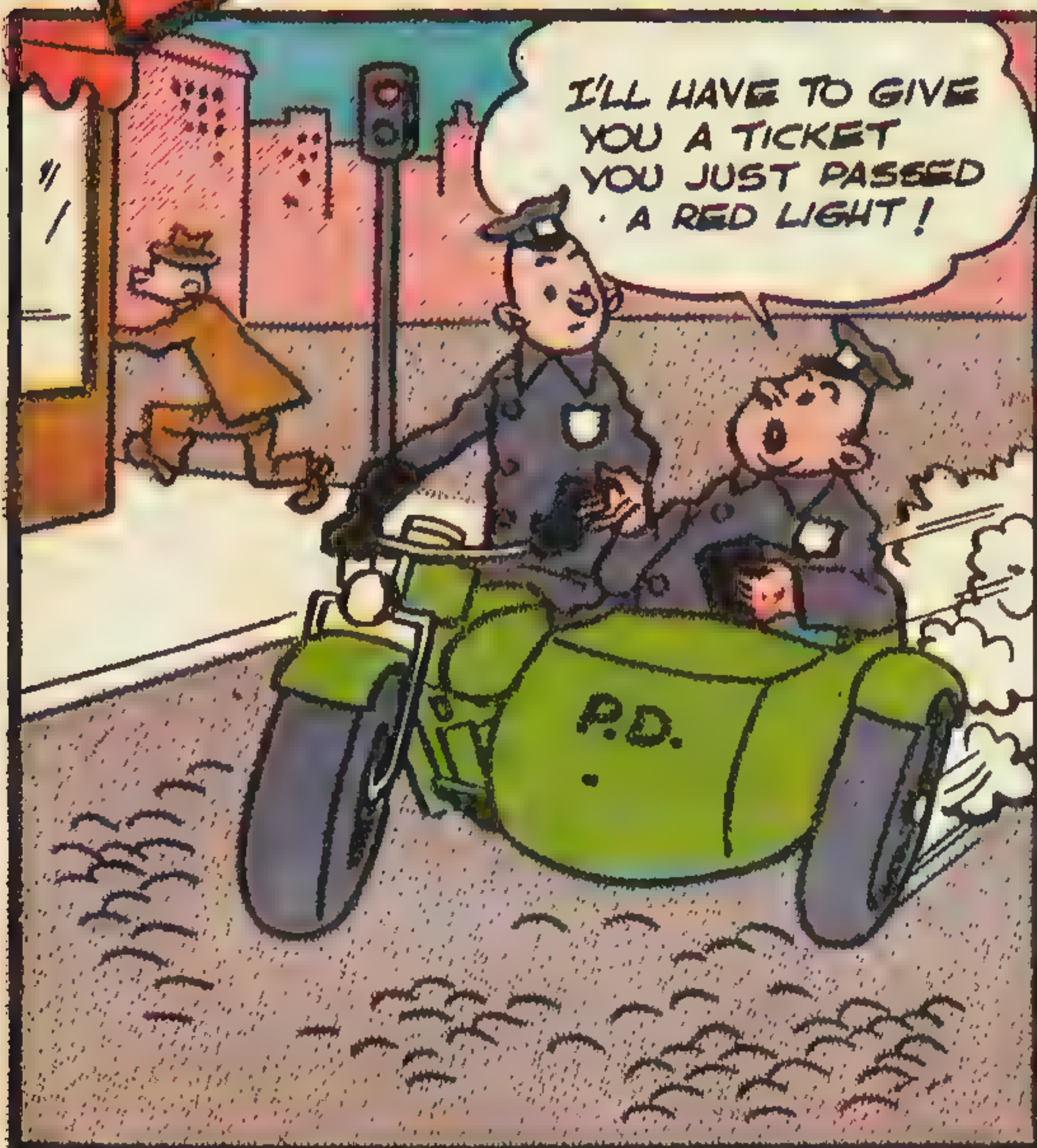
VOILA! ZAT IS ZE WOMAN FOR YOU! ALWAYS ZE LAST WORD!



IF ANGUS MC QUIRK WERE LIVING IN THE U.S.A. HE WOULD BE BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS. **ARE YOU?**

LAFES

READY
FOR
ACTION

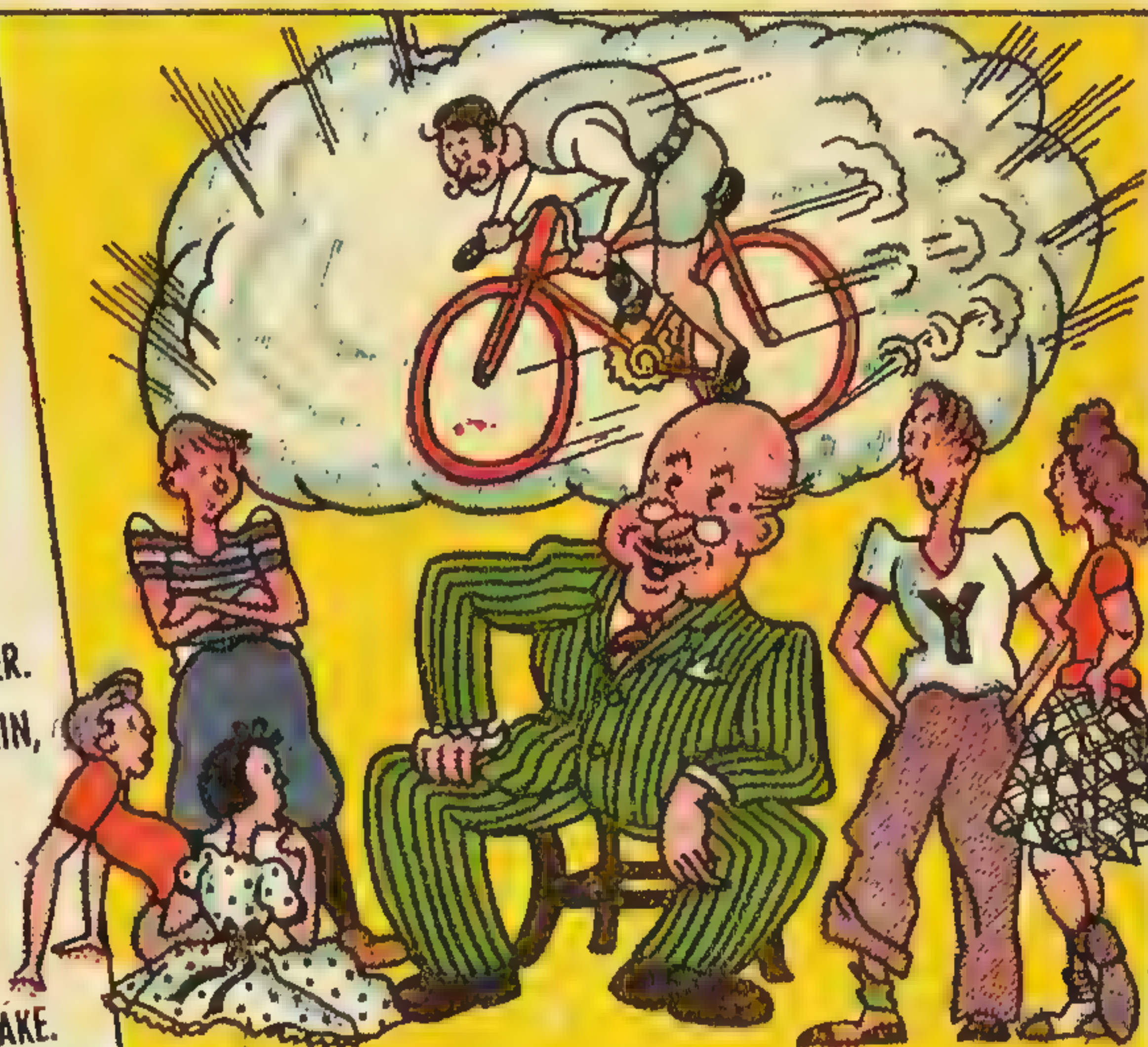


GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

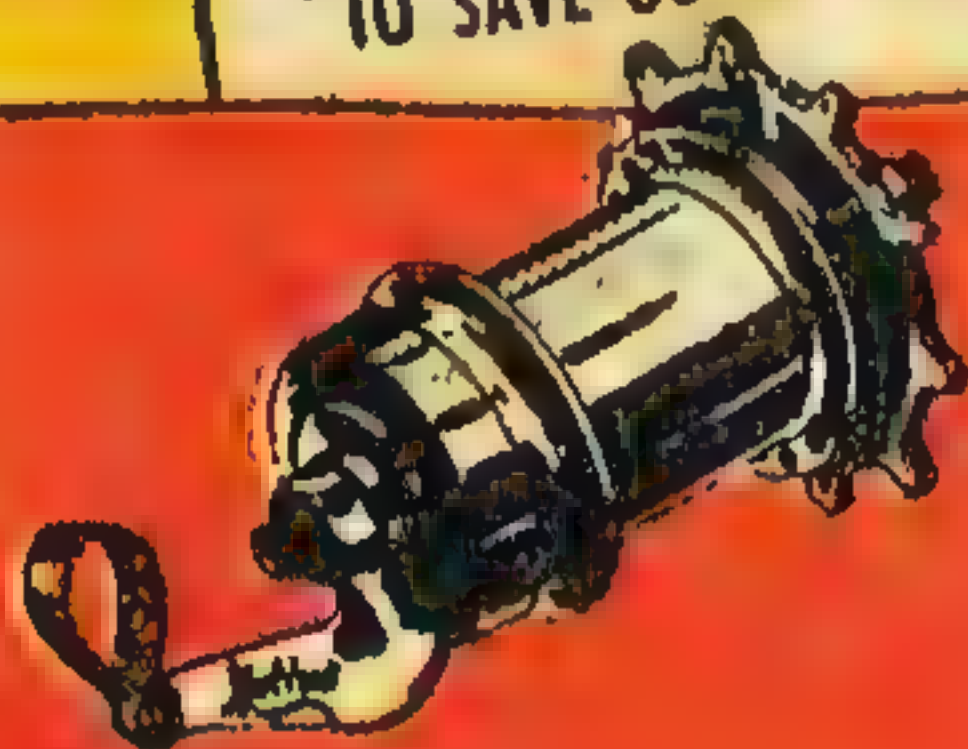
OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES, THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS! "SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM, (IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER. "I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN, "WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE.

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE, "WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE. "SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—" "TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew"—the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORP., ELMIRA, N. Y.

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias

Baseball Stamps

"PLAY Ball!"; "Batter Up!"; "Kill the Umpire!" To millions of Americans, these expressions mean but one thing, "Baseball."

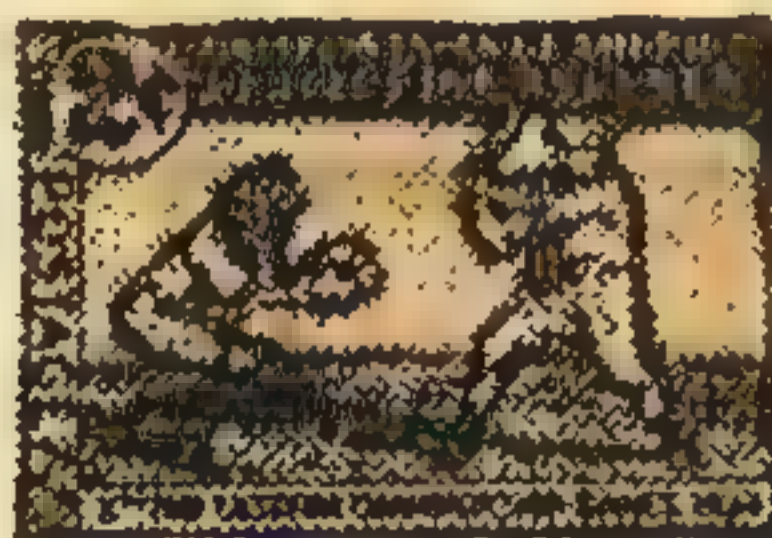
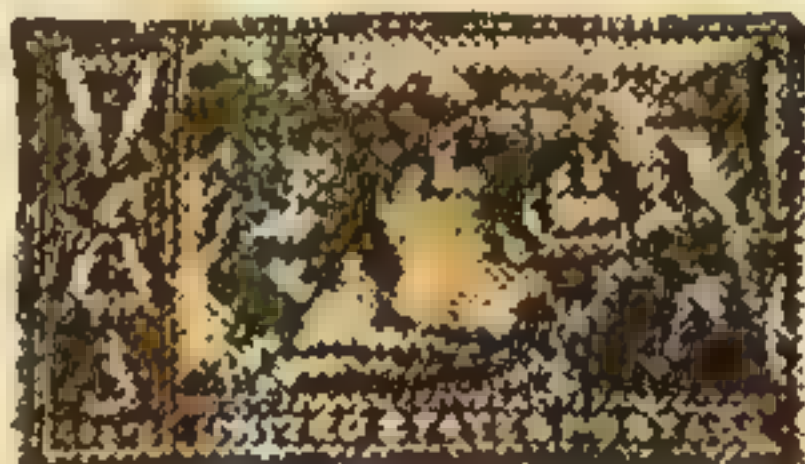
This good old American pastime as we know it to-day, was 100 years old in 1939 and for the occasion, the post-office department issued a special stamp to commemorate the event.

The special commemorative stamp had for its main design a game of baseball played by a group of schoolboys on a lot adjacent to a school. Before the design was adopted, many sec-

more dear to their hearts than to any other group.

Authorities claim that baseball as played to-day is an outgrowth of a game called "one old cat", which was popular among boys during the early part of the 19th century. This game consisted of three players, one at the bat and two out in the field and had but one base. As time went on, more players were added and more bases. In 1839, Abner Doubleday, at Cooperstown, New York, devised the game as we know it to-day.

America was not the only



tions of the country petitioned the postal authorities to picture their favorite player on it. Some wanted Christy Mathewson, others Ty Cobb, and many desired to have Babe Ruth honored on the stamp. However, in choosing the American schoolboy for the design, the postal department acted very wisely for baseball is



country to issue a stamp honoring baseball. During 1935, Colombia released a set of 16 stamps in commemoration of its third National Olympic Games. One of the stamps in the set pictured a baseball player sliding to a base with another player trying to "strike him out." A baseball stamp was issued by Panama in 1938 in commemoration of the fourth Central American Caribbean Olympics.

In Nicaragua, a special postal tax stamp featuring a baseball player about to swing a bat, was used to raise funds for the 1937 Central American Olympics. During 1937, this postal tax stamp was obligatory on all mail in addition to the regular postal rates.

MEANING OF "APPROVALS"

When the word "approvals" or "approval applicants" appears in any advertisement on these pages, it means that the advertiser, in addition to sending you the offer he makes you, sends you some sheets of paper upon which are stuck stamps that he wishes you to look over and possibly buy. These stamps have written below them the price he wishes for that stamp. If you want to buy it, you remove the stamp or stamps you want, and RETURN those you do NOT want together with the money for THOSE YOU HAVE KEPT. In other words, the stamps are for your "APPROVAL."

UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here's an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable; 52 different U.S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face value as high as the dollar Wilson, composed entirely of face different postage, airmail and commemorative stamps, nothing else. In addition, 2 U.S. Possession pictorials.

We will send all these for only 10c, but only to sincere approval applicants. In asking for approvals please state whether you are interested in United States or foreign stamps or both.

Approval Headquarters
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
268 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 733 New York City

GREAT "4" PRICE FOR 5" OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail; triangle and animal stamps; many others. (2) 2 scarce unused United States, cat. price 20c. (3) Fine packet 25 dif. British Colonies—Charkhari, Jamaica, Johore, etc. (4) U.S. \$4.00 & \$5.00 high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 5c to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains given. MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 4, Camden, New York

FREE — THE STAMP FINDER!

Send to-day for big new edition fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps! Also fine packet strange, fascinating stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Patiala, Cyprus, etc., including Maps, Ships, Animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants including 3c postage.

GARCELON STAMP CO.
Box 952 Calais, Maine

Super Wonder Packet Offered

containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (elephant), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), MANCHUKUO (mausoleum) SARAWAK (rajah), GUADELOUPE (sugar refining) COSTA RICA (triangle), HONDURAS (seal), MARTINIQUE (palace). This entire packet for only 3c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free.

Kent Stamp Co., G.P.O. Box 87(14), Brooklyn, N.Y.

55 DIFFERENT U.S. 5c

Including AIRMAILS, PRE-SIDENTIALS, high values, 19th Century, COMMEMORATIVES, cello, revenues, etc. to applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LISTS included.

W. C. BOOKMAN, Box 145DA, Maplewood, N. J.

STAMPS — HINGES — BOOK

Packet of 100 different stamps from world; including countries at war; packet of stamp hinges; and 49 page United States Catalogue showing pictures of all U. S. stamps and values. Everything only 10c to approval applicants.

H. D. Delin, 31 Park Row, New York City

ASCENSION — FIJI — NIUE

Virgin Isles, scarce African Airmail, "Hard-to-get" stamps from Eritrea, Pahang, Selangor, Tanganyika, Mauritius, Kenya, Valloian City, South Sea Islands, Africa, So. America, many more, mostly British Colonies only 5c to approval applicants.

Kenwood Stamp Co. 131A Burchett, Glendale, Cal.

Gigantic Canadian Bargain

Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.

Ensign Stamp Co., Box 118-D, So. Orange, N. J.

PONY EXPRESS SET

Few collectors have ever seen these rare U.S. locals issued by Wells Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who enclose 4c (four cents) postage.

R. D. Roberts & Co., 504 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

U.S. 25 DIFFERENT U.S. COMMEMORATIVES — ONLY 3c —

To serious U.S. approval applicants for U.S. stamps—H. BEDRIN, 1745 Andrews Ave., New York City

EARN CASH! . . . EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls, sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club, and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you. Wholesale and Bargain Lists sent. Mortimer T. Ellis, 55 Rensselaer St., New York City

MEXICO CENSUS SET COMPLETE

Free to approval applicants
PLADON STAMP CO.
1717 Idaho, Dept. DA, Toledo, Ohio

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LEHTI

IT WAS SILAS BLANTON'S JOB TO FORETELL THE FUTURE... AND FORETELL IT HE DID, RAIN OR SHINE, EVERY DAY FOR TWENTY YEARS! BUT LIFE SEEMED DULL... AND THEN DAME FORTUNE CHUCKLED, FOR SILAS FAILED TO FORETELL WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO HIMSELF WHEN HE MET A FAT DARK MAN AND TOOK A LONG TRIP BY WATER!

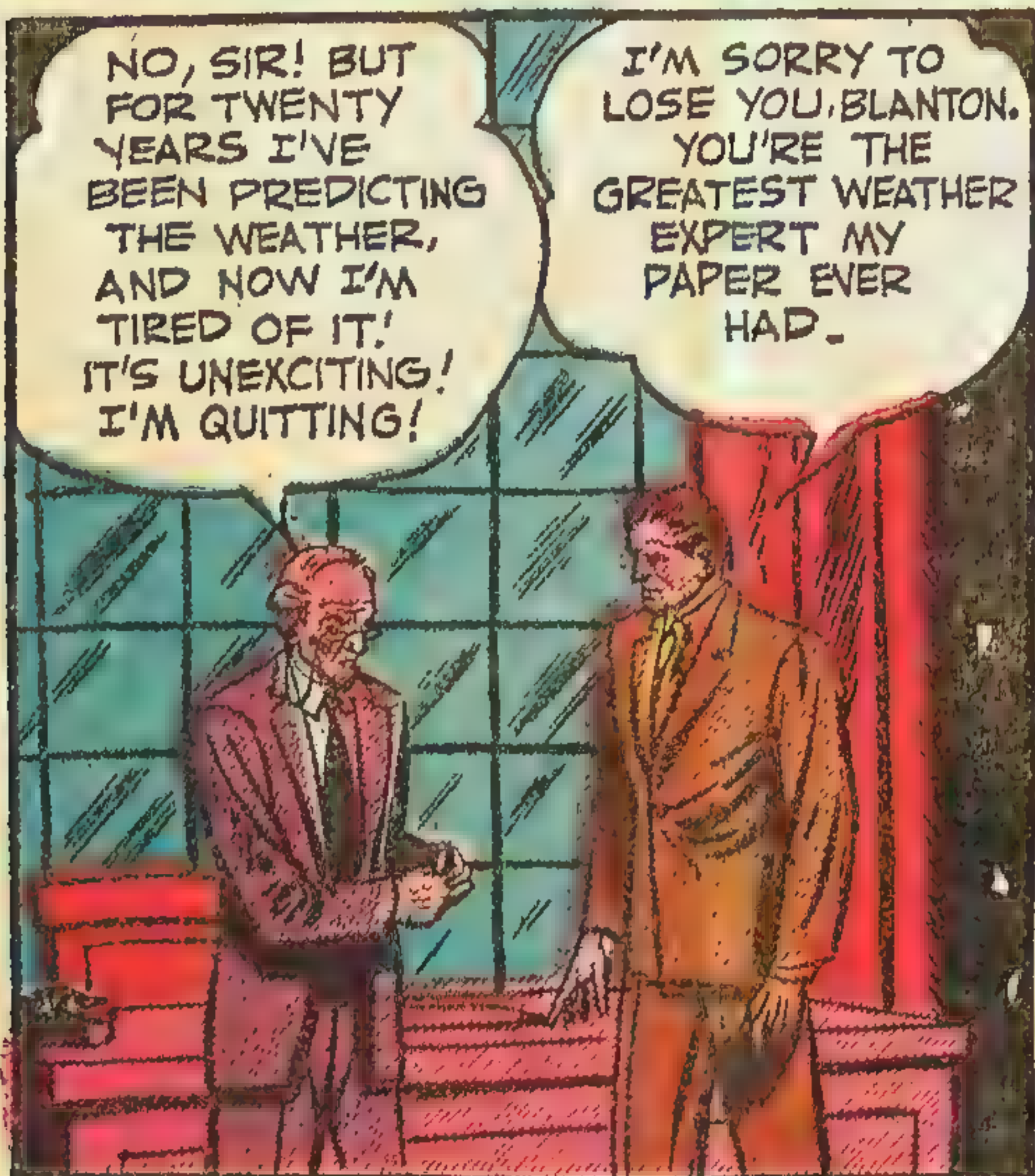
SILAS' FUTURE WAS UNPREDICTABLE... UNTIL THE CRIME-CRUSHING **CRIMSON AVENGER** CAME CRASHING THROUGH TO MAKE A FORECAST OF HIS OWN, AND SAVE THE LIFE OF —
"THE MAN WHO KNEW THE FUTURE!"



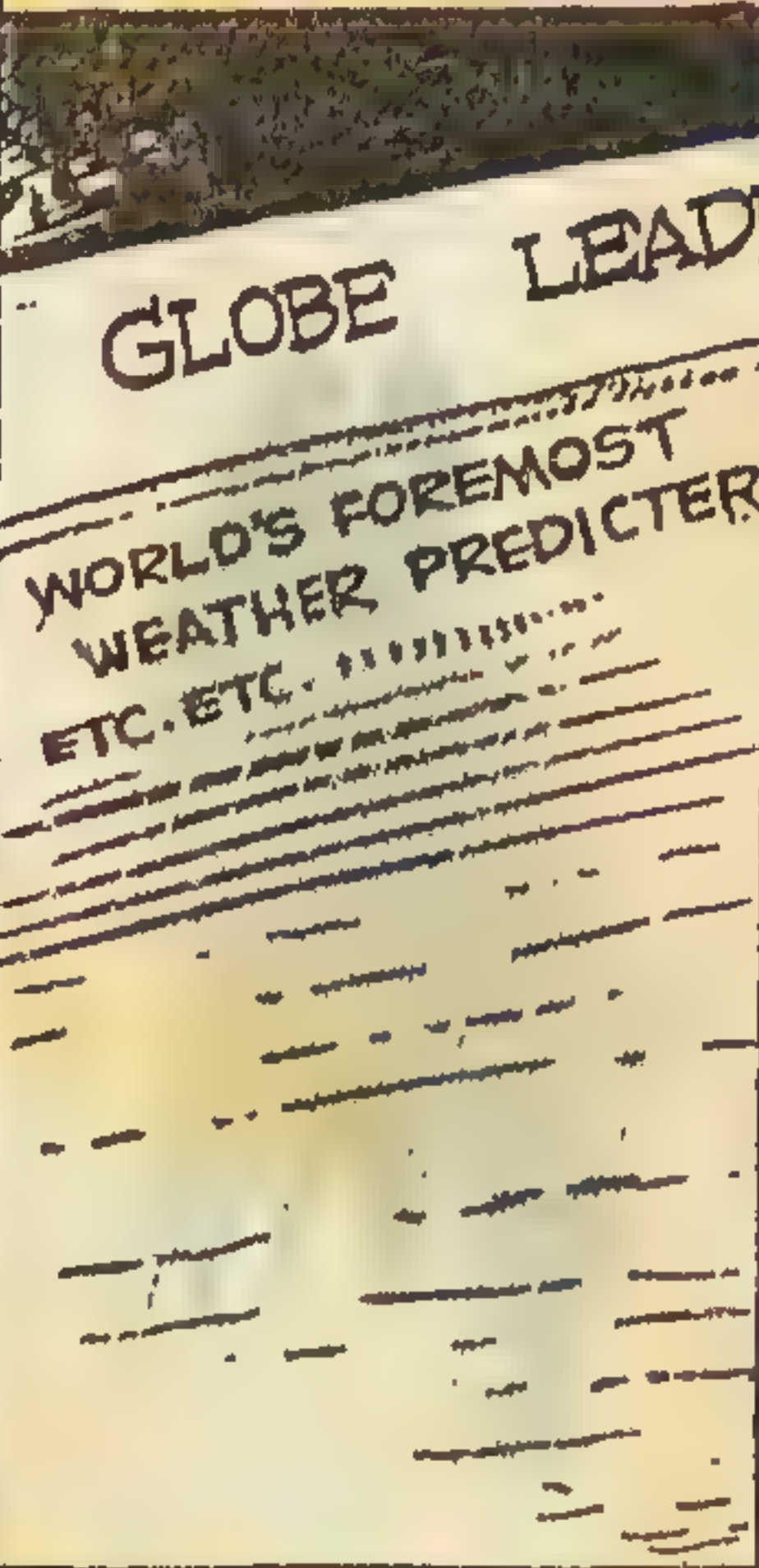
MEET SILAS BLANTON---A MAN WHO CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE--- A WEATHER PROPHET!



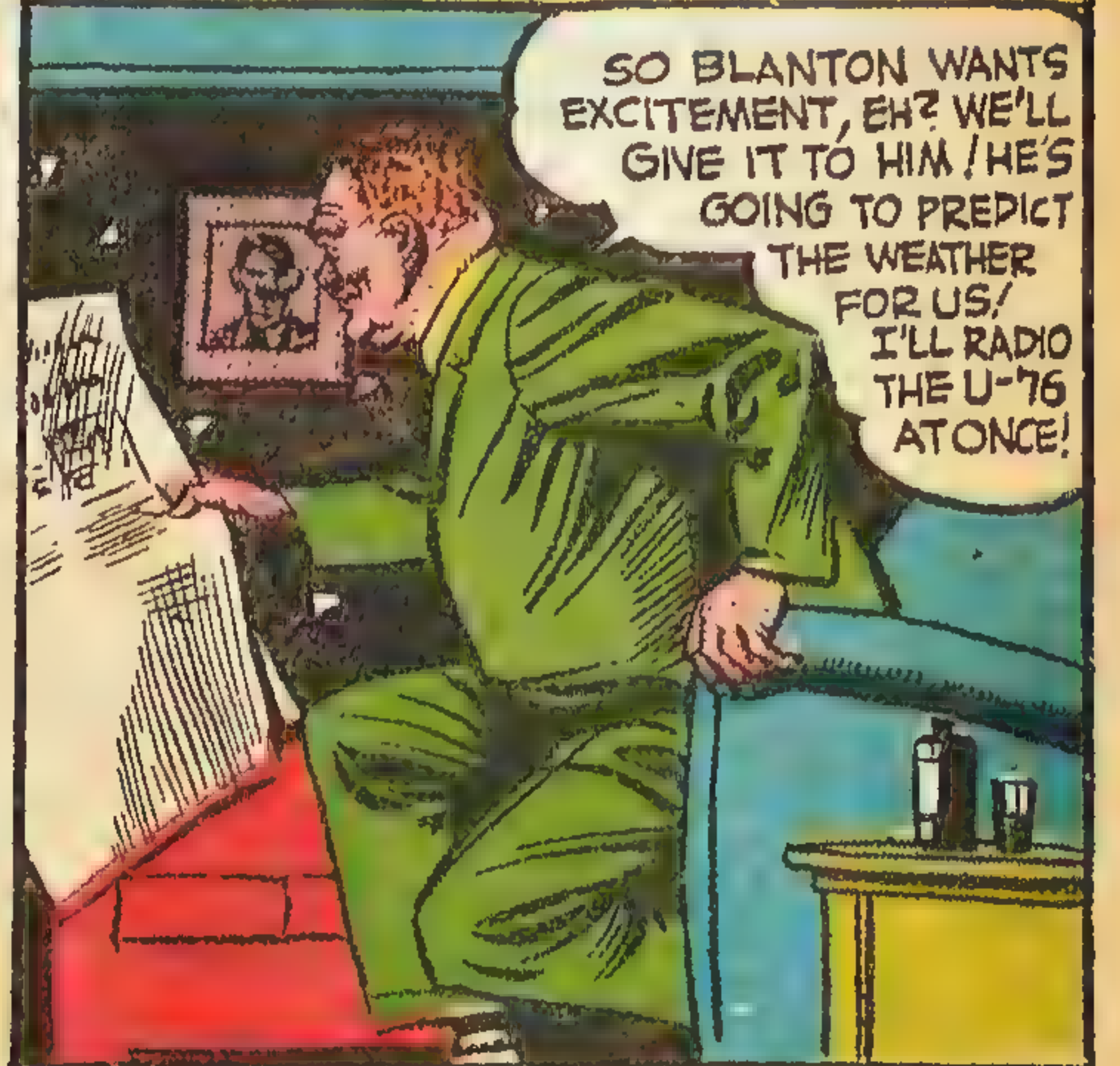
PANIC SEIZES OLD BLANTON AS THE DOOR OPENS FROM WITHIN!



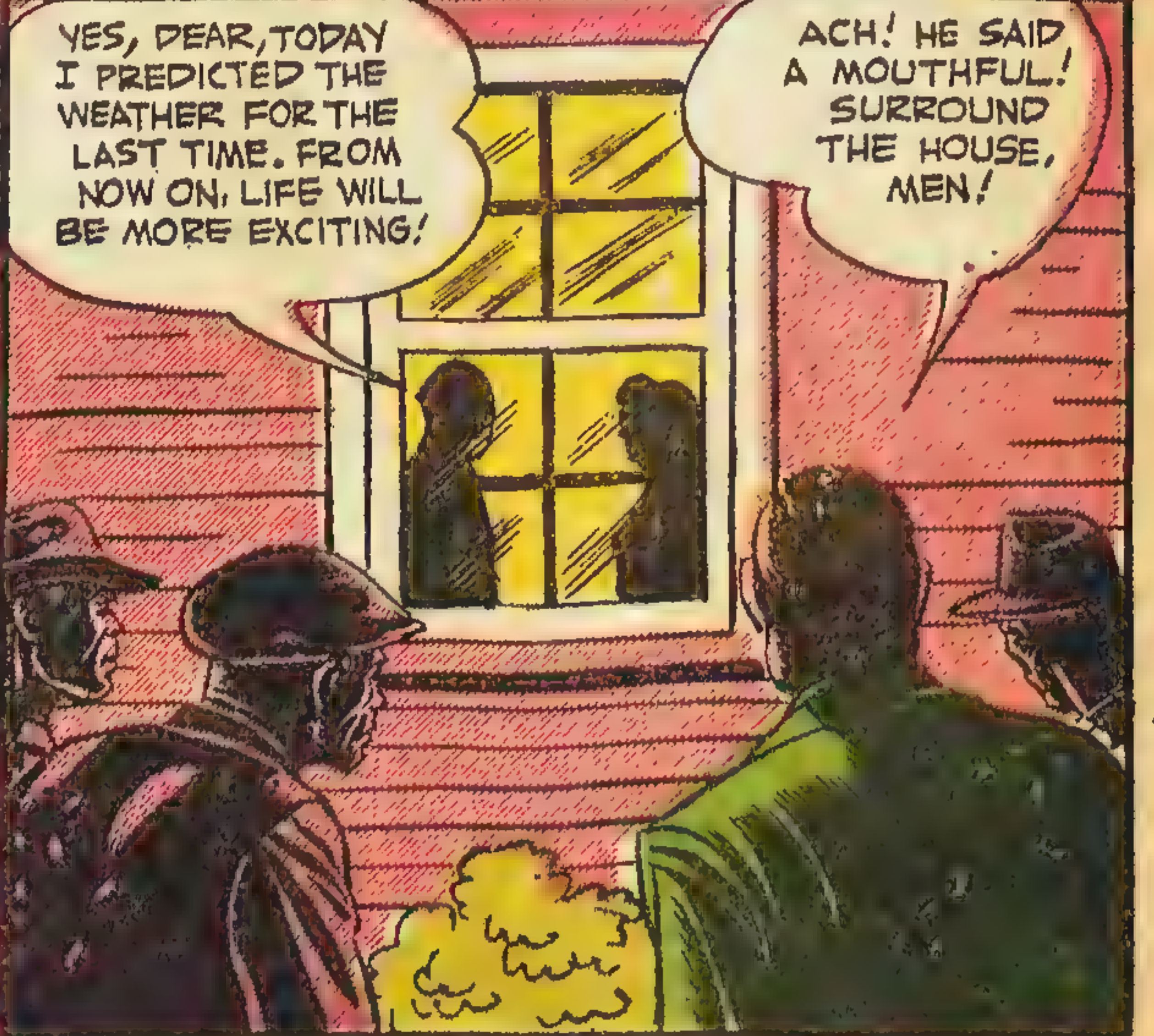
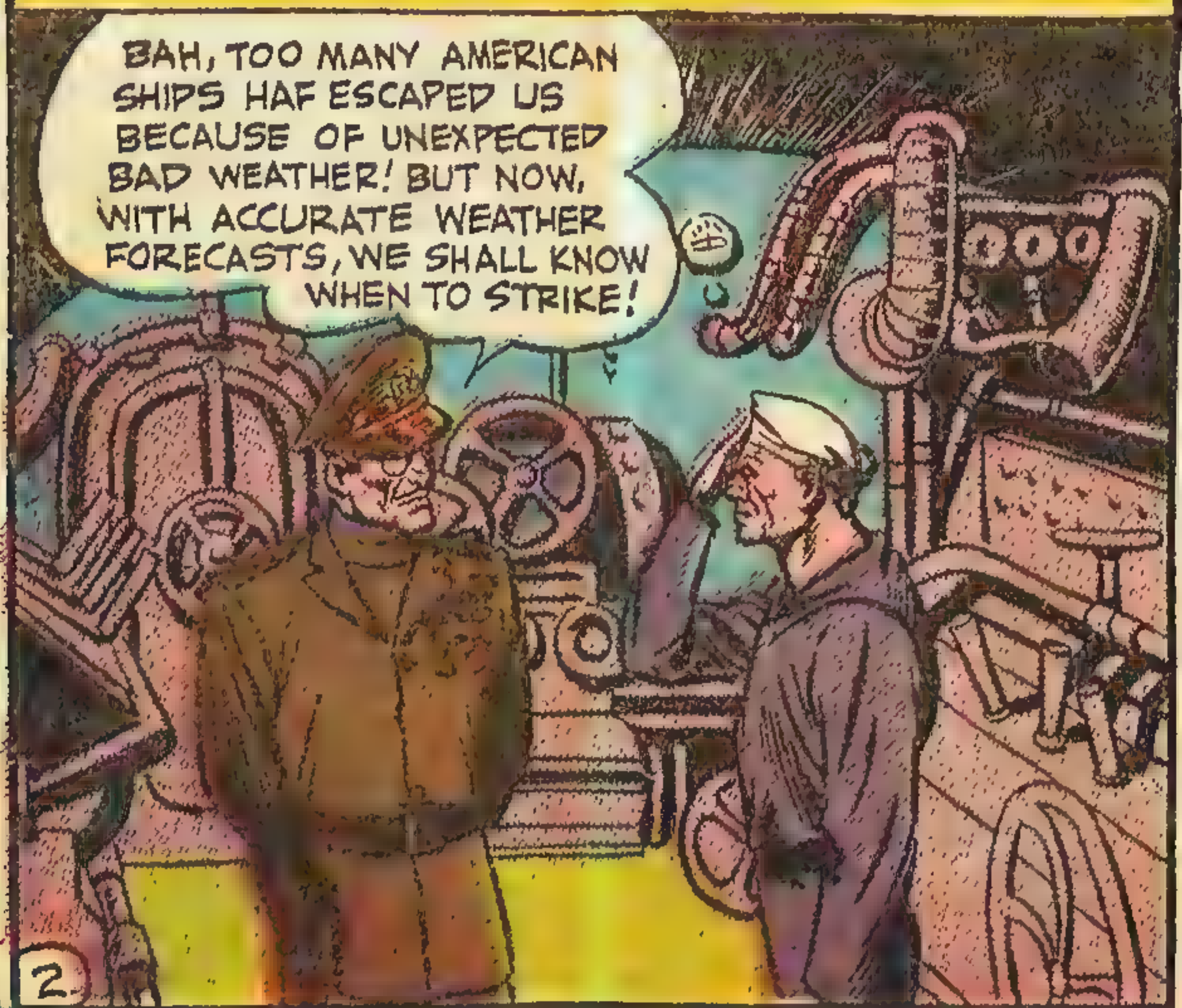
THE NEXT DAY, TRAVIS'S PAPER ANNOUNCES THE NEWS...

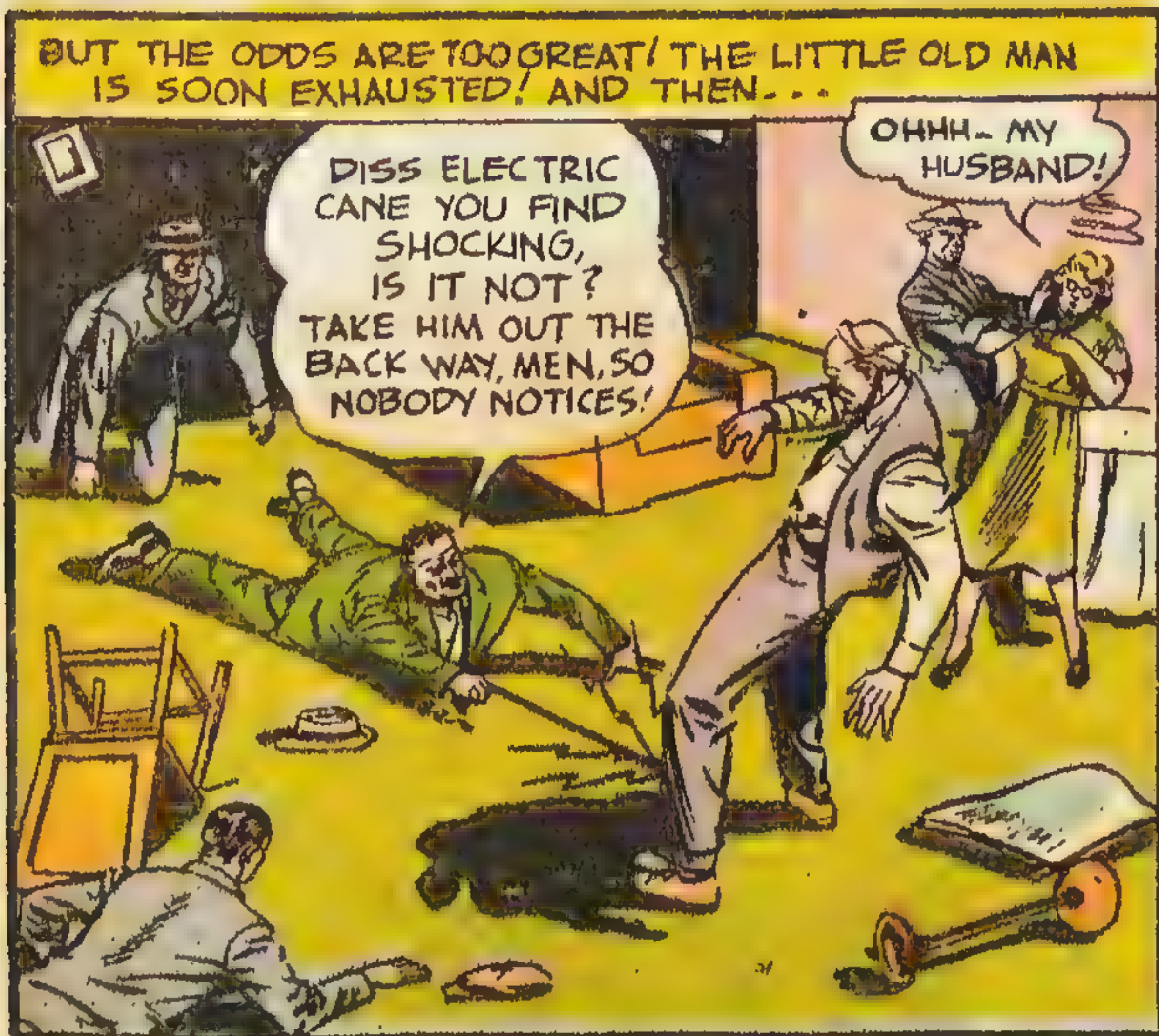


IN A LUXURIOUS HIDEOUT NEAR THE WATER-FRONT, A CERTAIN HERR GROSSER READS THE REPORT...

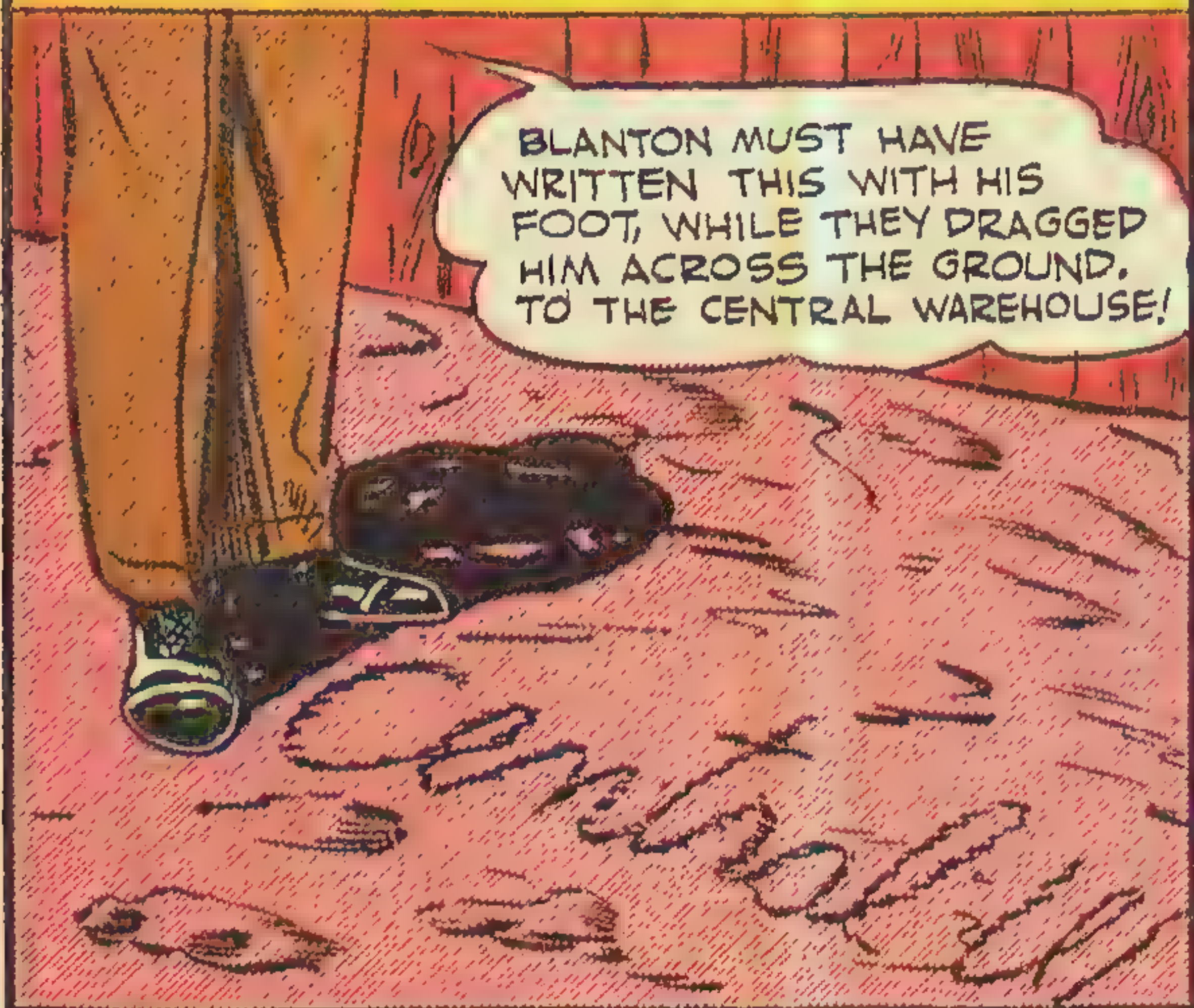


WHILE ON A SEA-RAIDER LURKING OFFSHORE---





DID YOU GUESS THE CLUE? EXAMINING THE BACK ALLEYWAY, LEE TRAVIS FINDS THE DUSTY ANSWER!



LOOKS AS IF IT'S TIME FOR A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN IN RED TO APPEAR! AND JUST IN CASE ANYONE'S WATCHING, I'LL BREAK A GLASS CAPSULE!



THE CAPSULE SHATTERS... AND A CRIMSON CLOUD SHROUDS THE FIGURE OF LEE TRAVIS...



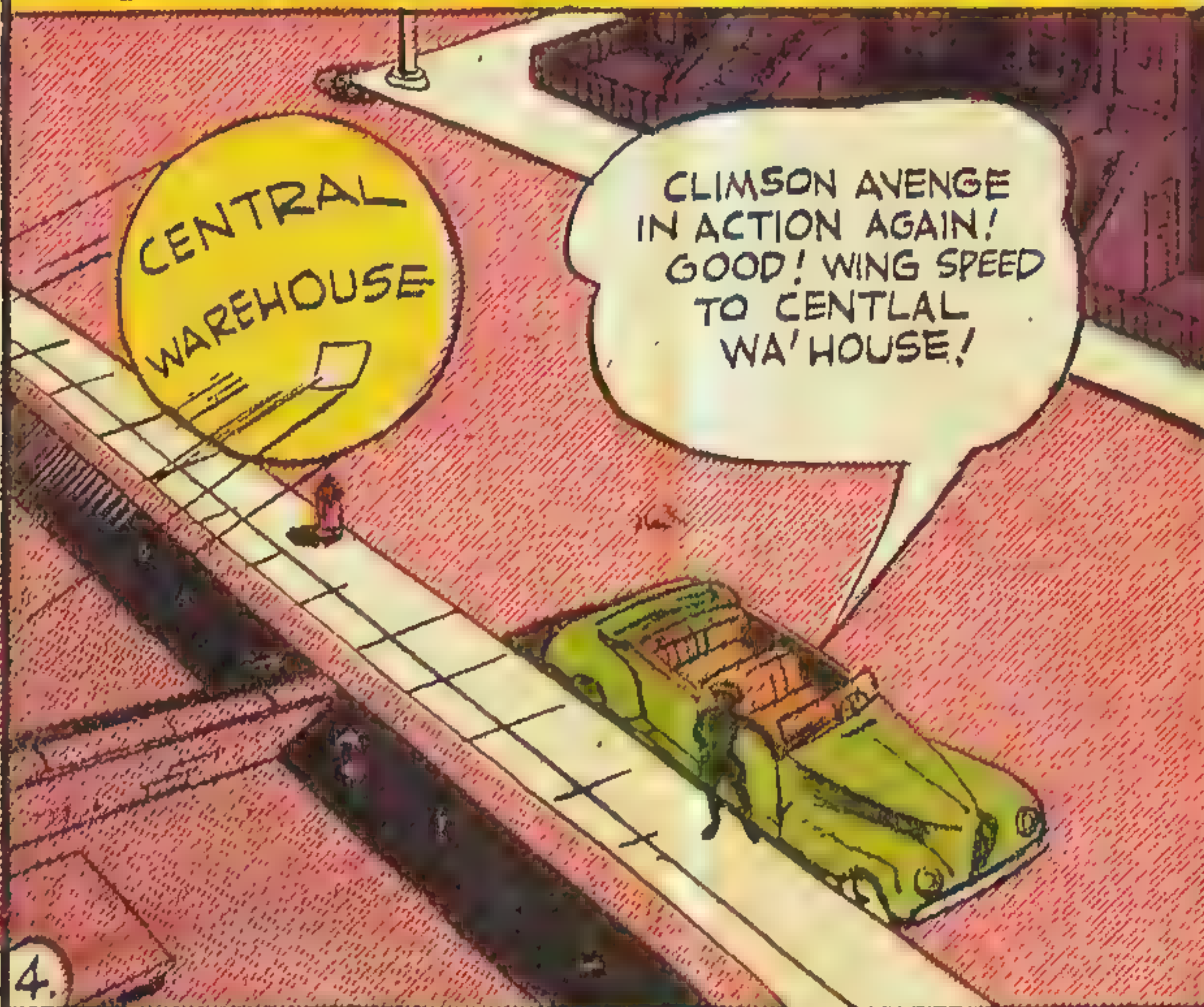
AND SECONDS LATER, HIGH ABOVE THE SCARLET SMOKE, — THE CRIMSON AVENGER!



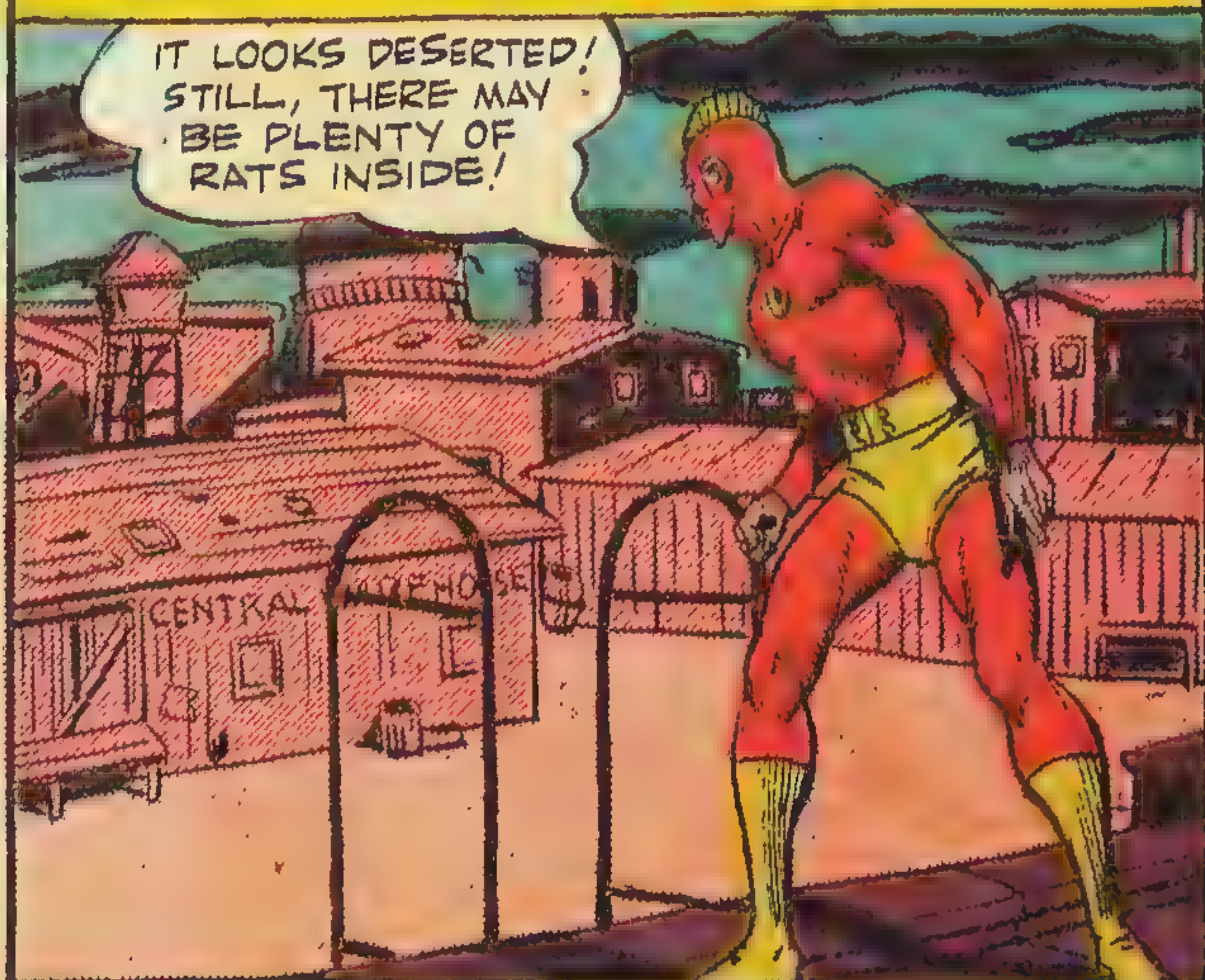
WONDA WHAT KEEPING MIST' TLAVIS! BETTA TO PUT ON THESE SPECIAL SPELTACLES HE GLIVE ME!

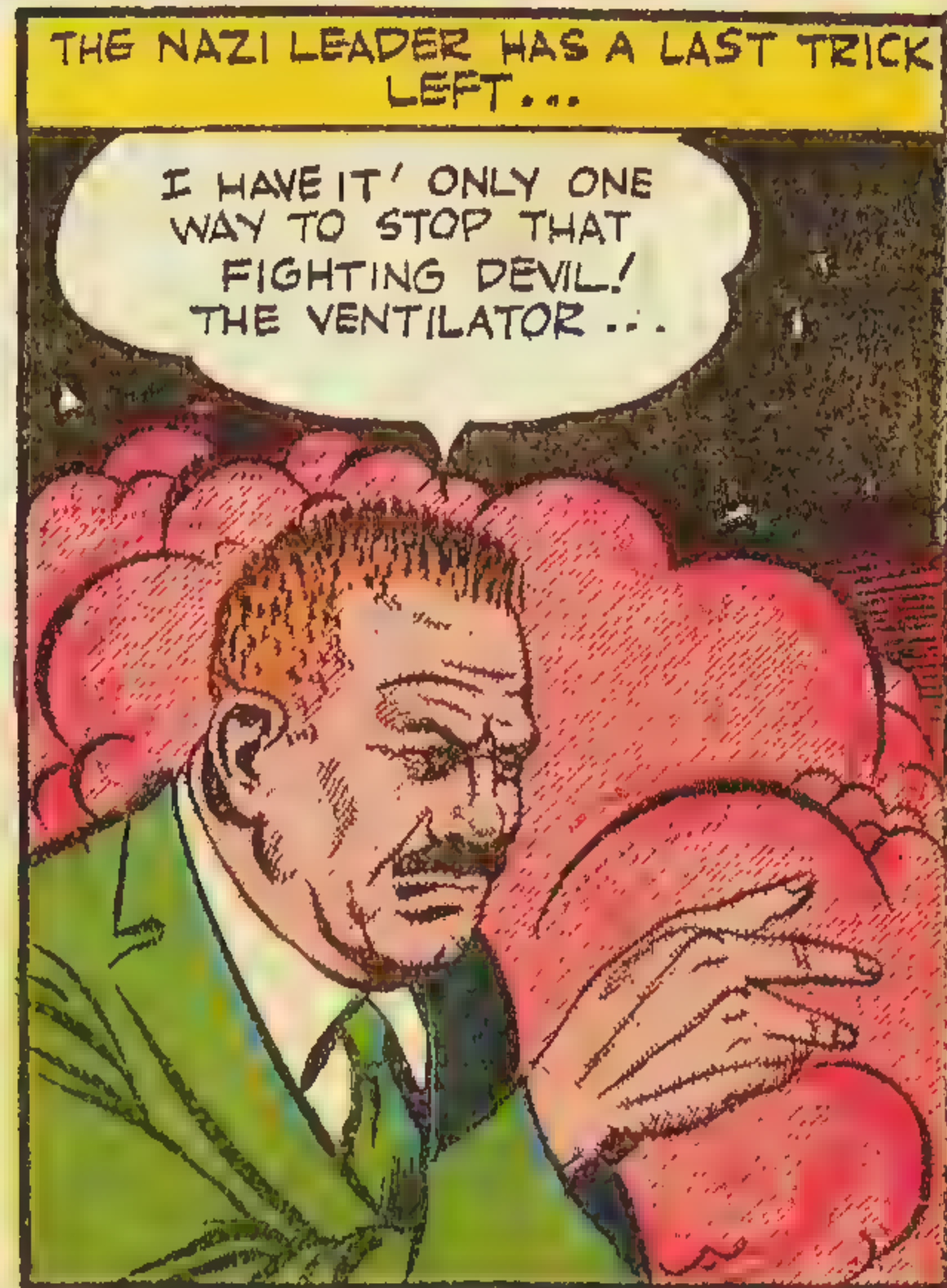
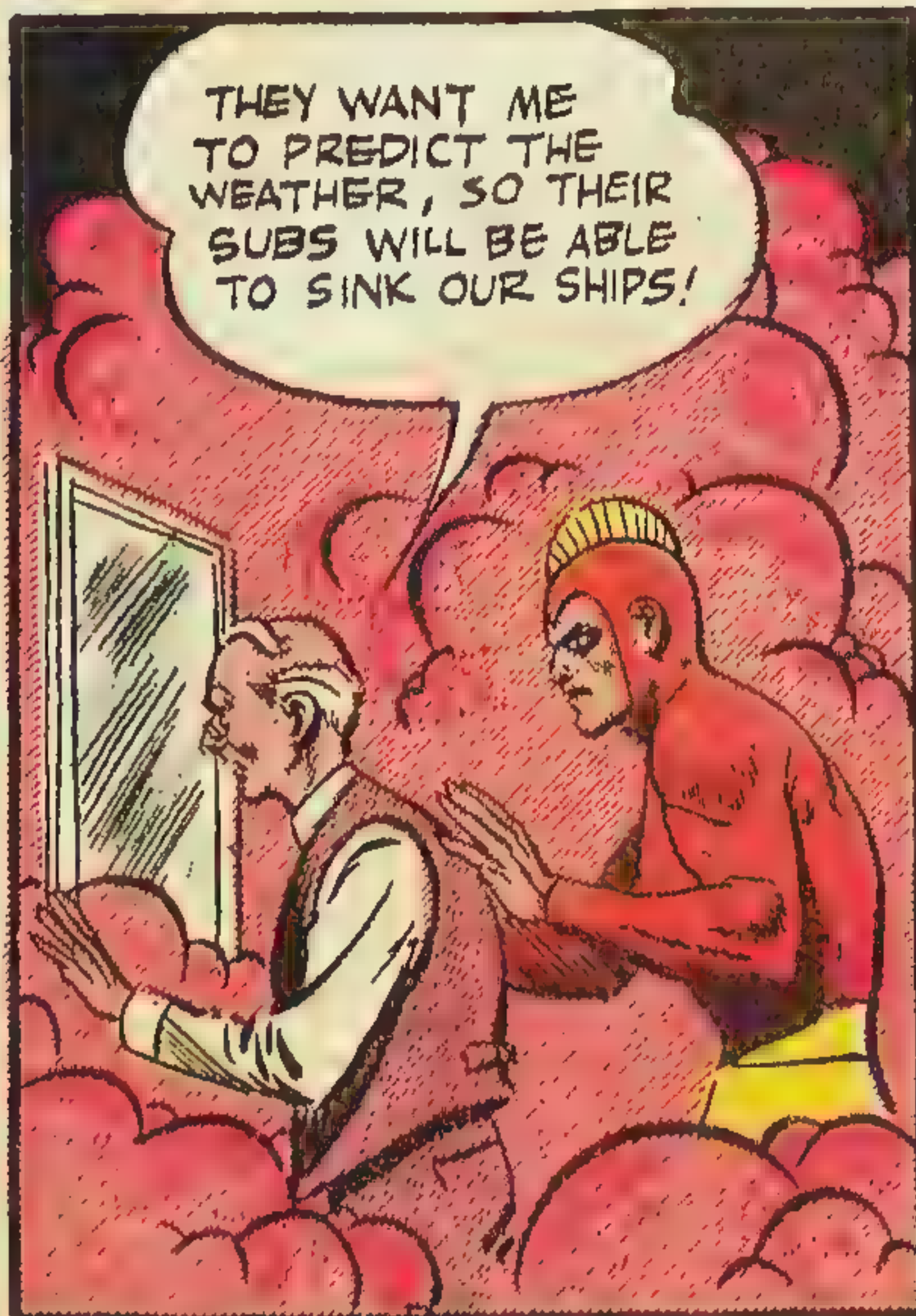
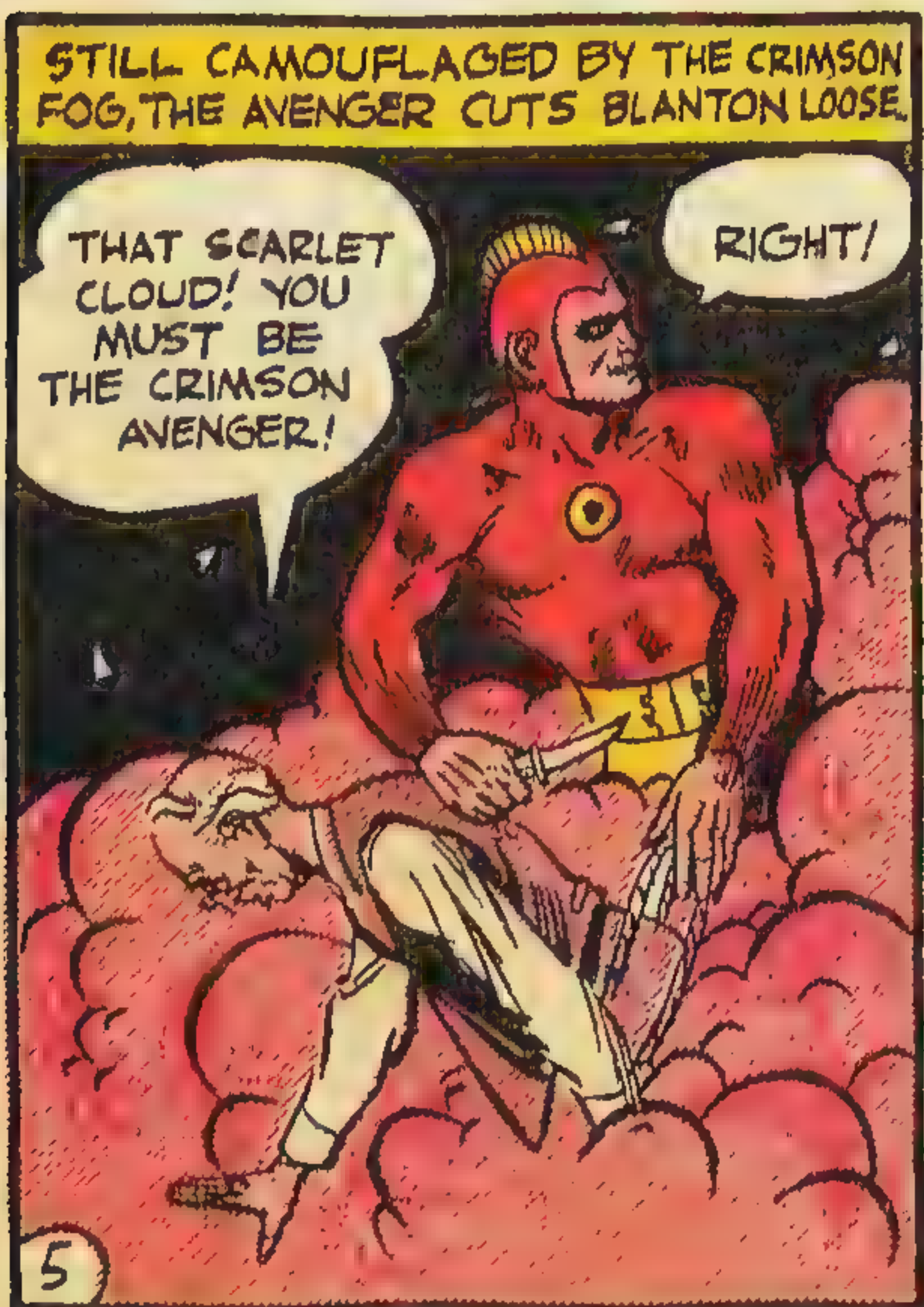
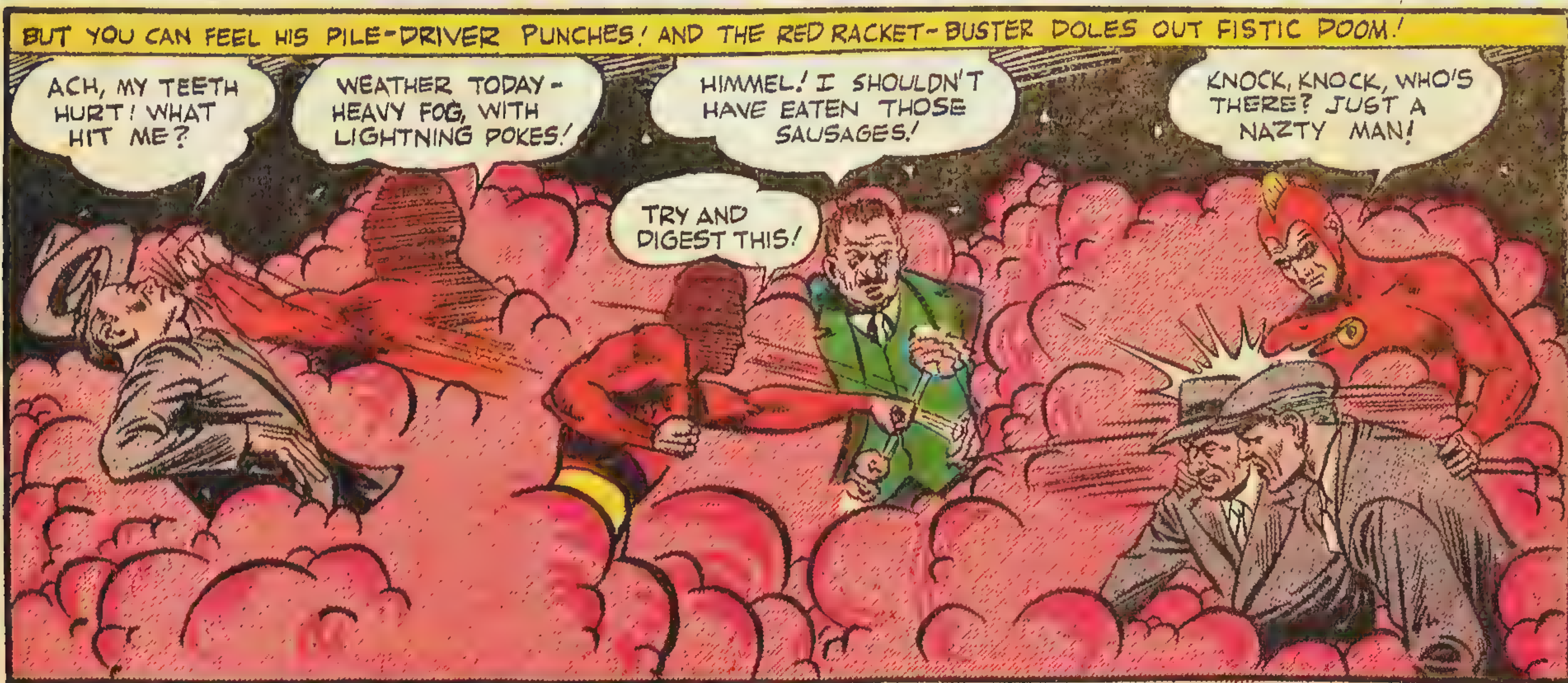
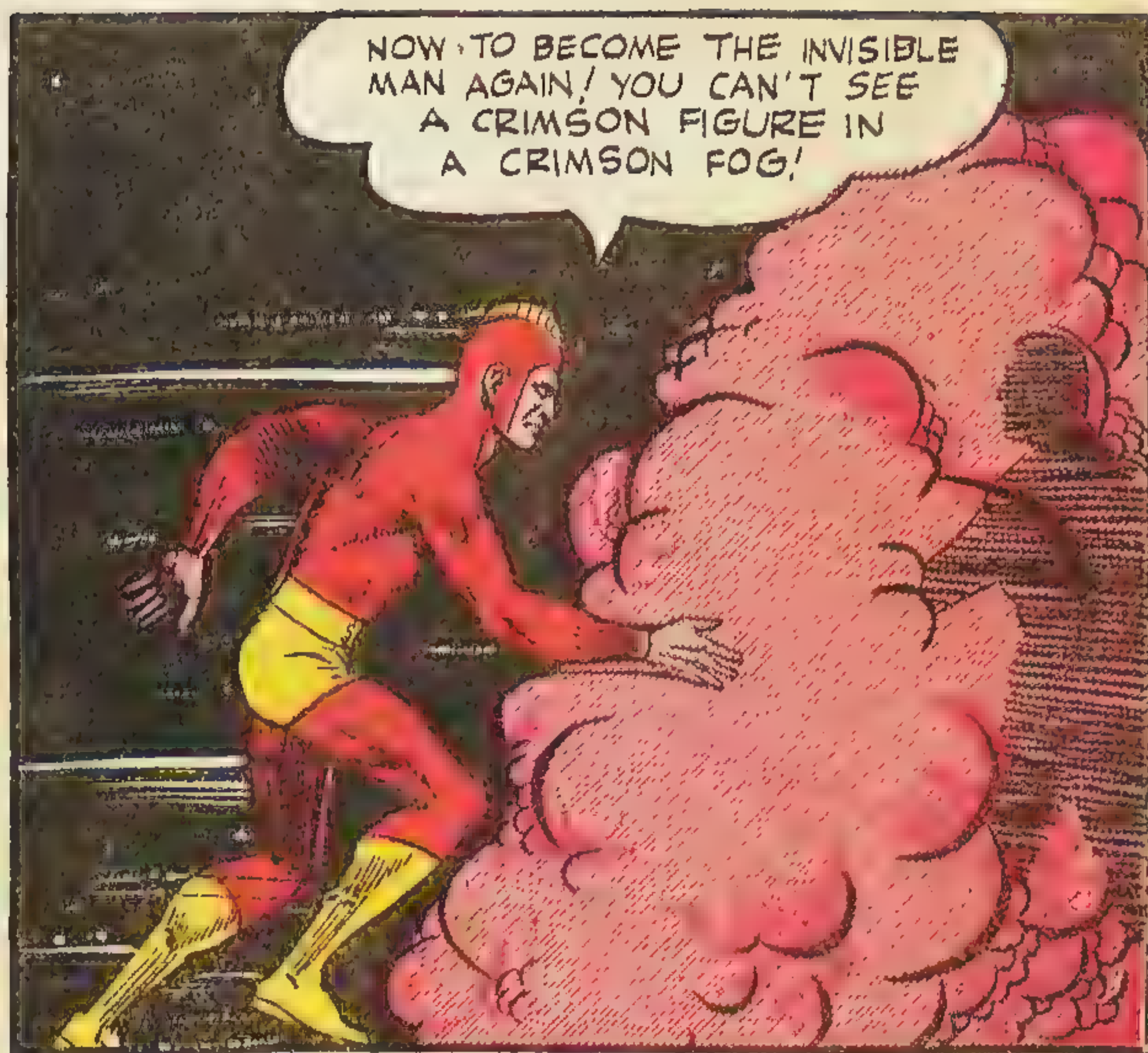


PRESENTLY... HIGH ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS FLOATS A CRIMSON BALLOON, BEARING A MESSAGE IN LETTERS OF GLOWING FIRE!

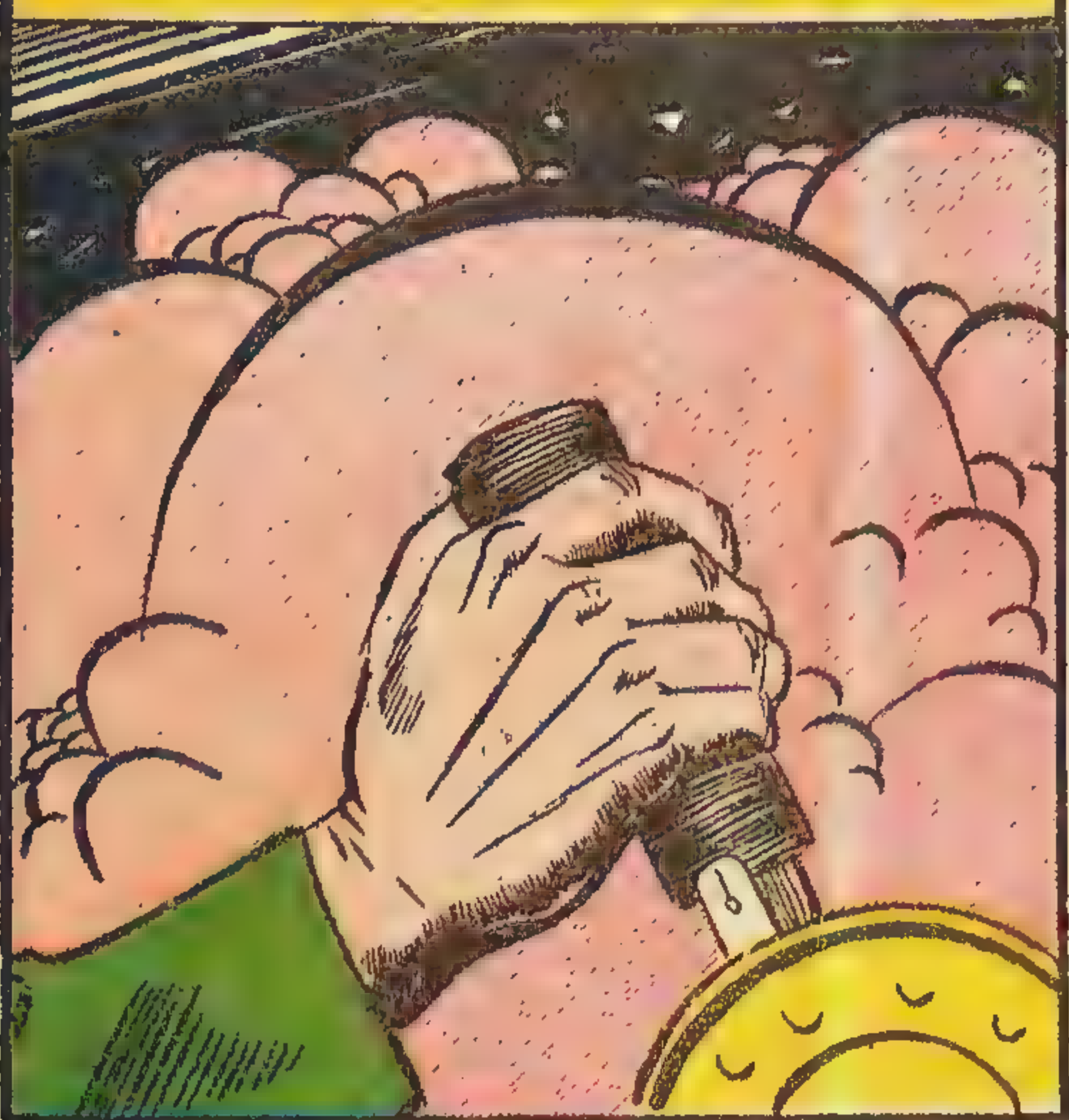


TAKING A SHORT-CUT OVER THE ROOFTOPS, THE SCARLET SCOURGE OF CRIME REACHES THE WAREHOUSE AHEAD OF HIS ASSISTANT...





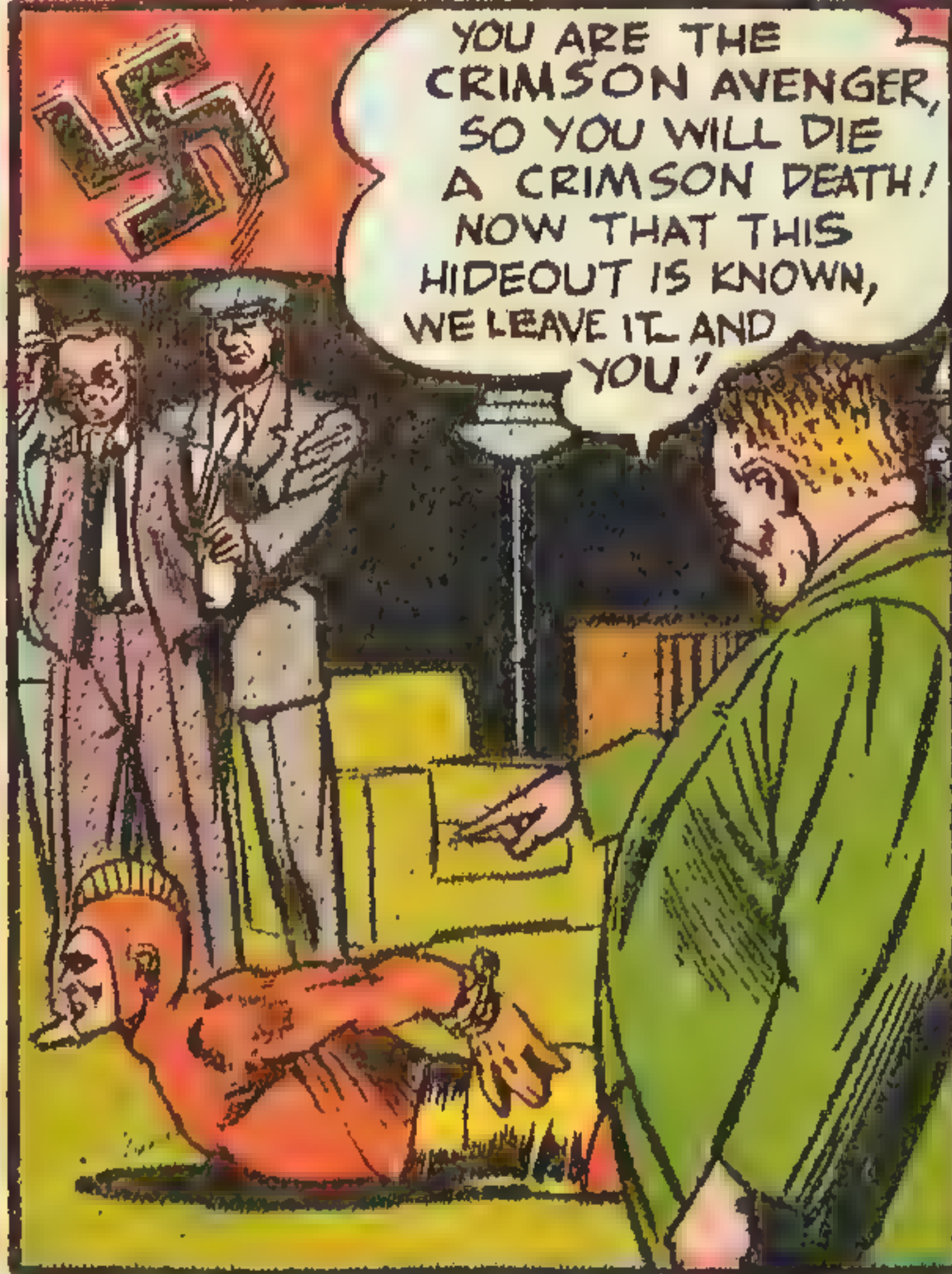
A FAT PUDGY HAND GROPE FOR A SWITCH..



... AND THE MOTORS OF THE VENILATING SYSTEM HUM INTO ACTION
THE SCARLET FOG DISSIPATES...



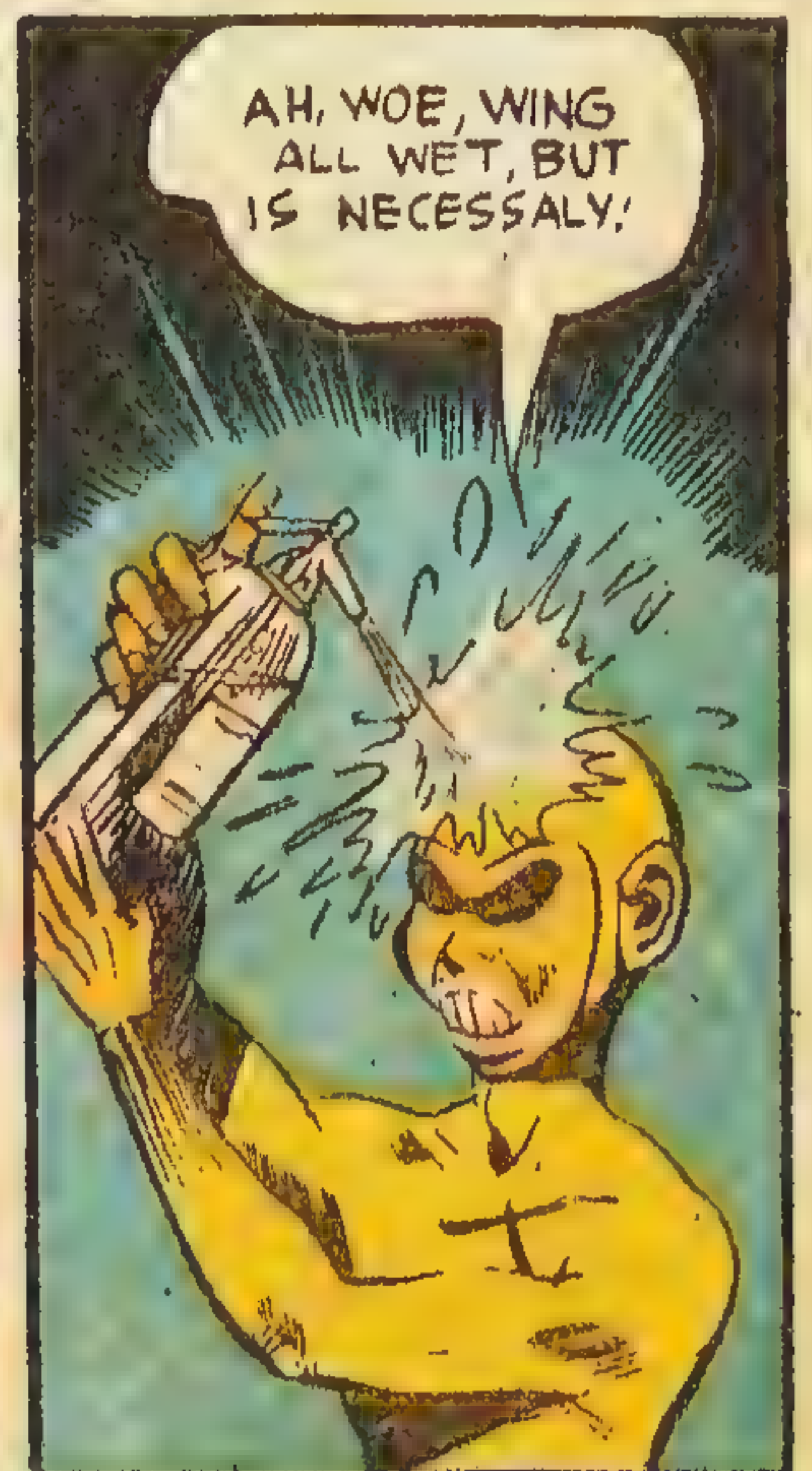
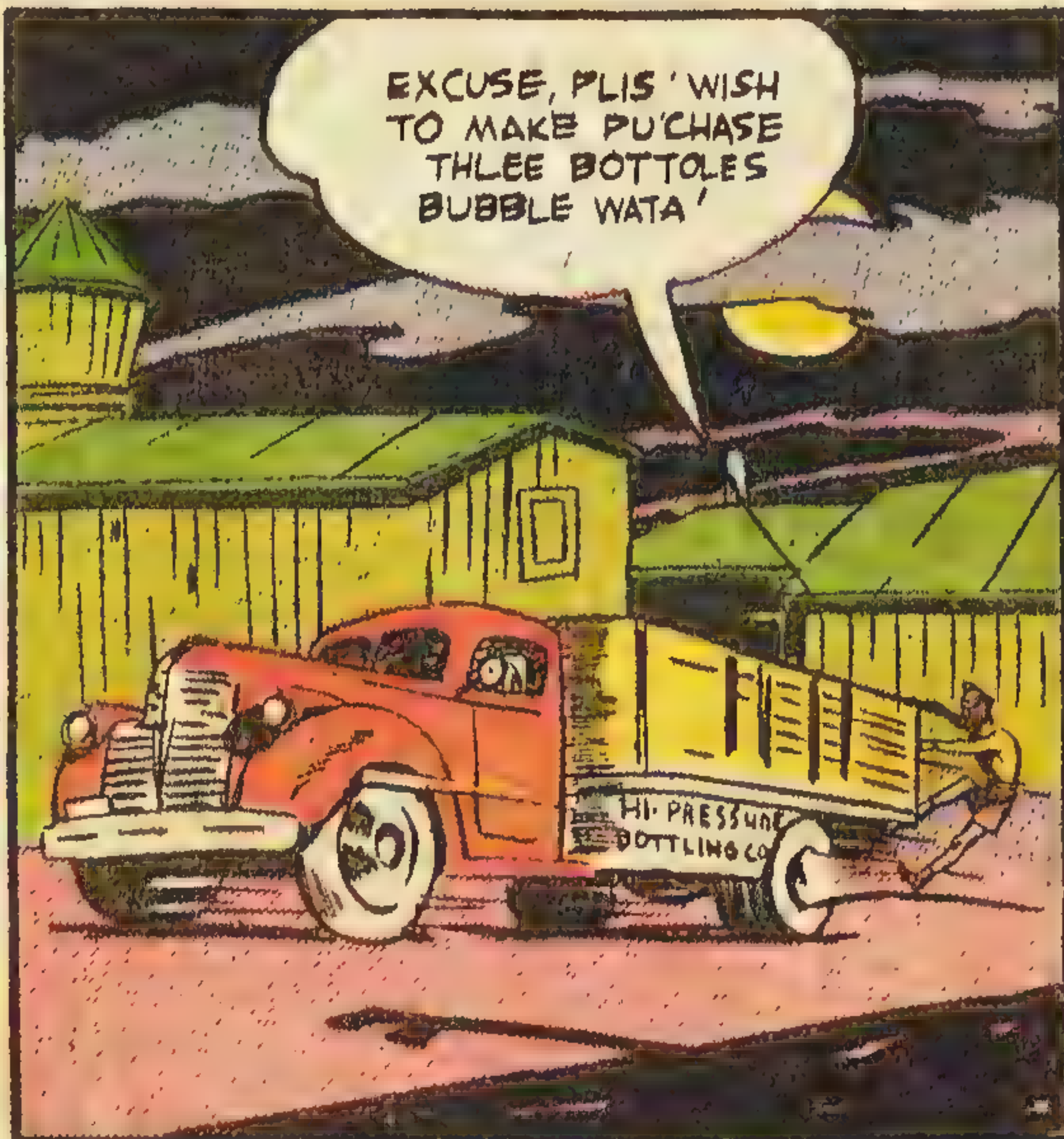
BUT HANDICAPPED BY THE PRESENCE OF BLANTON, THE AVENGER IS GRADUALLY OVERCOME BY THE SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS!



LATER... HUNGRY TONGUES OF FLAME LICK AT THE EXPENSIVE FURNISHINGS!

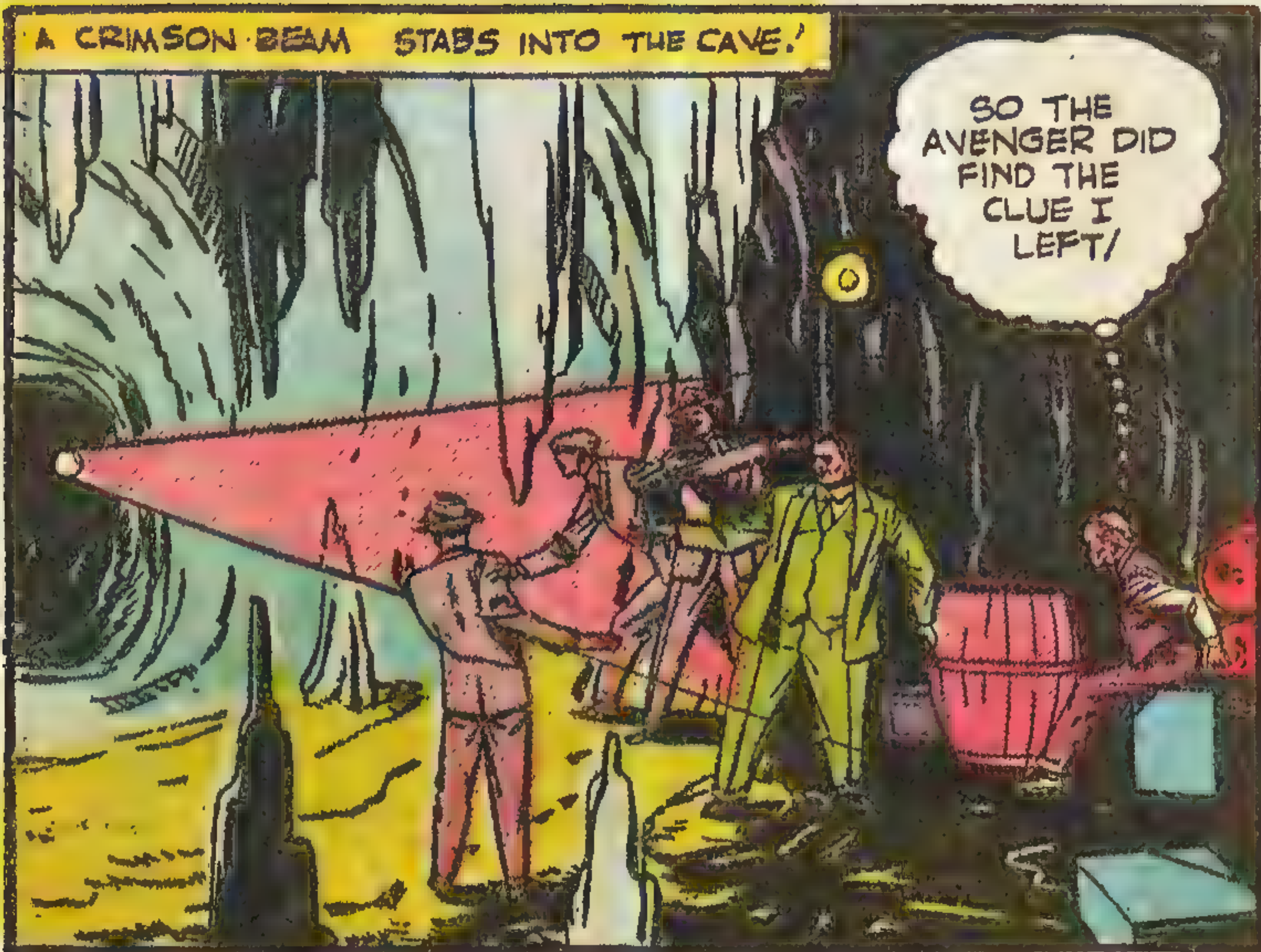


MEANWHILE, THE LOYAL WING...





A CRIMSON BEAM STABS INTO THE CAVE!



SO THE AVENGER DID FIND THE CLUE I LEFT!



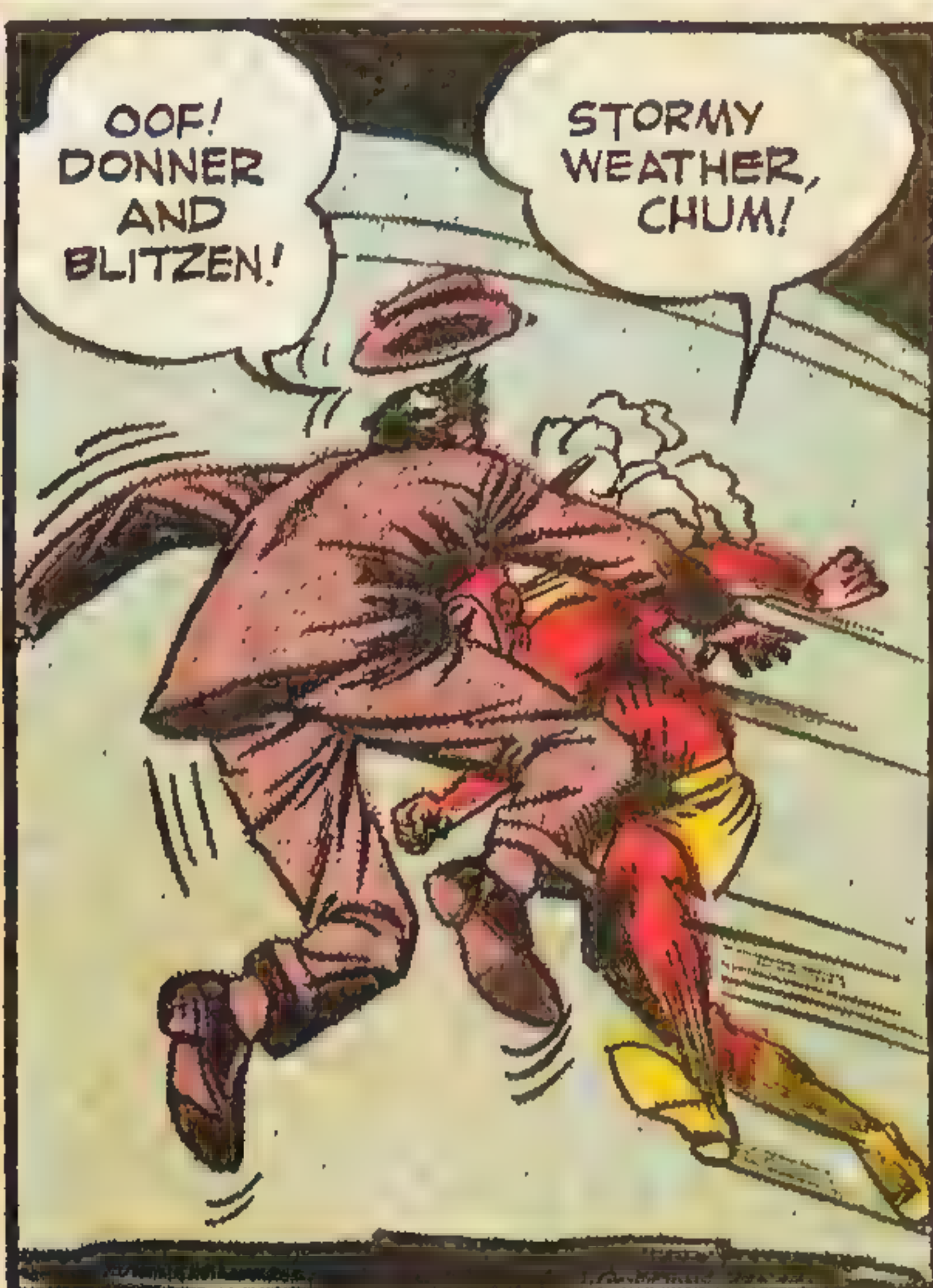
YOU'RE SO MAD, YOU'RE SEEING RED!

HIM AGAIN! ALWAYS HE INTERFERES! KILL HIM!



WEATHER FOR TONIGHT---CLEAR, PLENTY OF STARS VISIBLE!

KAMERAD!



OOF! DONNER AND BLITZEN!

STORMY WEATHER, CHUM!



THE WEATHER PROPHET TOO JOINS THE FRAY!

SO YOU INSIST UPON A WEATHER PREDICATION! FOR YOU--- IT'S THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!



BUT THE SPY LEADER, UNOBSERVED--

THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO!



AND THEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT, IN THE DARK, THE AVENGER SEES ONLY A GLOWING CIGAR!

THAT'S THE SPY LEADER HIMSELF! I'LL GET HIM BEFORE HE CAN ESCAPE!



SIMULTANEOUSLY, WING FINDS A LIGHT SWITCH AND LIGHT FLOODS THE CAVE ONCE MORE!

HE ESCAPED! HE LEFT THIS LIGHTED CIGAR TO FOOL ME! HE'S A TRICKY CUSTOMER, WING!

AH, WOE! HOW FIND WEATHER PROPHET NOW?

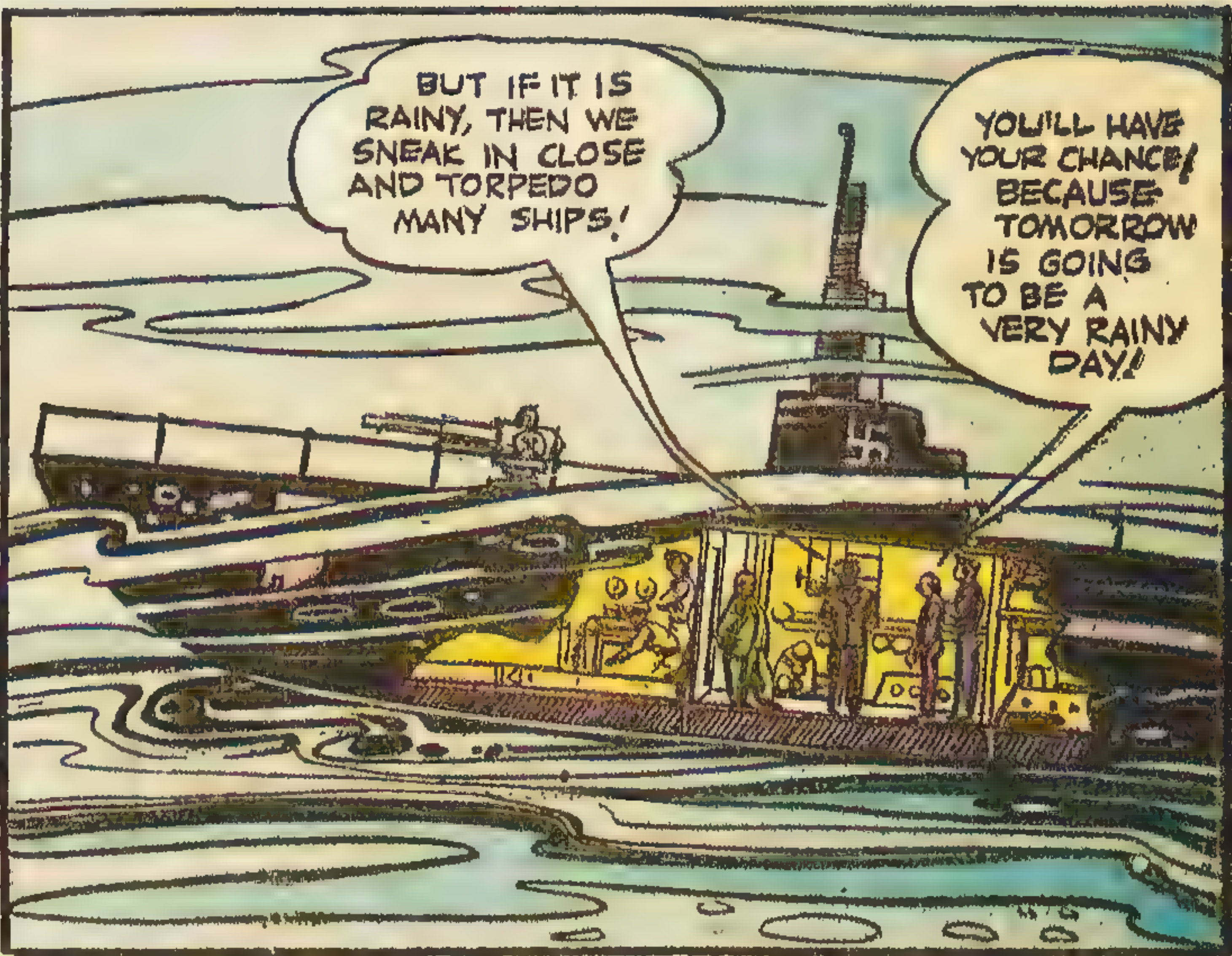
THIS TIME THE AVENGER CANNOT FOLLOW!
FOR ALREADY BLANTON HAS BEEN PUT ABOARD
A NAZI SUB!

TOMORROW A CONVOY LEAVES
FOR EUROPE! IF IT IS CLEAR,
WE CANNOT GET CLOSE! WE
WOULD BE SEEN!



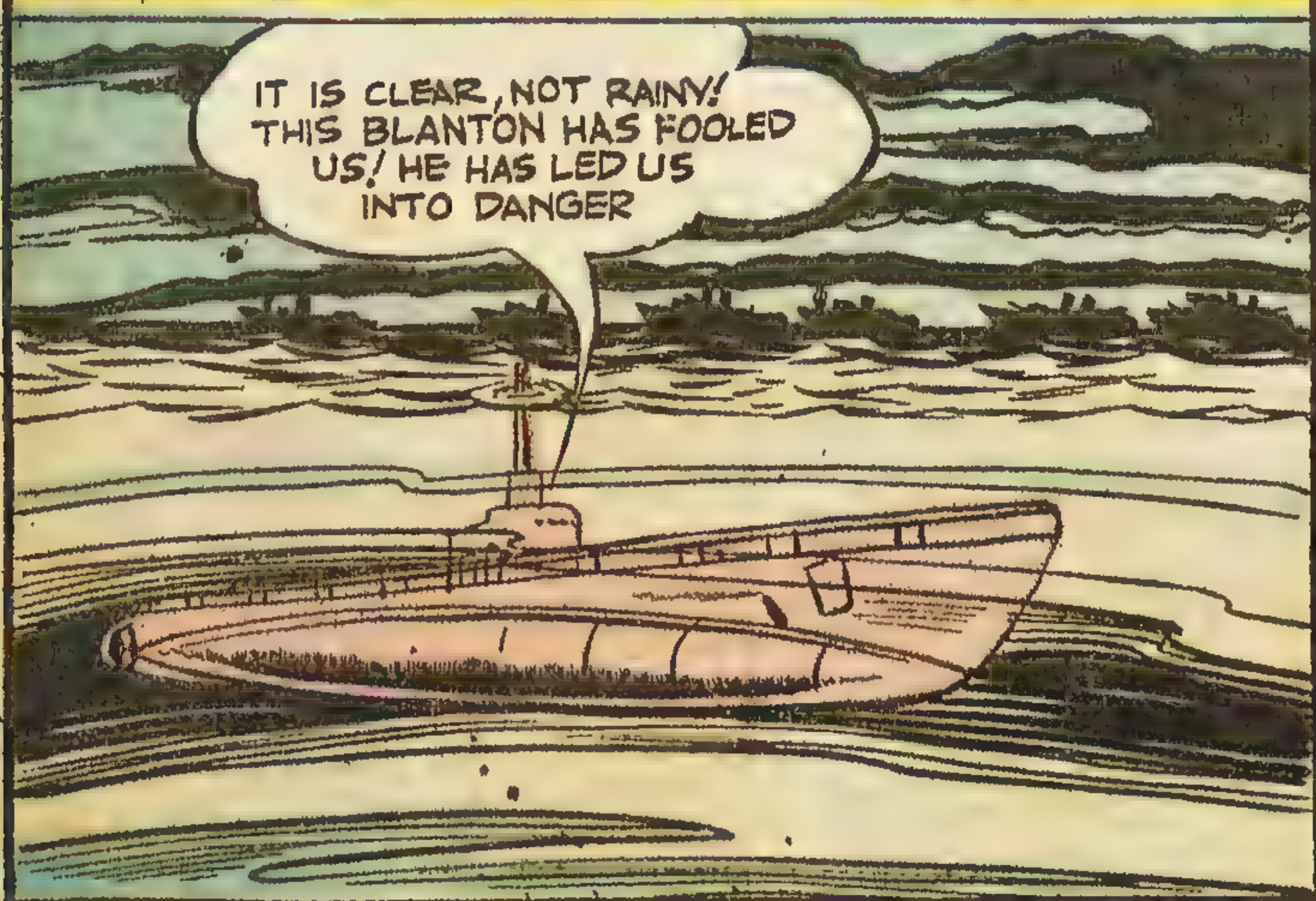
BUT IF IT IS
RAINY, THEN WE
SNEAK IN CLOSE
AND TORPEDO
MANY SHIPS!

YOU'LL HAVE
YOUR CHANCE!
BECAUSE
TOMORROW
IS GOING
TO BE A
VERY RAINY
DAY!



ON THE MORROW, UNAWARE OF THE GRIM WOLFPACK LURKING
NEAR, A HUGE CONVOY STEAMS FOR ALLIED PORTS---

IT IS CLEAR, NOT RAINY!
THIS BLANTON HAS FOOLED
US! HE HAS LED US
INTO DANGER

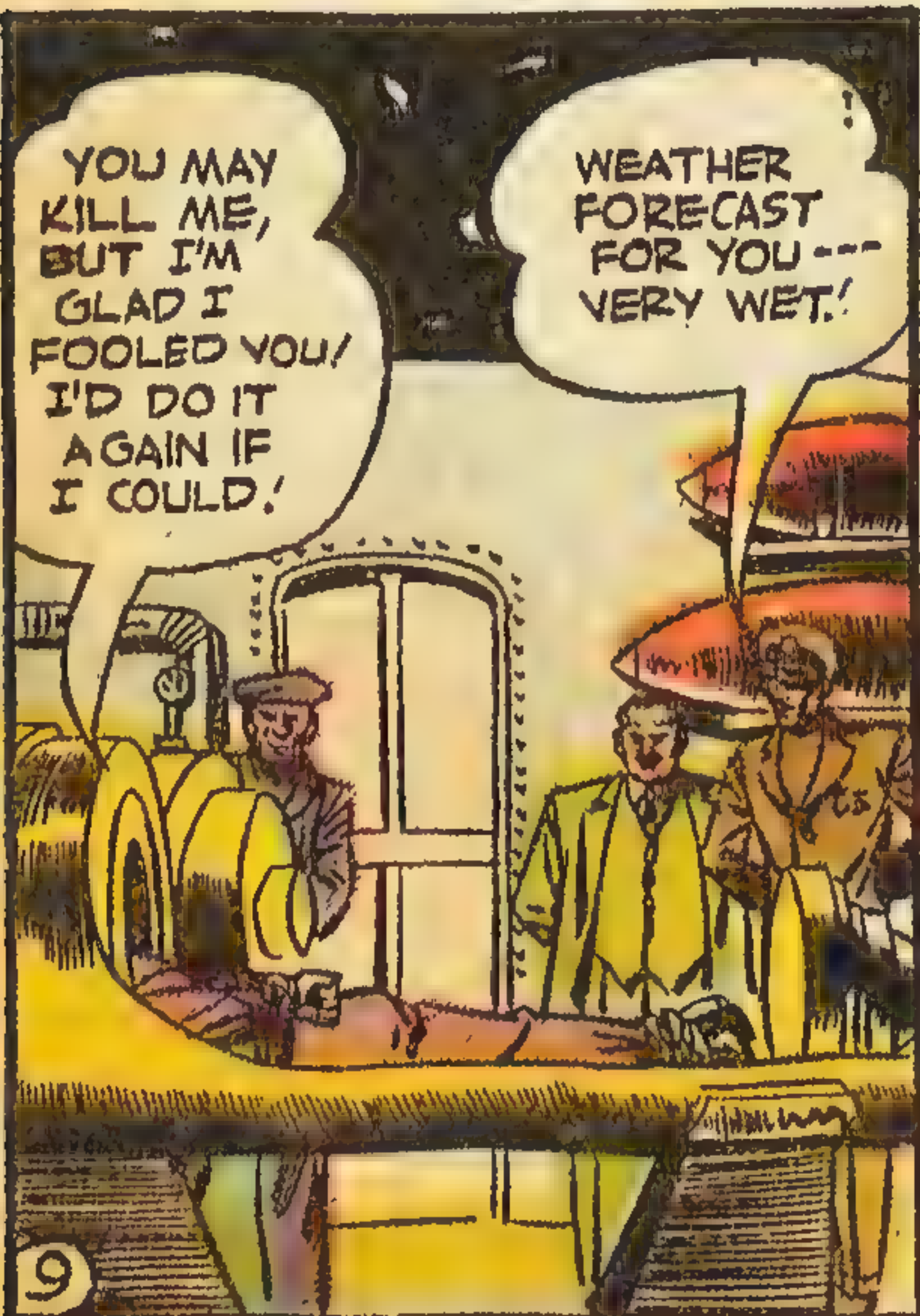


HE MUST BE PUNISHED!
PUT HIM IN A TORPEDO
TUBE AND SHOOT
HIM OUT! LET HIM
DIE IN THE
WATER!



YOU MAY
KILL ME,
BUT I'M
GLAD I
FOOLED YOU!
I'D DO IT
AGAIN IF
I COULD!

WEATHER
FORECAST
FOR YOU ---
VERY WET!



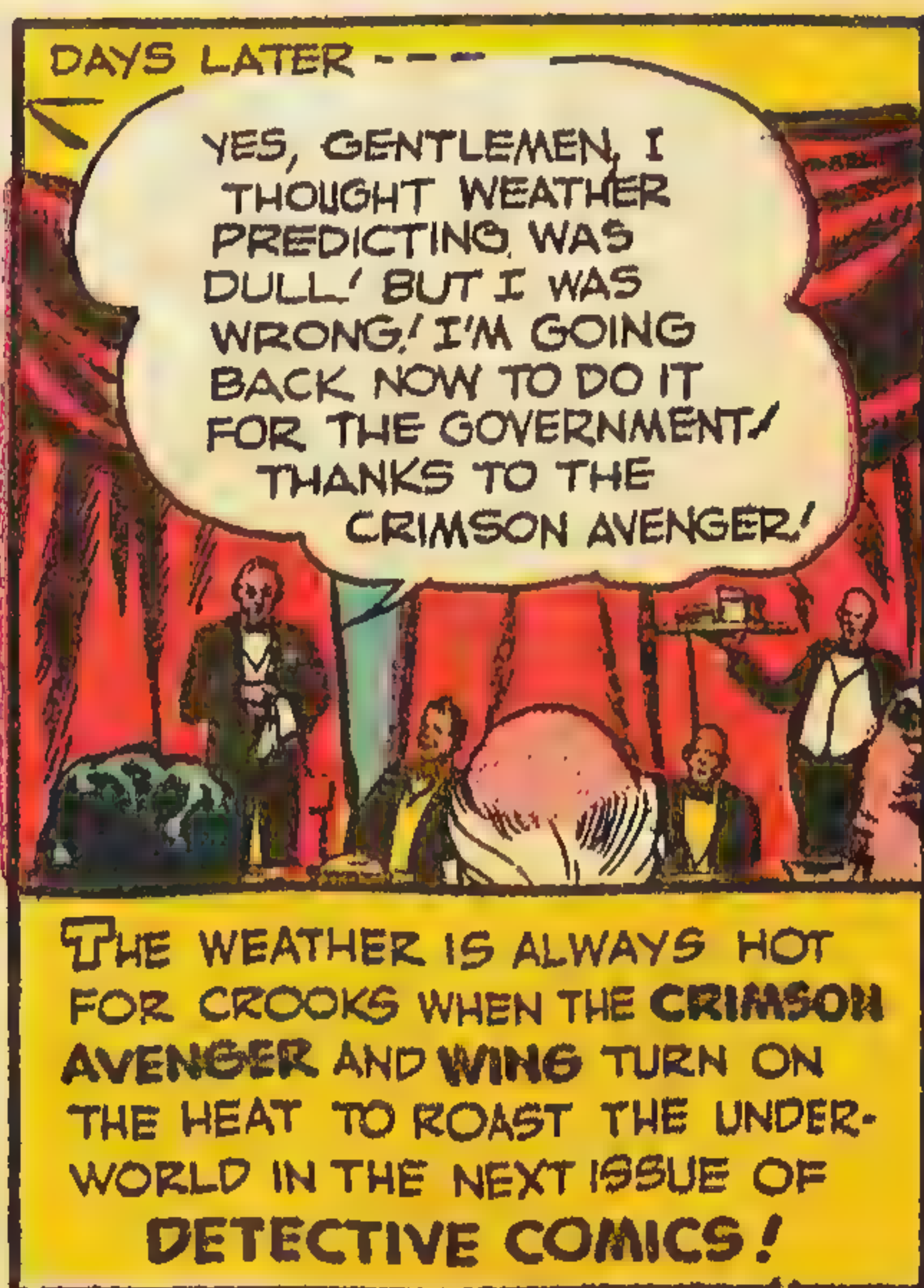
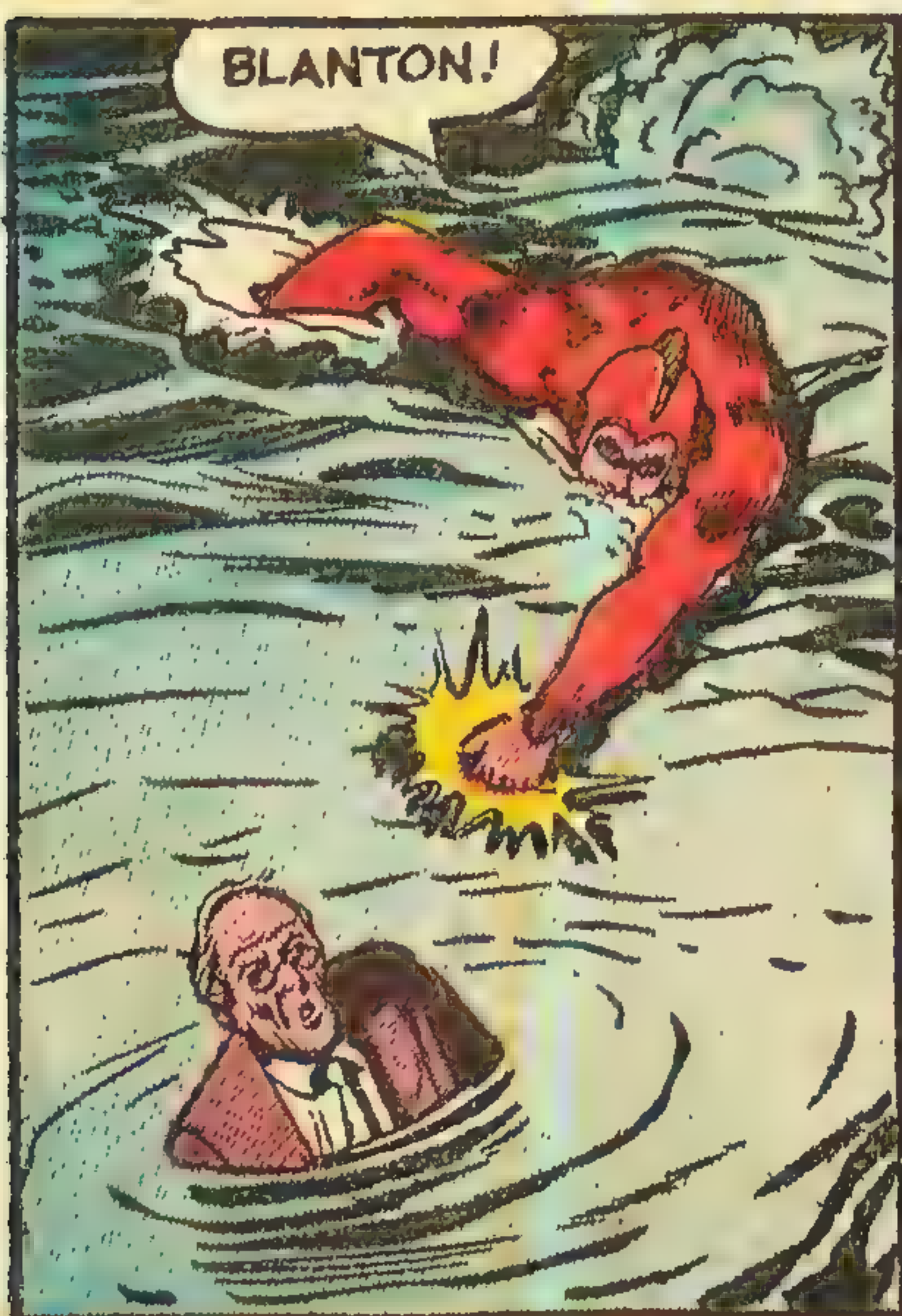
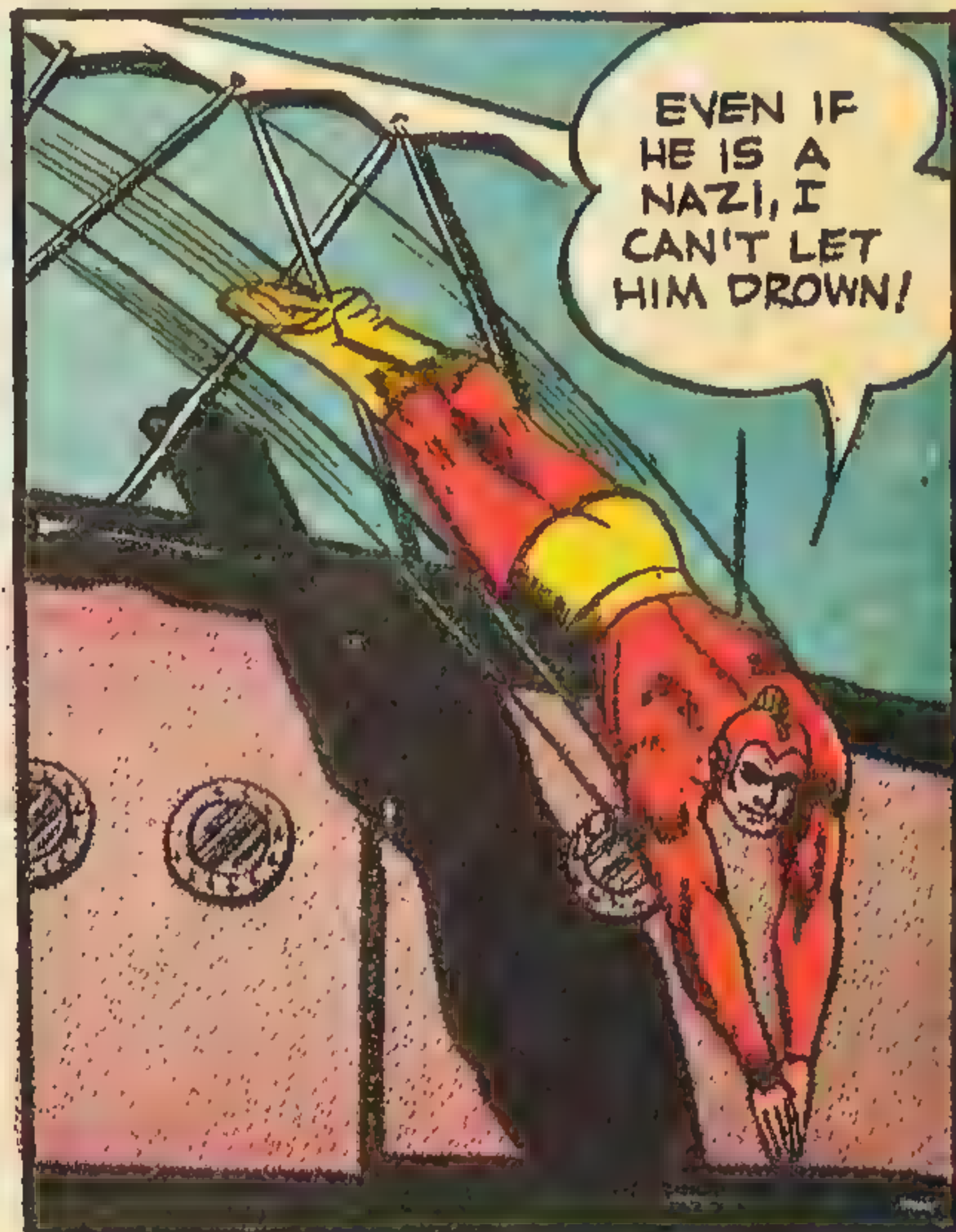
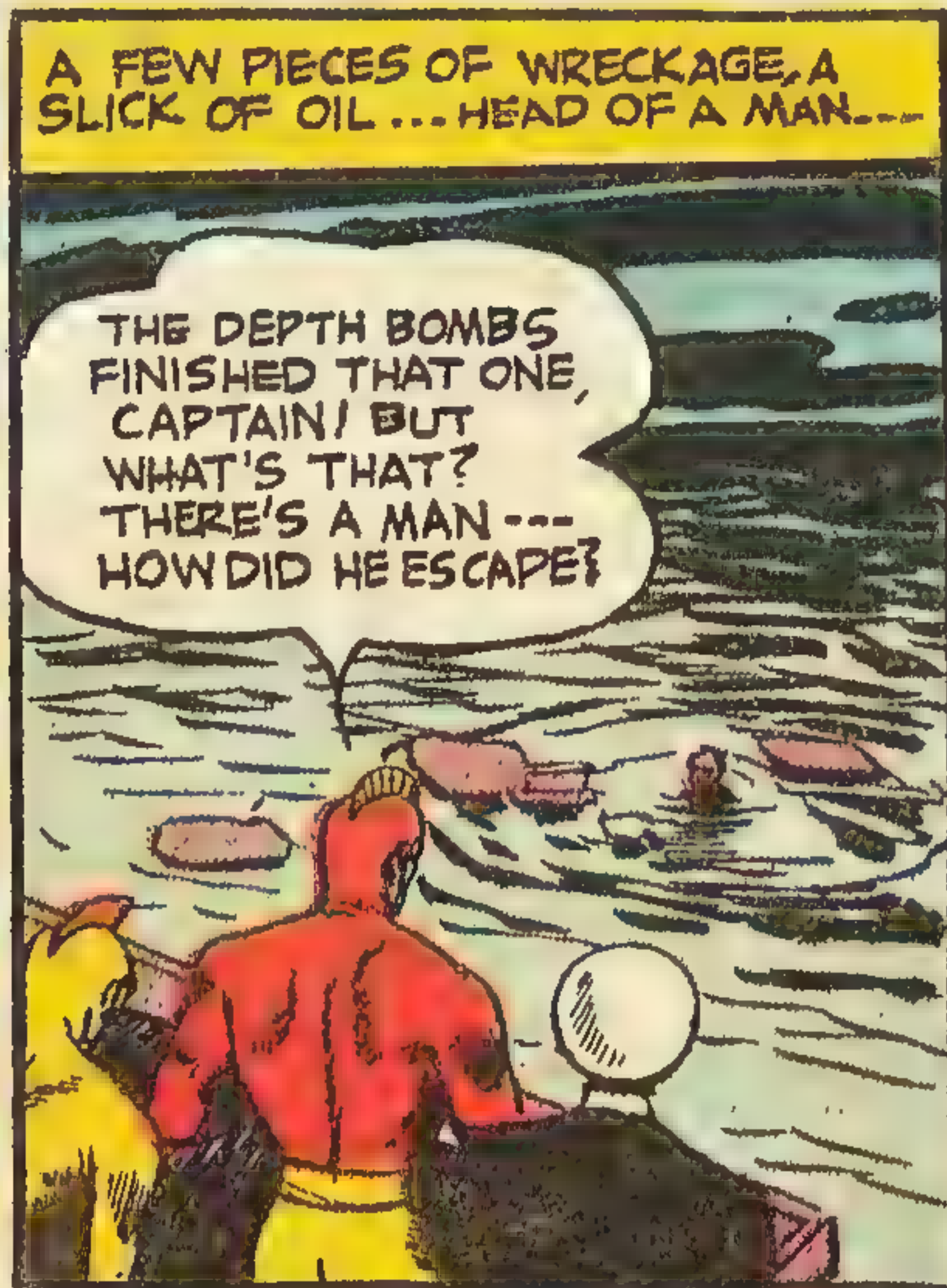
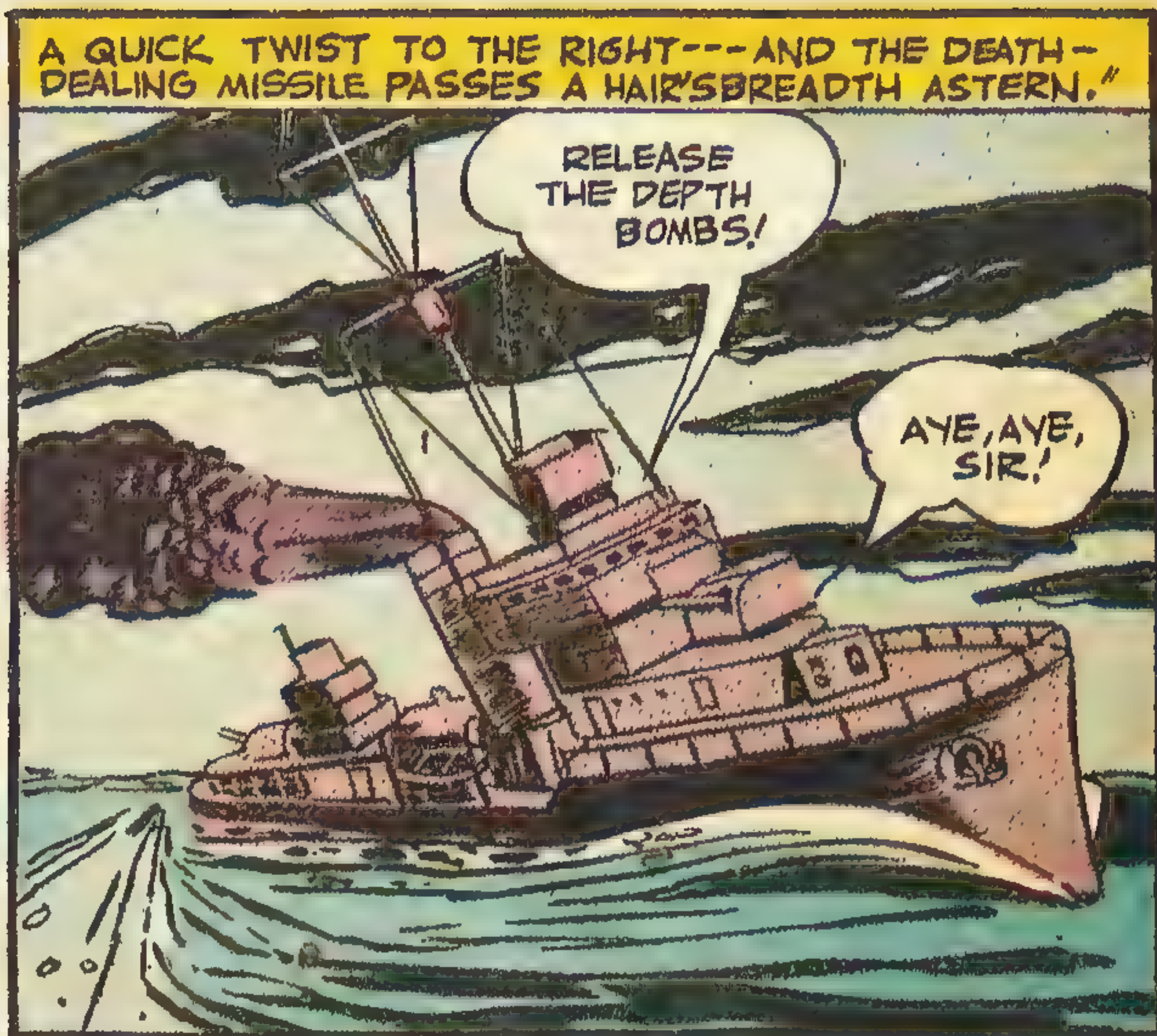
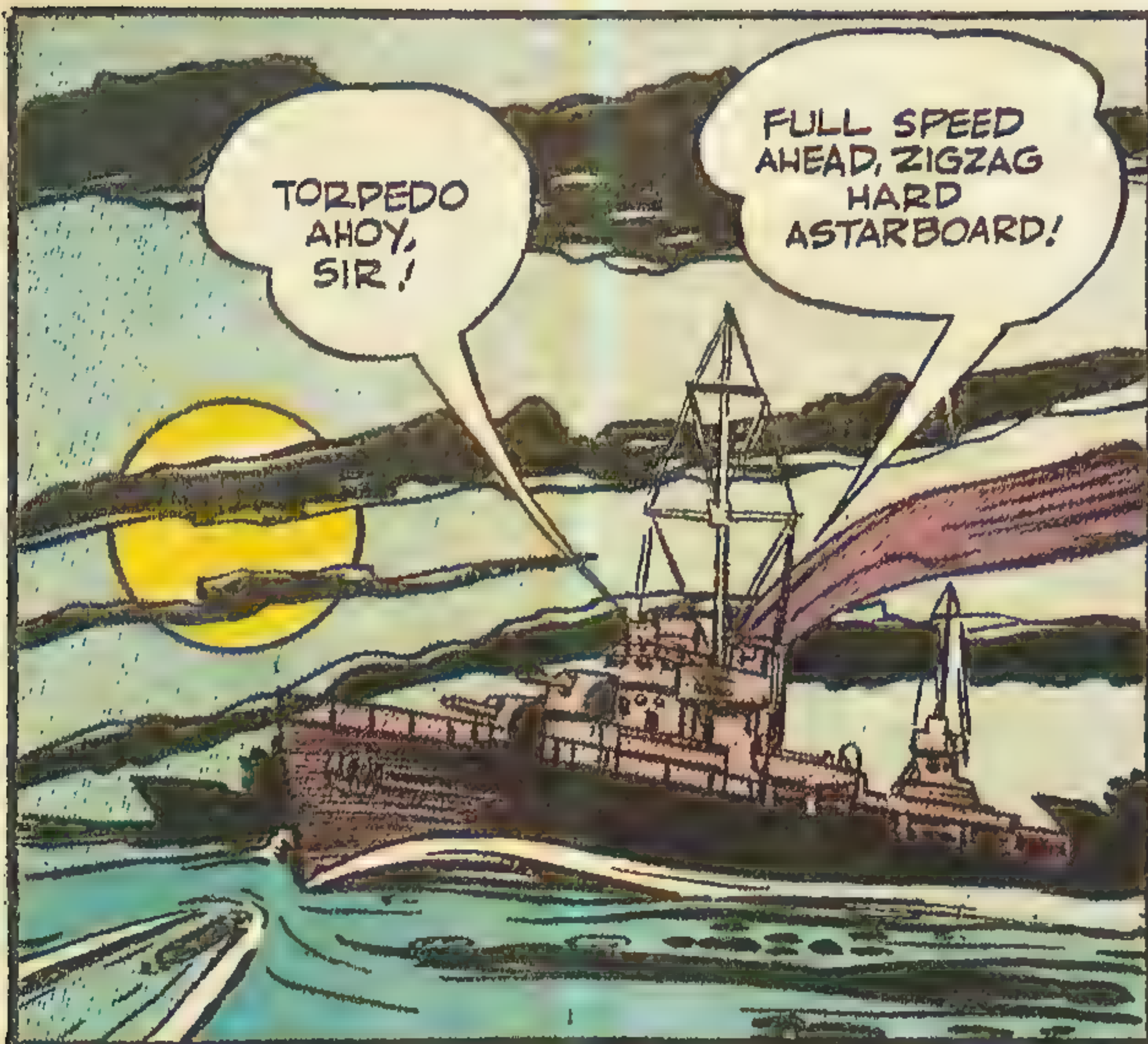
EVEN THOUGH
THIS CLEAR WEATHER
MAKES IT DANGEROUS,
WE WILL ATTACK
THE CONVOY!
AIM A TORPEDO
FOR THAT
DESTROYER!



BUT ABOARD THE DESTROYER ARE
THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING!

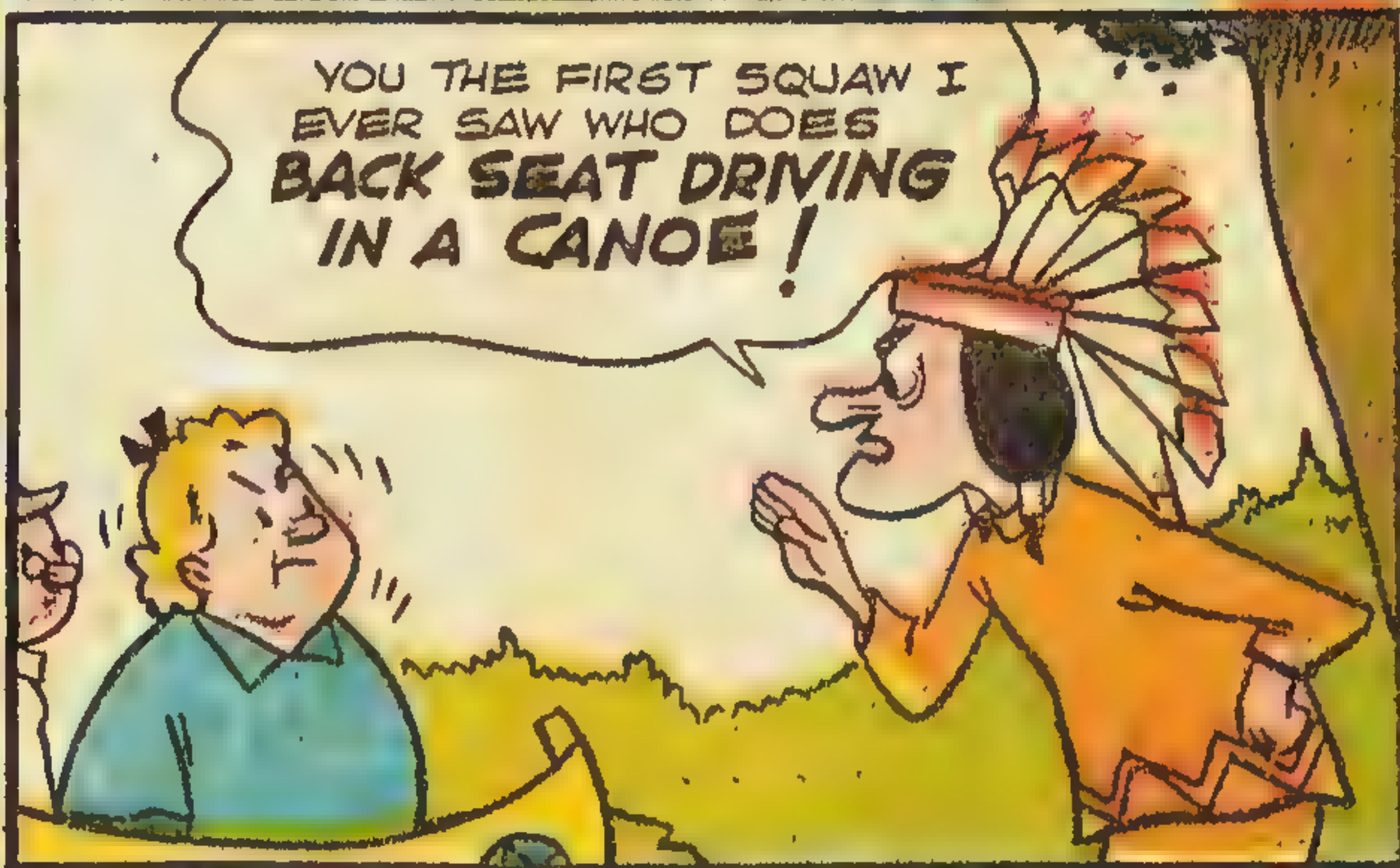
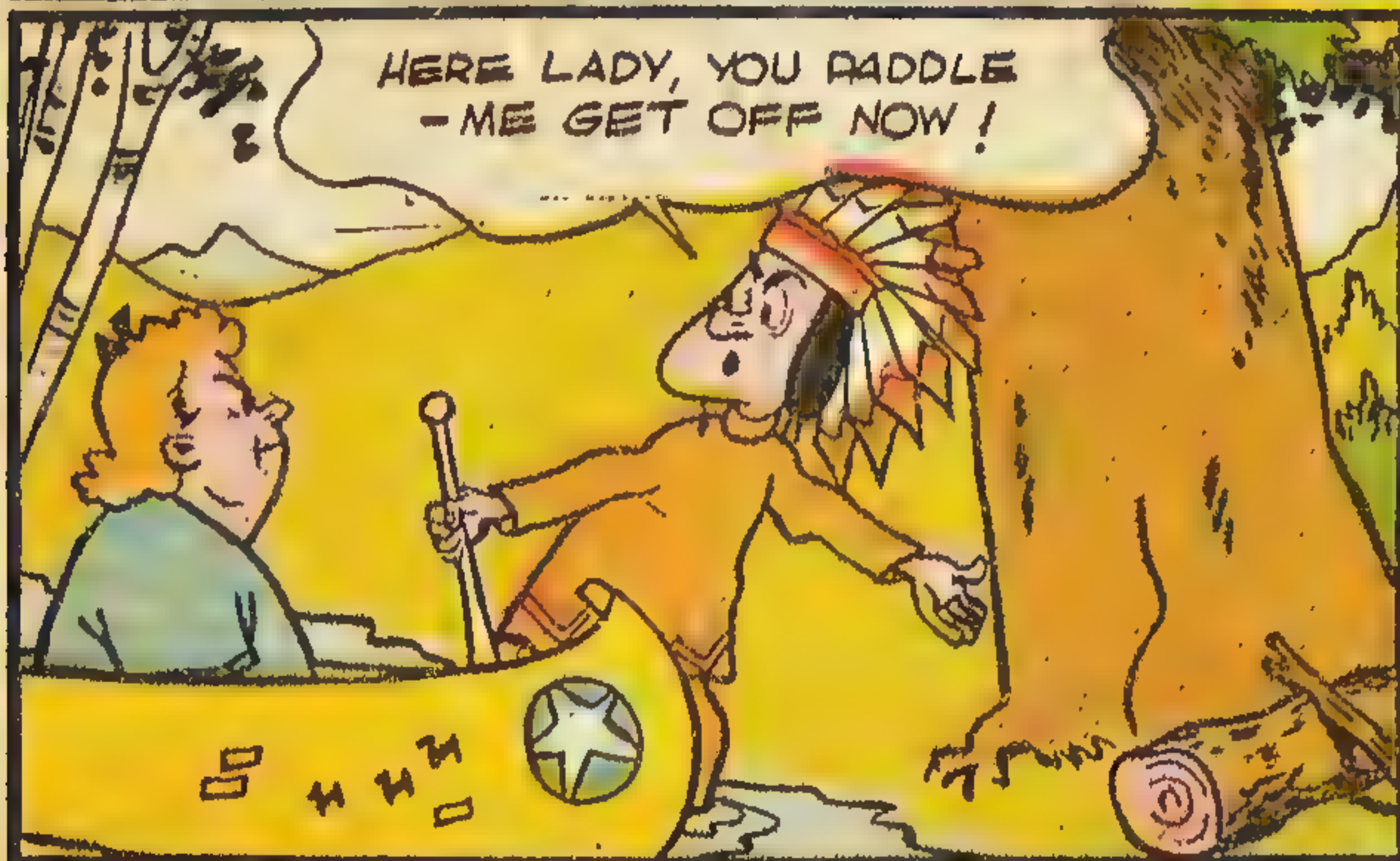
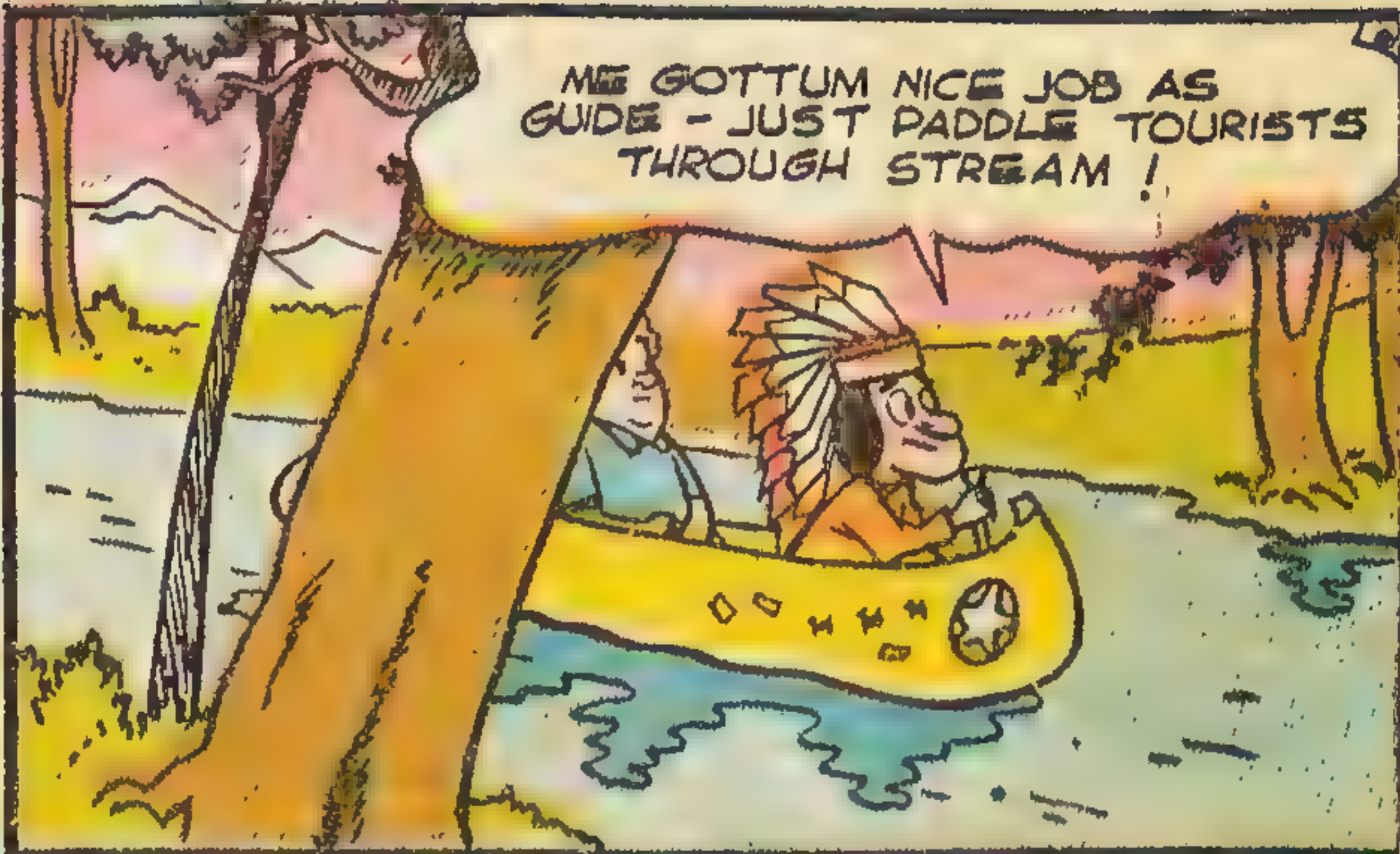
YES, CAPTAIN, THIS OUGHT TO
BE A GREAT DAY FOR HUNTING
SUBS! IF I KNOW BLANTON,
HE WILL HAVE PREDICTED
THE WRONG WEATHER AND
LED THEM INTO
A TRAP!





CHIEF HOT FOOT

HENRY
BOLTHOFF



Boys-Girls! Solve This Puzzle It's Fun--Try It!

In this picture are several fairyland characters. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters below and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the storybook folks. For example, the letters, "RPTEE APN," No. 2, when placed in the right order, spell "PETER PAN." You will find him in the picture with his pipes, playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR OOH
5. CAKJ NAD ILLJ

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

Send me the name of each character in this happy fairyland family and become a member of the Junior Sales Club. I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank FREE.

This bank contains tasty chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you.



When You Solve Puzzle

Write the names of the fairyland folks on a penny postcard or a sheet of paper, then sign your name and address and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the names of these characters and joins my Junior Sales Club, will have an opportunity to get this bank FREE. Send your answer to

Billy Wade, Junior Sales Club 205, Topeka, Kan.

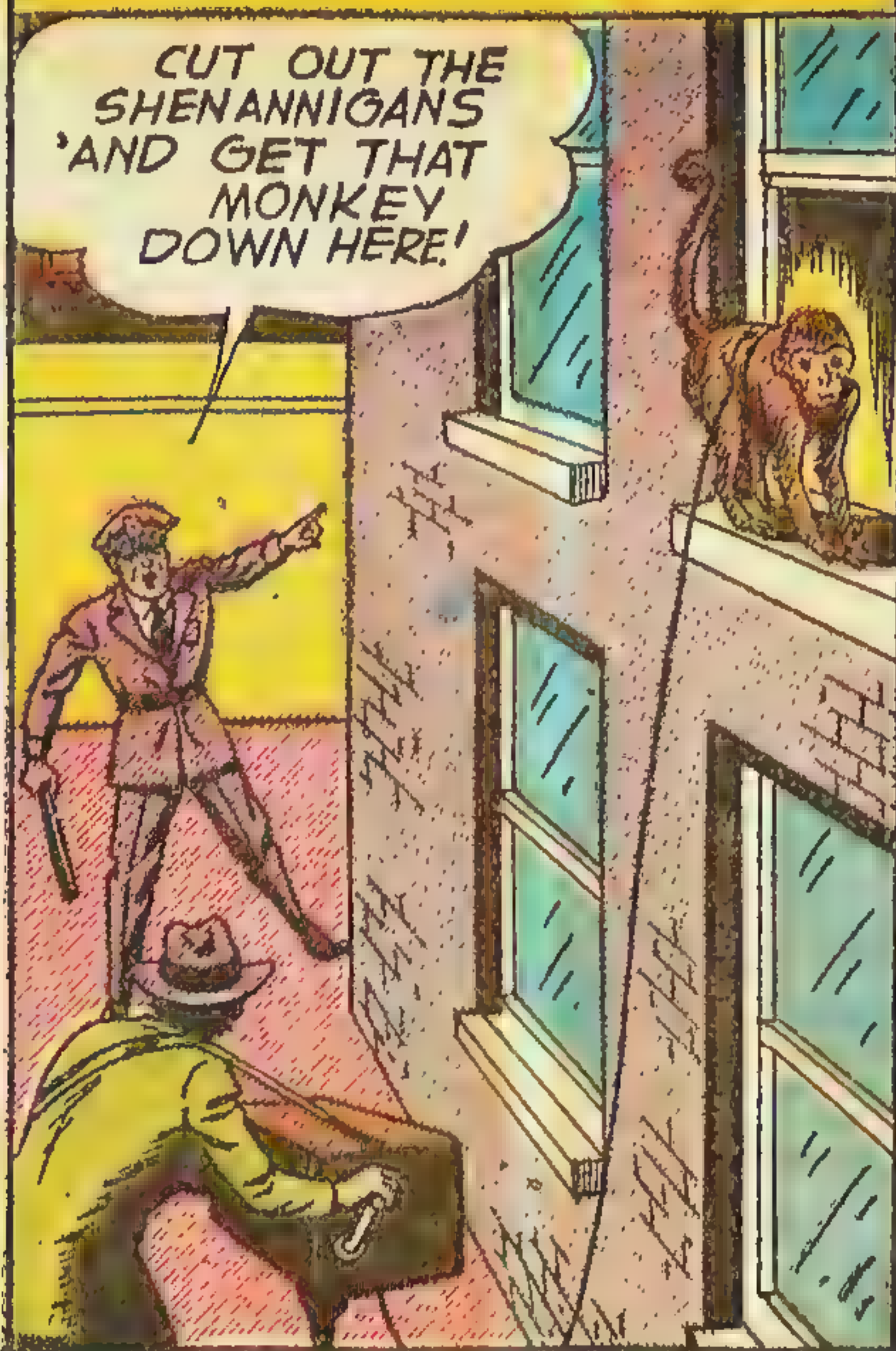
SPY



WHEN THE HANDS OF INTRIGUE PUT THEIR SLIMY FINGERS INTO ARMY MANEUVERS, THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF MEN WERE PLACED UPON THE SCALES OF FATE. DEATH STOOD WATCH BEHIND EVERY BEND OF THE ROAD. . . WAITED BEHIND EVERY TREE. YET, THERE WAS ONE MAN WHO HAD NO FEAR. . . WHO VENTURED INTO THE VERY NEST OF TREASON. HE WAS BART REGAN, SECRET SERVICE AGENT, WHO BATTLED WITH HIS LIFE, HIS BRAINS, HIS STRENGTH WHEN.

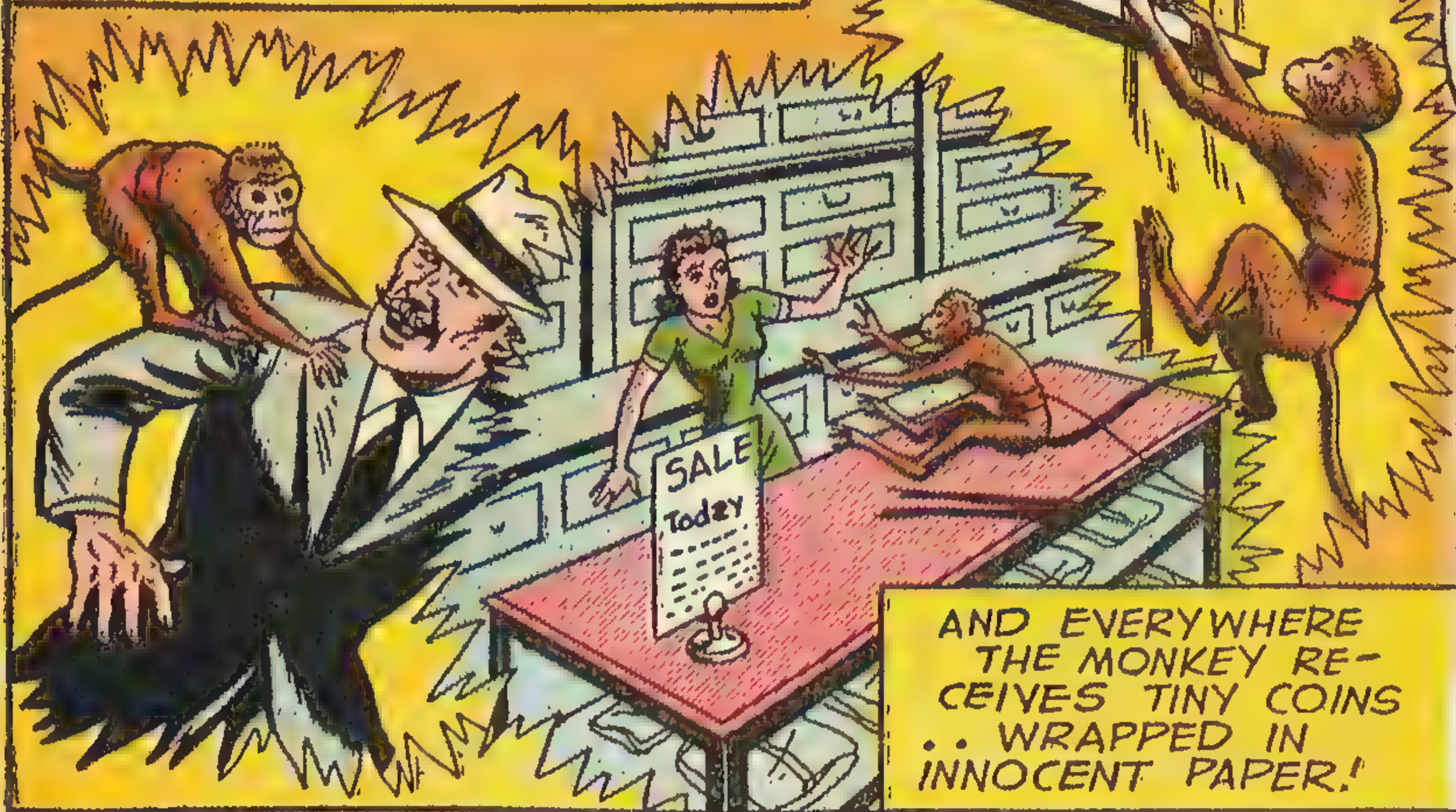
"DEATH WENT ON MANEUVERS!"

A STORY CONCERNING MONKEY BUSINESS SHOULD INCLUDE A MONKEY, SO JUST OUTSIDE A BUILDING IN WASHINGTON. . .



WHY IS THE COIN SO CAREFULLY WRAPPED IN PAPER?

THROUGHOUT WASHINGTON
A CUTE MONKEY APPEARS
AND REAPPEARS. . .



AND EVERYWHERE
THE MONKEY RE-
CEIVES TINY COINS
.. WRAPPED IN
INNOCENT PAPER!

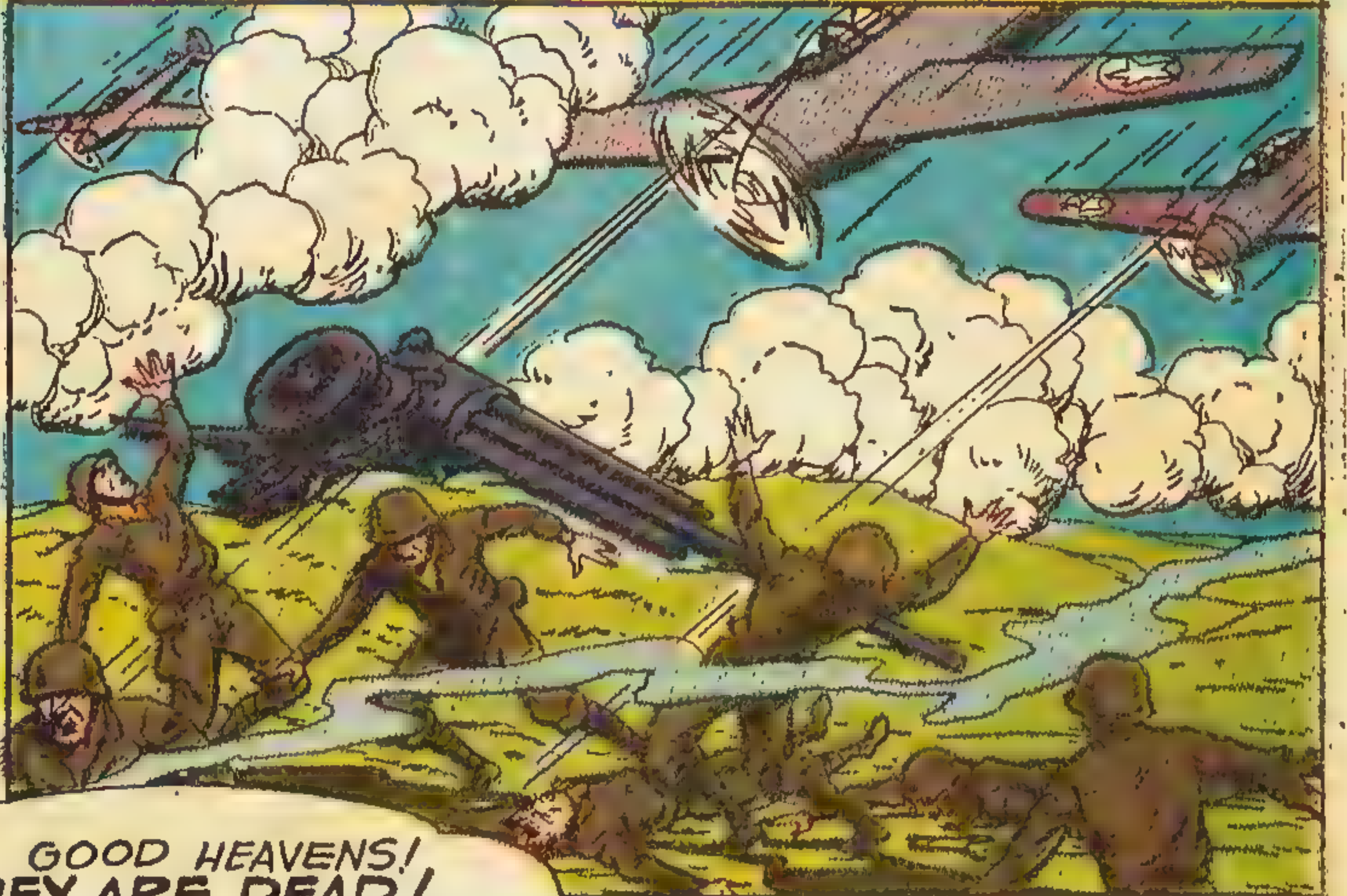
SO - ARMY MANEUVERS
ON NATIONAL BRIDGE -
PLANES TO DIVE BOMB IN
SHAM ATTACK. WHY A
SHAM ATTACK? IT COULD
BE A REAL ONE! YOU
LIKE THE IDEA, MY FRIEND?
GOOD BOY!



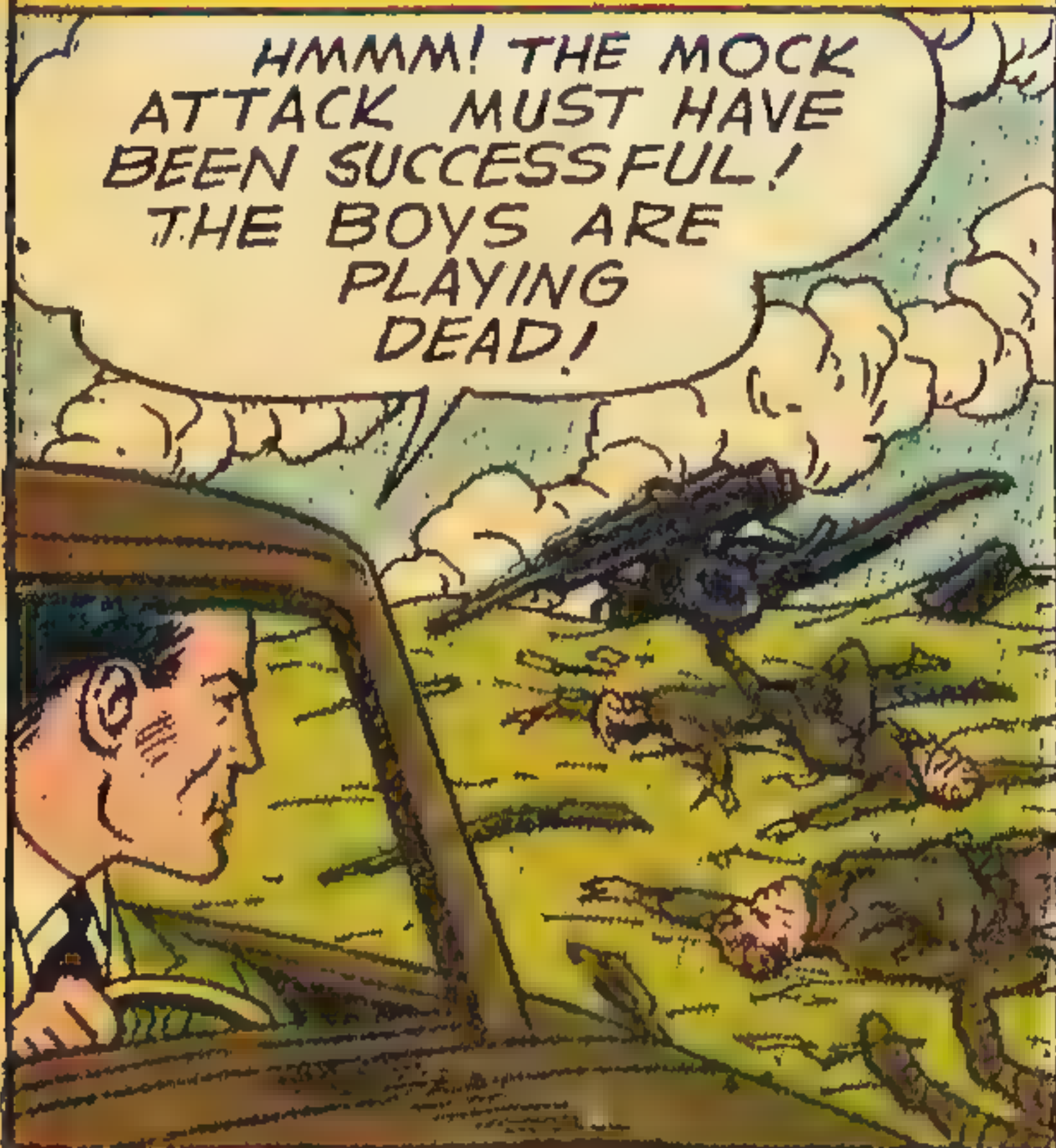
NEXT AFTERNOON AT NATIONAL
BRIDGE - AND ARMY MEN TENSE
AS THE MOCK BATTLE BEGINS...



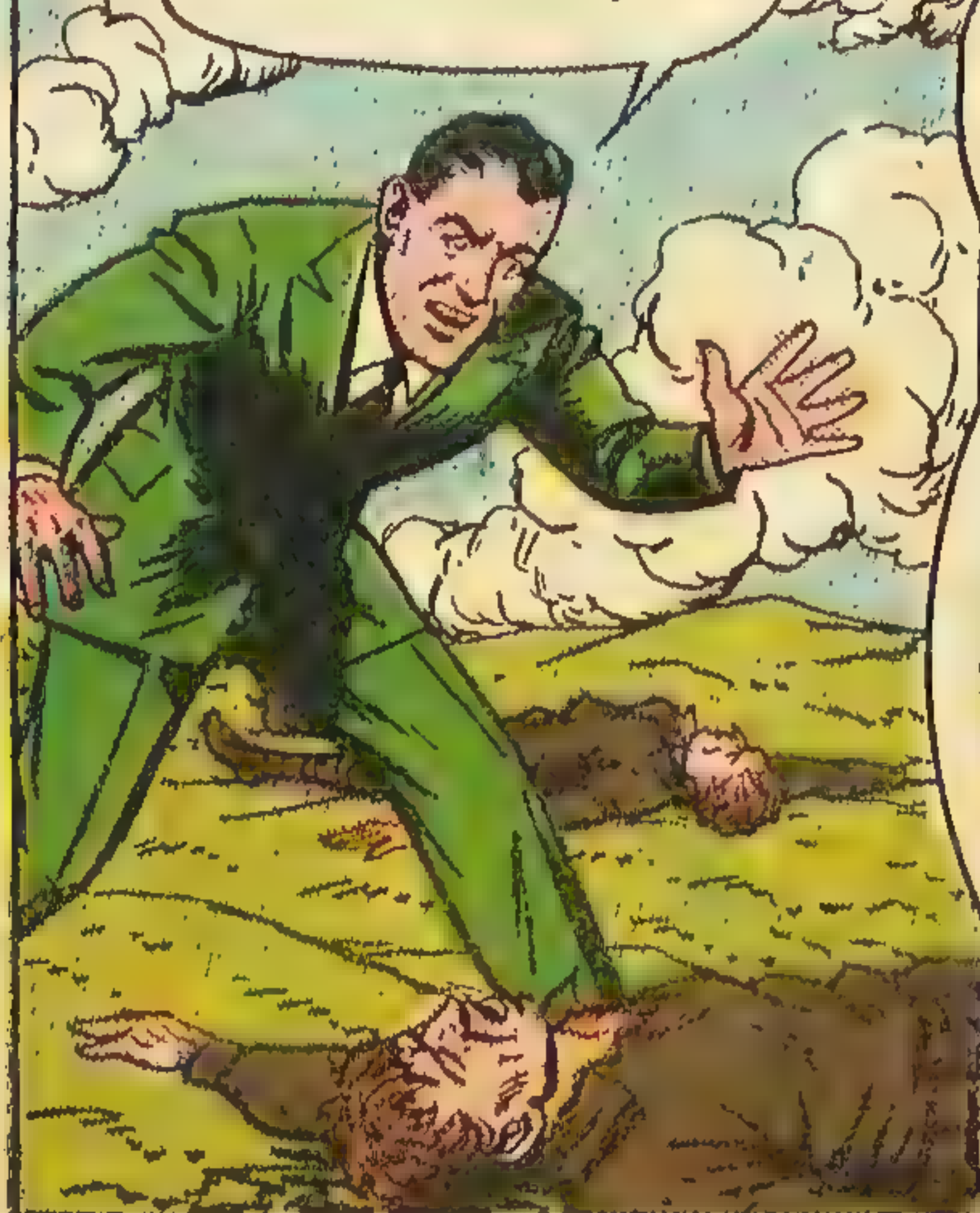
RATTLING GUNS AND SNARLING MOTORS MAKE
THE SHAM BOMBING GRIMLY REAL. . .



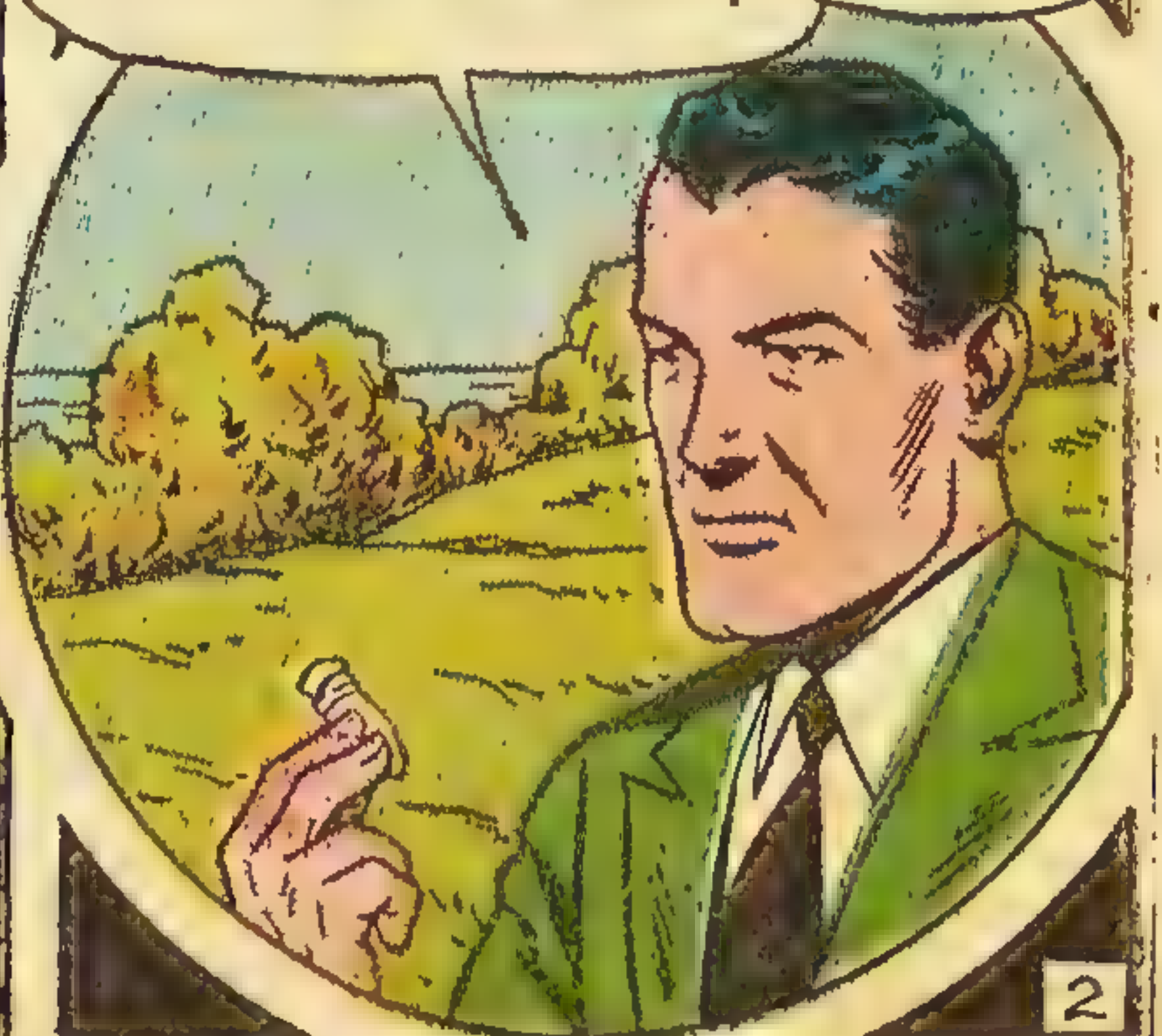
THEN, AS THE PLANES
ROAR AWAY, SECRET
SERVICE AGENT BART
REGAN MAKES A ROUTINE
INSPECTION.. WHEN..



GOOD HEAVENS!
THEY ARE DEAD!
THEY WERE STRAFED!
MURDERED
IN COLD
BLOOD!



A SPENT BULLET! THE
GROOVES IN IT ARE AS
GOOD AS FINGERPRINTS,
BECAUSE NO TWO GUN
BARRELS ARE EXACTLY
ALIKE! THIS BULLET WILL
LEAD ME TO THE MURDER-
ER'S TRAIL!



SLOWLY THE TRAIL OF THE MACHINE GUN BULLET TAKES SHAPE- IT LEADS TO THE CHANEY WORKS WHOSE PLANES FIRE THAT TYPE OF BULLET!

-SO, MR. CHANEY, ARMY INTELLIGENCE HAS GIVEN ME PERMISSION TO INSPECT YOUR FACTORY!

IT WILL BE AN HONOR TO ESCORT YOU, MR. REGAN! STUFFY IN HERE- ER- MIND IF I PULL UP THIS BLIND?

THE SHADE! MOVE, MY LITTLE MONKEY! A MESSAGE AWAITS! O SOLE MIO!

AGAIN THE MONKEY BECOMES A PAWN - AN INNOCENT MESSENGER OF DEVILISH INTRIGUE!

AND NOW... ULP! WHAT'S THIS? A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR? HOH-HOH!

THERE'S A COIN WRAPPED IN THIS PAPER. TAKE IT TO YOUR MASTER FOR SOME SINGING LESSONS! HAHHAH!

WELL, LET'S GET ON, SHALL WE, MR. CHANEY?

CHEEP!

AHA! M'LAD! IF YOU FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS, WHEN A CERTAIN SECRET SERVICE MAN COMES OUT, YOU WILL GET A DOZEN BANANAS!

CHEEP! CHEEP!

MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE FACTORY. . .

SOME CHANEY PLANES WERE USED BY THE RATS WHO BOMBED -- OW! HOW COME UN-ASSEMBLED MOTOR PARTS ARE HOT?

HOT? - ER- DON'T KNOW --- HAVE TO INVESTIGATE!

FIFTY MEN DIED AT NATIONAL BRIDGE- WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? TALK OR ELSE...

YOU CAN'T THREATEN ME! LEAVE HERE AT ONCE! YOUR CHIEF WILL HEAR OF YOUR OUTRAGEOUS BEHAVIOR!

THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT THAT CHANEY SET UP!

WHO? OHHH! IT'S ONLY THAT MONKEY!

ONLY THAT MONKEY. WATCH OUT, REGAN!



LET GO!
(CHOKE...LET
GO!)

BUT THE ANIMAL'S
FINGERS TIGHTEN..
TIGHTER..TIGHTER!



AWK!



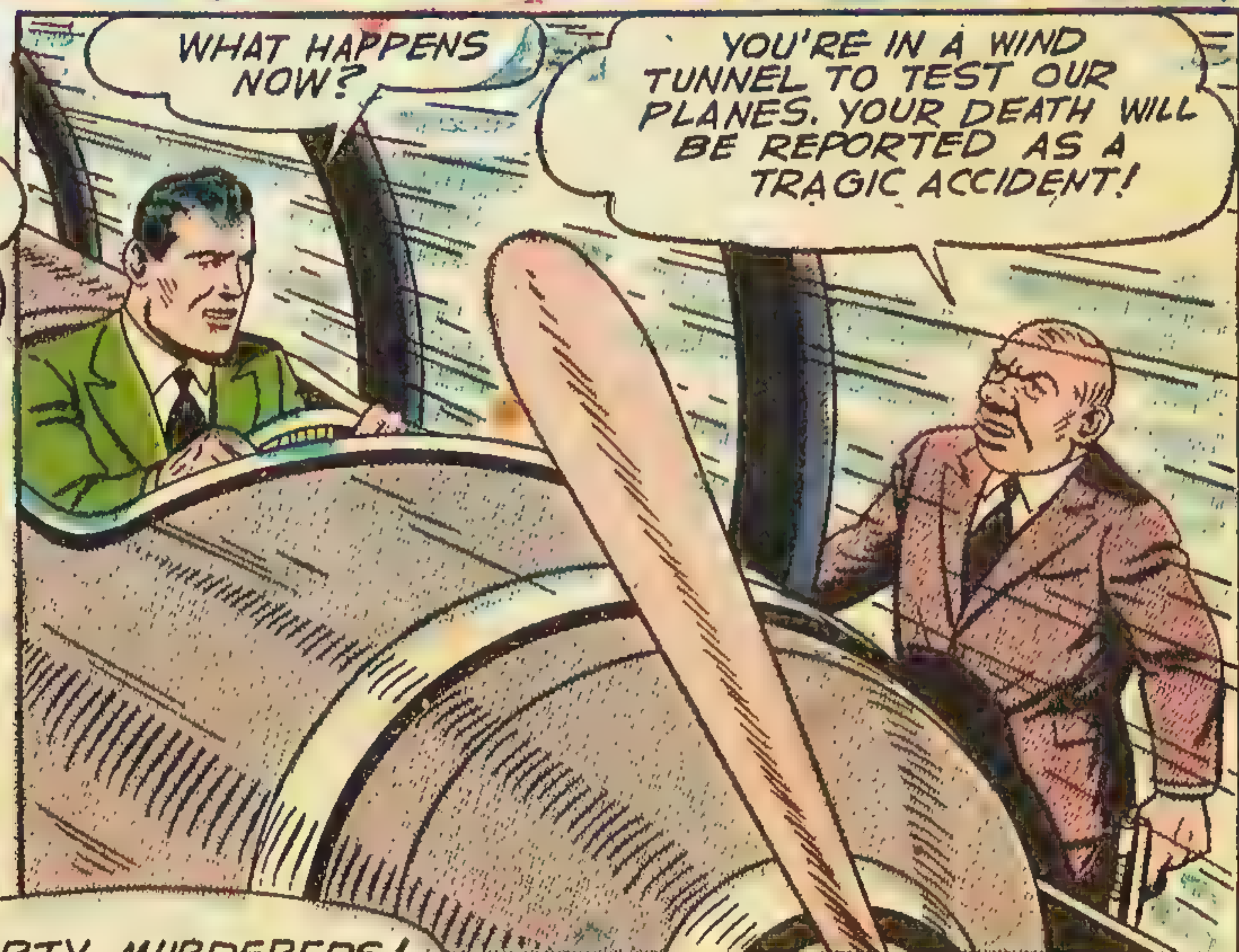
HA! PICKING UP
MESSAGES ISN'T THE
ONLY TRICK I TAUGHT
YOU! NOW YOU GET
BANANAS, LITTLE
FRIEND, AND I
GET THE CREDIT!



HEAD THROBBING, REGAN OPENS
BLEARY EYES TO SEE. . .

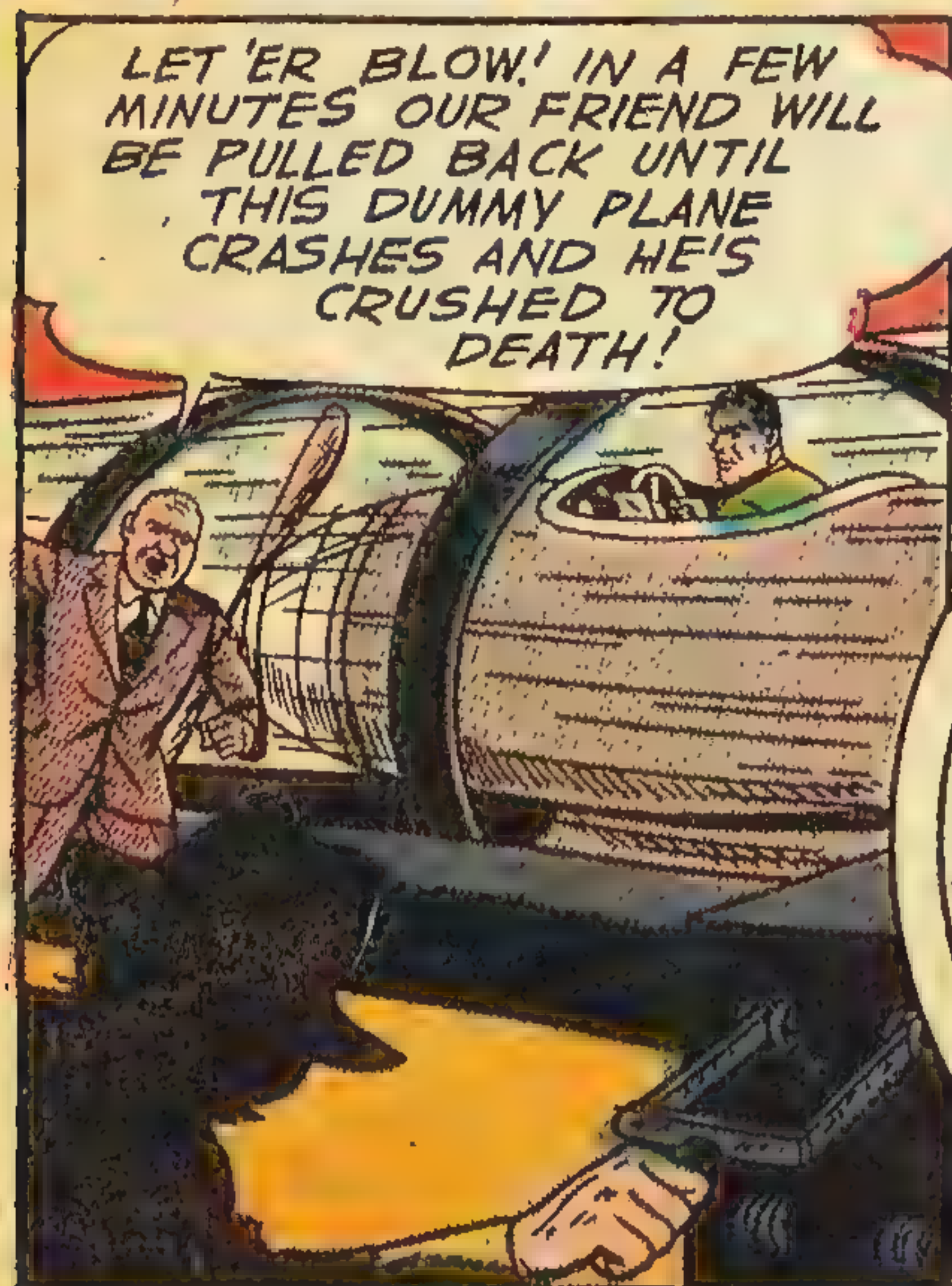
OHOO! I SUPPOSE
YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE GOING TO
DO WITH ME,
CHANEY?

THAT'S
RIGHT, REGAN!
GET UP AND
STEP INTO
THAT PLANE!



WHAT HAPPENS
NOW?

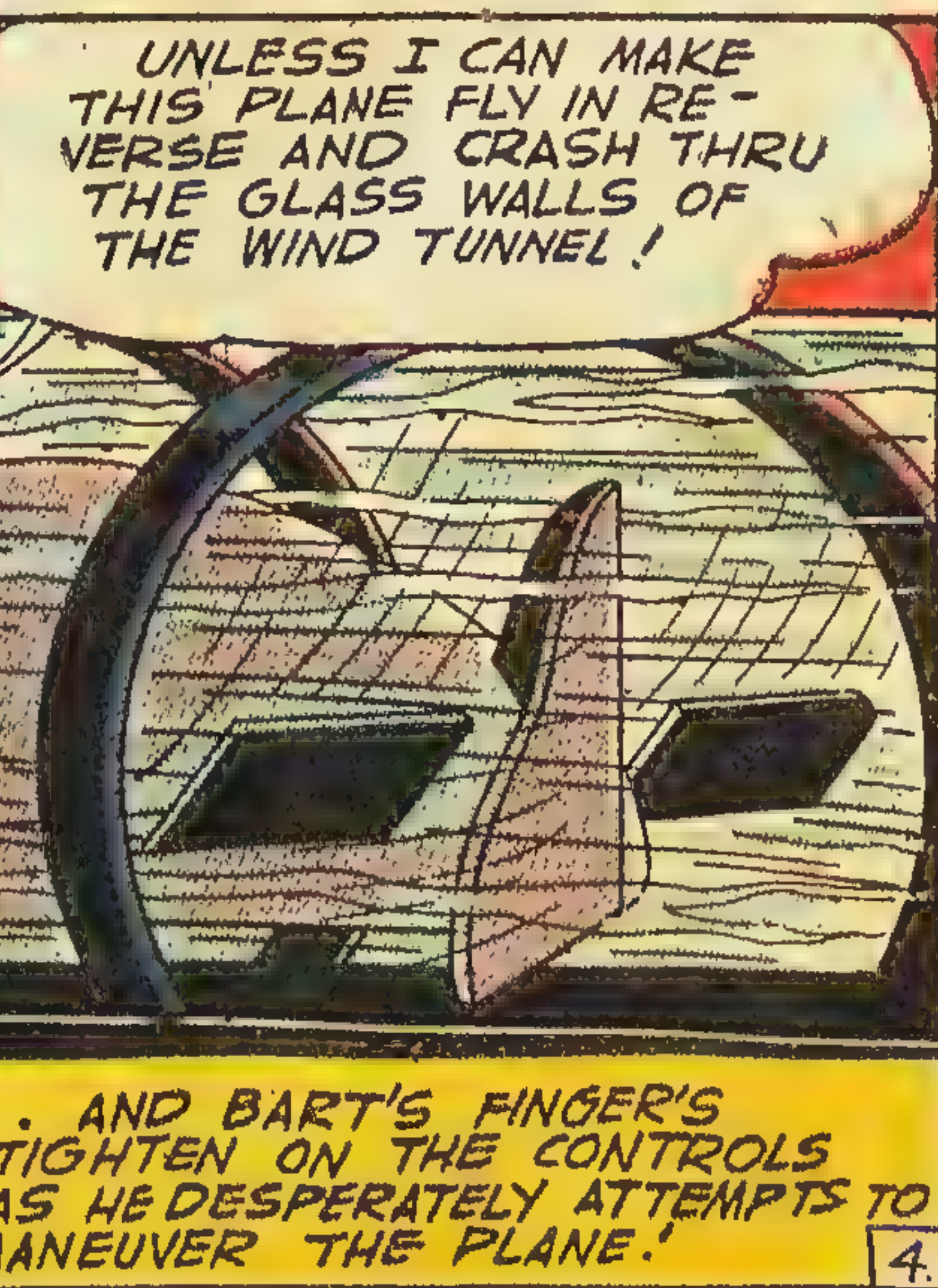
YOU'RE IN A WIND
TUNNEL TO TEST OUR
PLANES. YOUR DEATH WILL
BE REPORTED AS A
TRAGIC ACCIDENT!



LET 'ER BLOW! IN A FEW
MINUTES OUR FRIEND WILL
BE PULLED BACK UNTIL
THIS DUMMY PLANE
CRASHES AND HE'S
CRUSHED TO
DEATH!

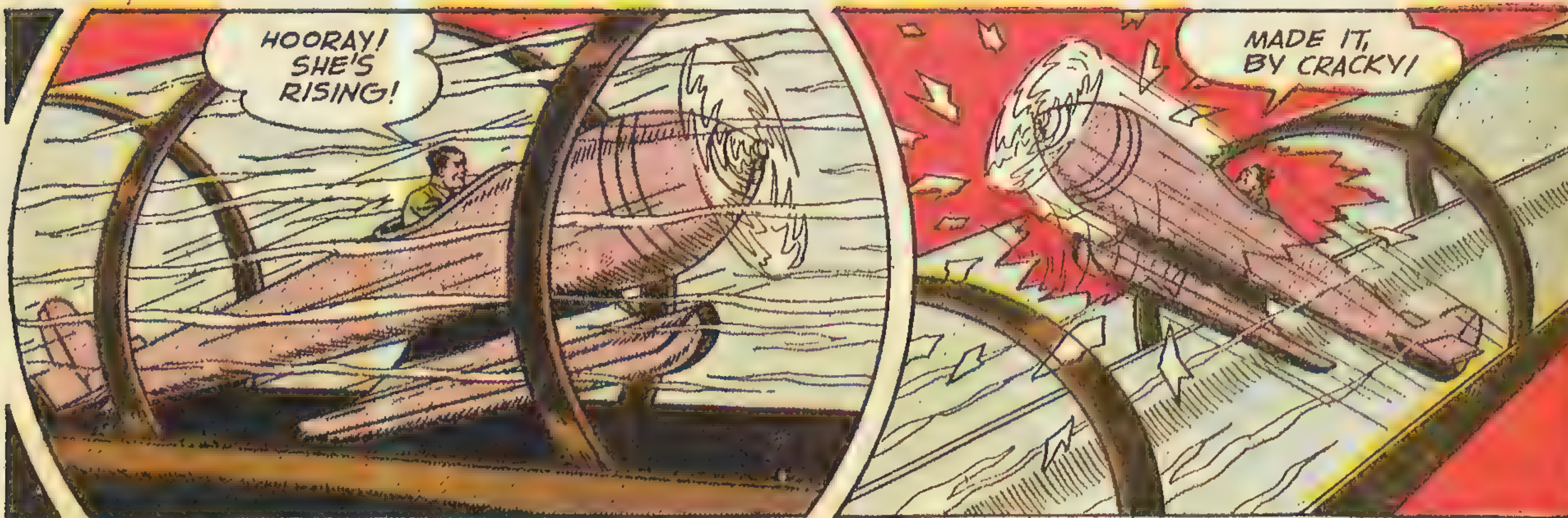


DIRTY MURDERERS!
THEY'VE GONE! IN
ANOTHER SECOND
I'LL BE SMASHED
AGAINST THAT WALL..
UNLESS...



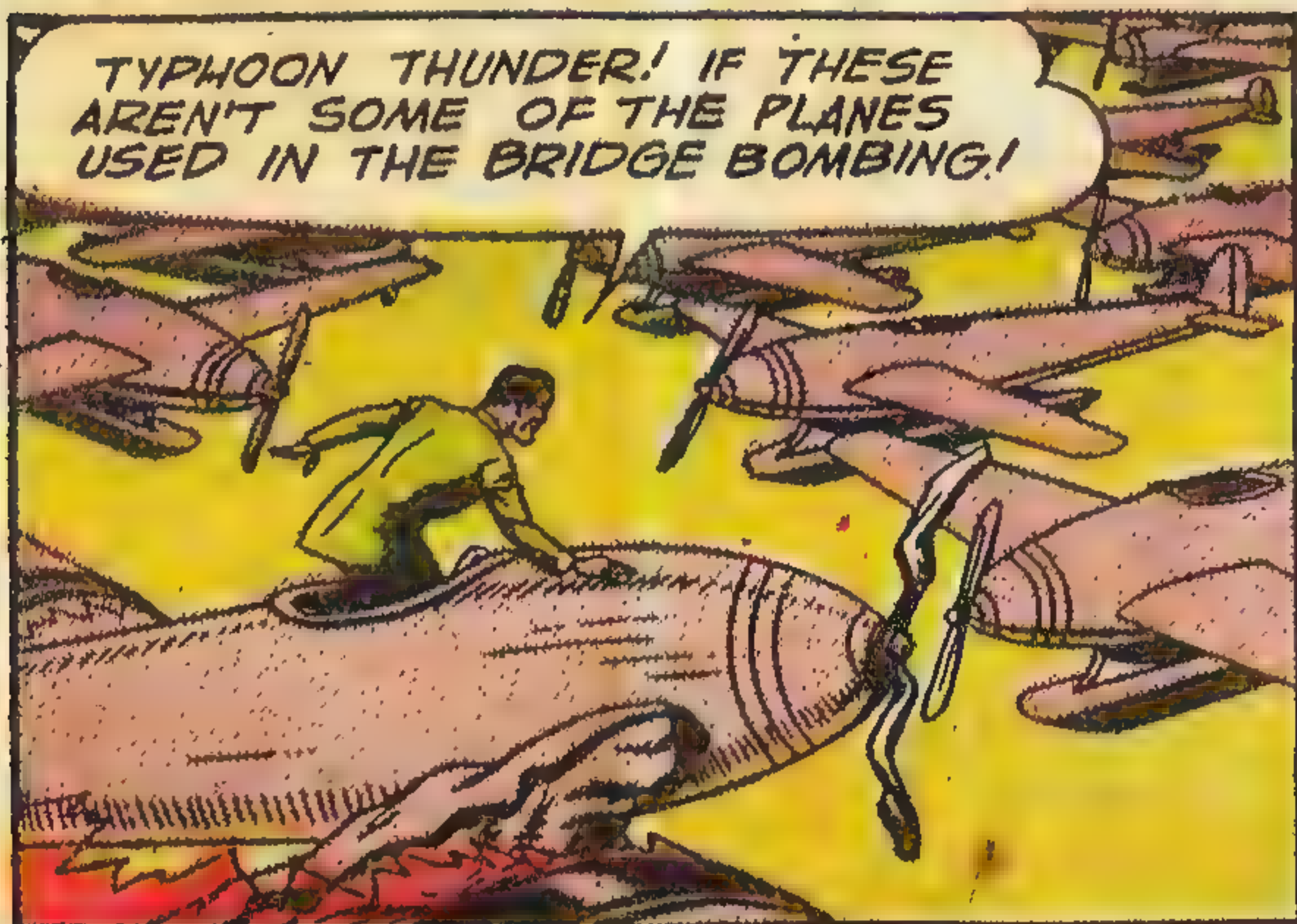
UNLESS I CAN MAKE
THIS PLANE FLY IN RE-
VERSE AND CRASH THRU
THE GLASS WALLS OF
THE WIND TUNNEL!

AND BART'S FINGER'S
TIGHTEN ON THE CONTROLS
AS HE DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO
MANEUVER THE PLANE!

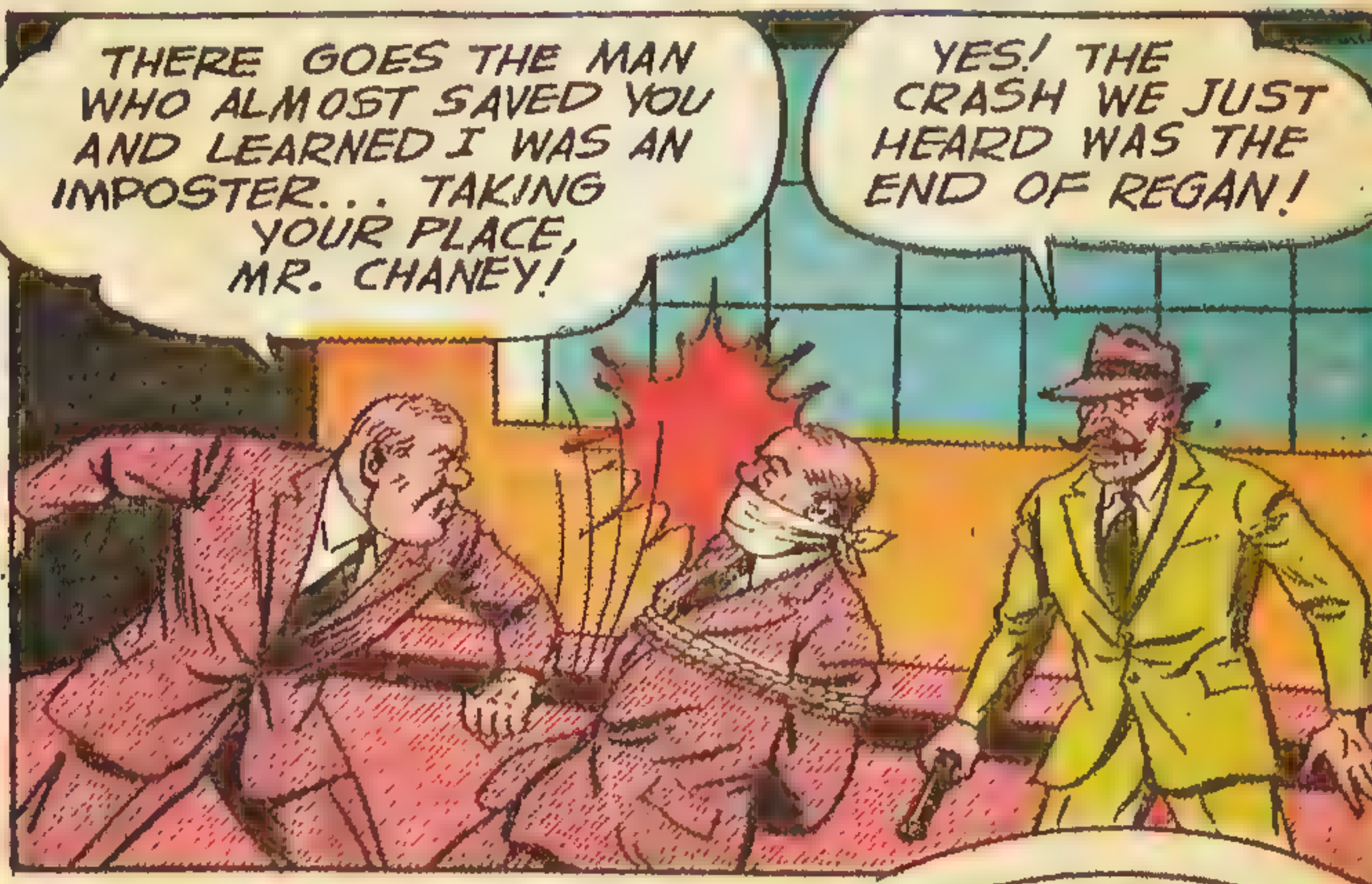


HOORAY!
SHE'S
RISING!

MADE IT,
BY CRACKY!



TYPHOON THUNDER! IF THESE
AREN'T SOME OF THE PLANES
USED IN THE BRIDGE BOMBING!



THERE GOES THE MAN
WHO ALMOST SAVED YOU
AND LEARNED I WAS AN
IMPOSTER... TAKING
YOUR PLACE,
MR. CHANEY!

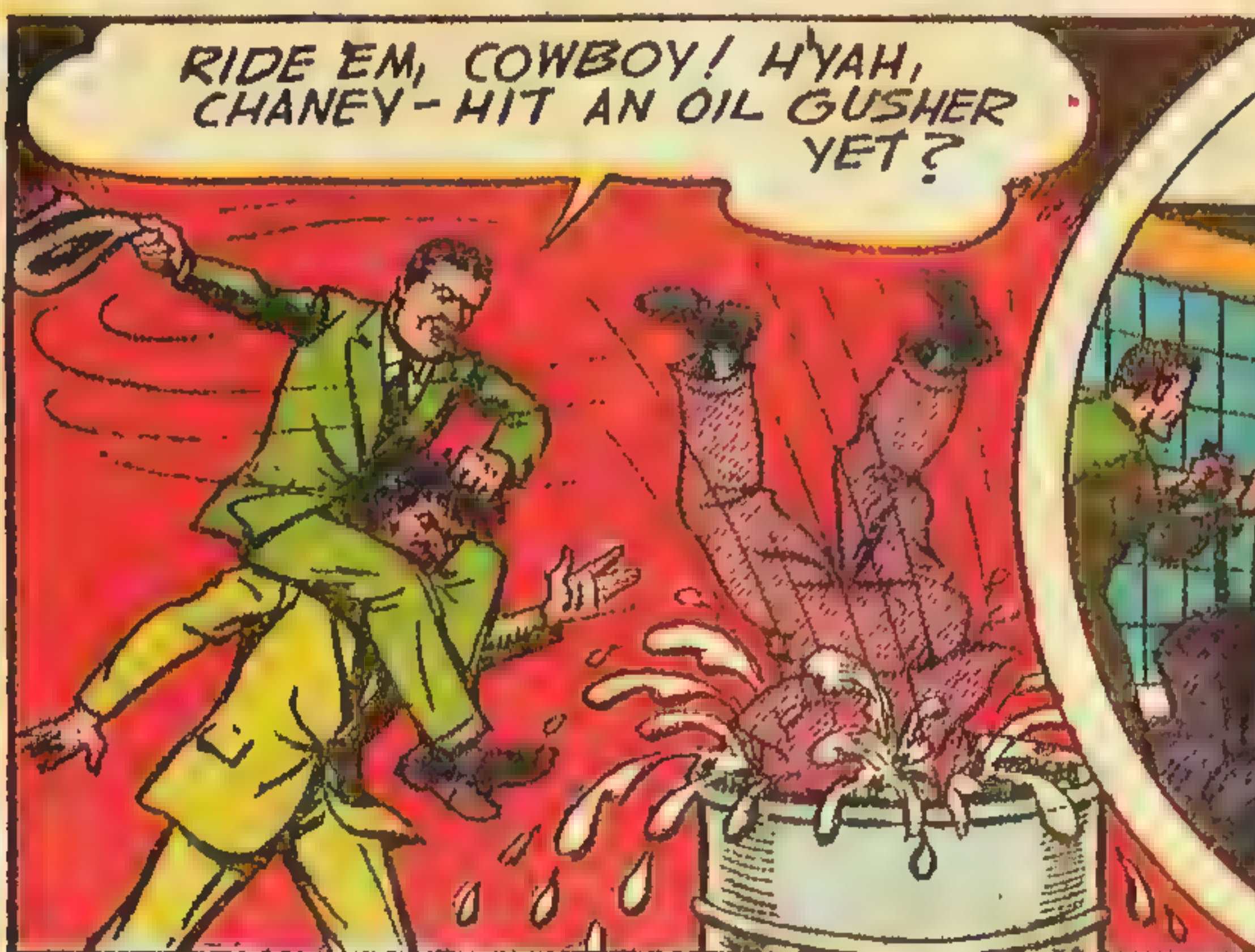
YES! THE
CRASH WE JUST
HEARD WAS THE
END OF REGAN!



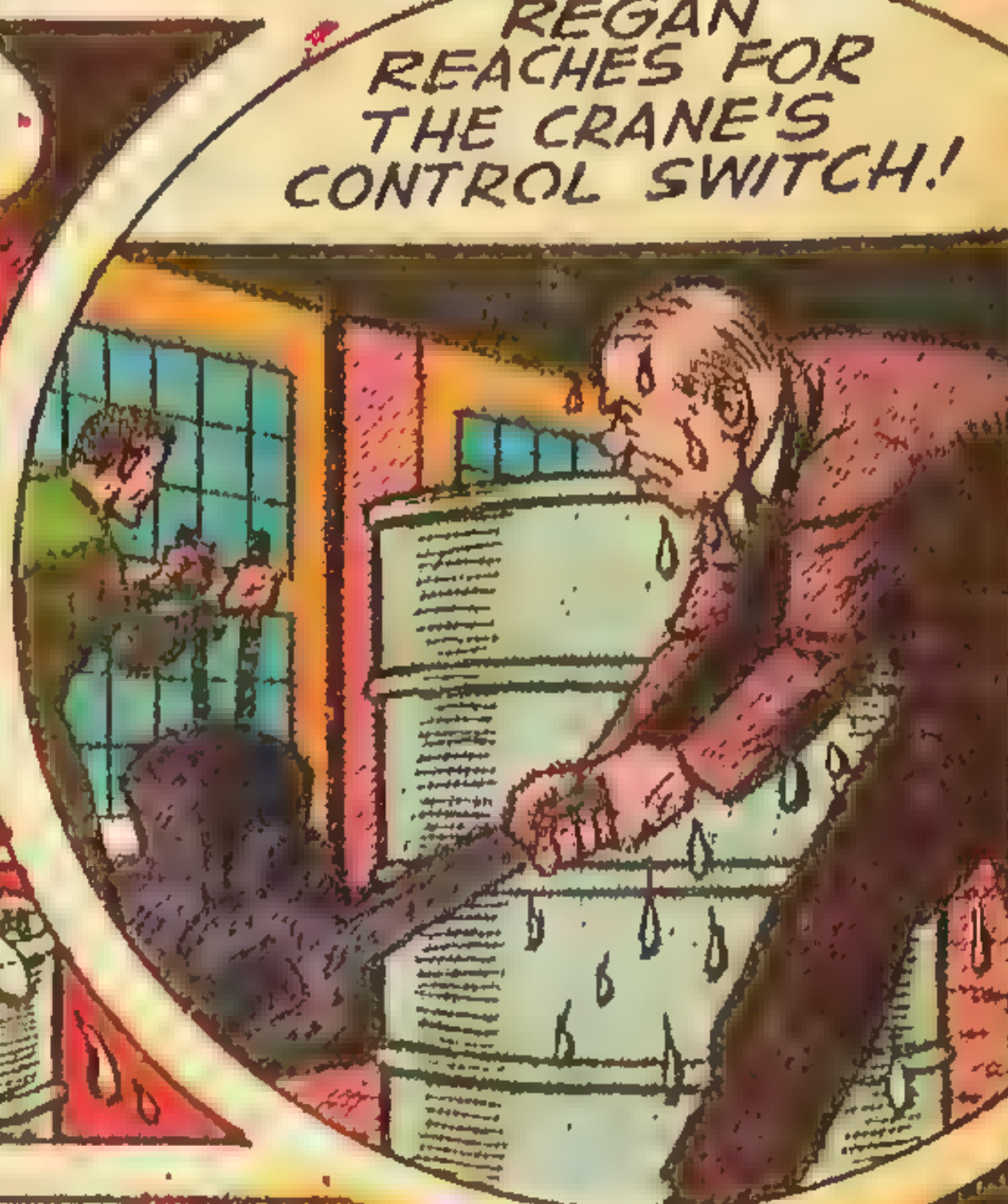
SORRY TO
INTERRUPT
THE PERFECT
INTERNATIONAL
CRIME,
GENTS!

OINK!

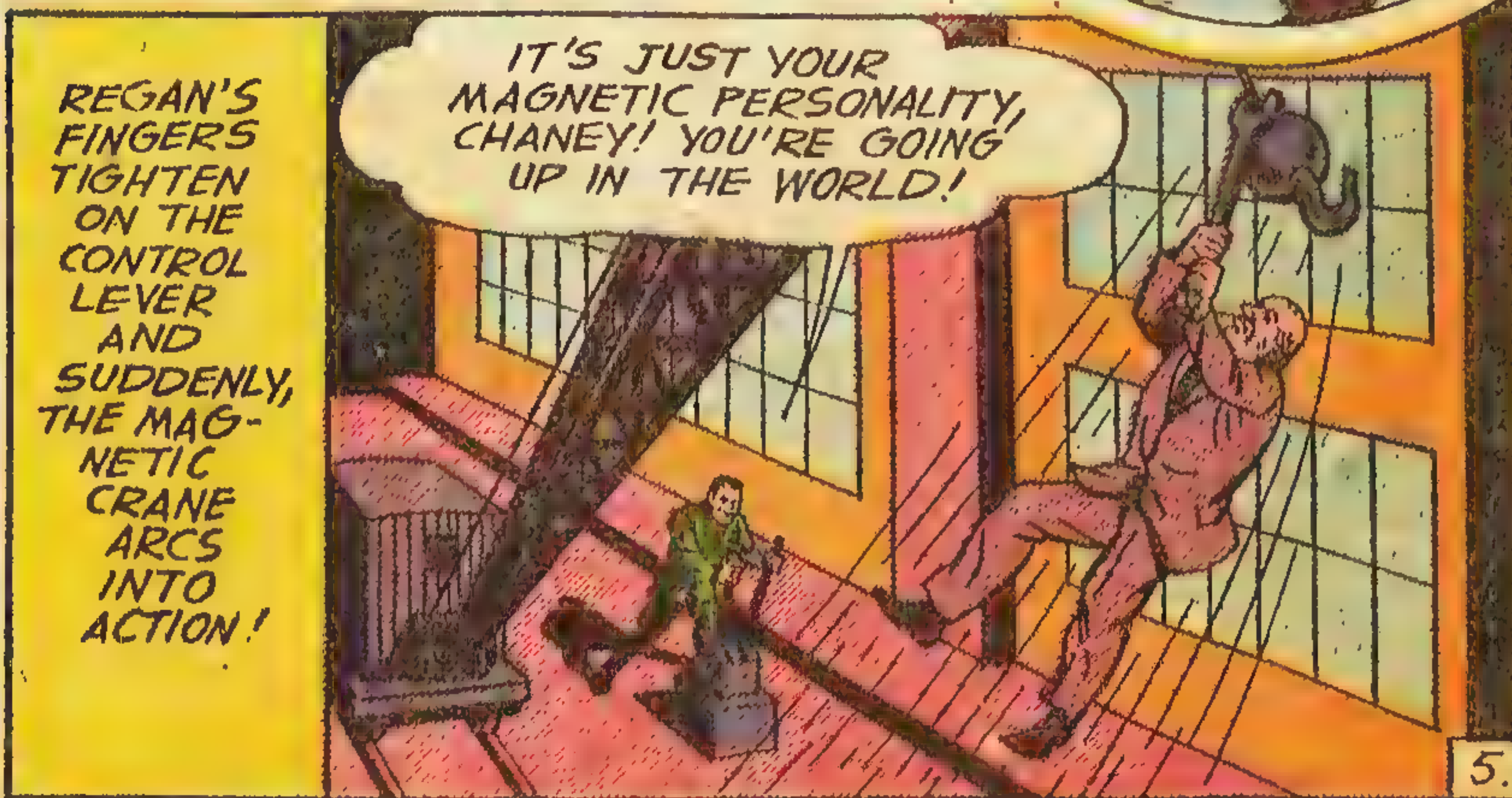
YOU'RE
AMAZING,
KARL! KID-
NAPPING AND
IMPERSONATING
CHANEY,
THEN...



RIDE 'EM, COWBOY! HYAH,
CHANEY - HIT AN OIL GUSHER
YET?



REGAN
REACHES FOR
THE CRANE'S
CONTROL SWITCH!



IT'S JUST YOUR
MAGNETIC PERSONALITY,
CHANEY! YOU'RE GOING
UP IN THE WORLD!

REGAN'S
FINGERS
TIGHTEN
ON THE
CONTROL
LEVER
AND
SUDDENLY,
THE MAG-
NETIC
CRANE
ARCS
INTO
ACTION!

REGAN REACHES FOR THE PHONE AND MINUTES LATER...



HAVE YOU GOT HIM?

RIGHT UP THERE, CHIEF! AND HIS PARTNER, THE ORGAN GRINDER, IS READY TO TALK. AND, HERE, MEET THE GENUINE MR. CHANEY!



SUDDENLY.

WATCH OUT! HE'S DESPERATE!



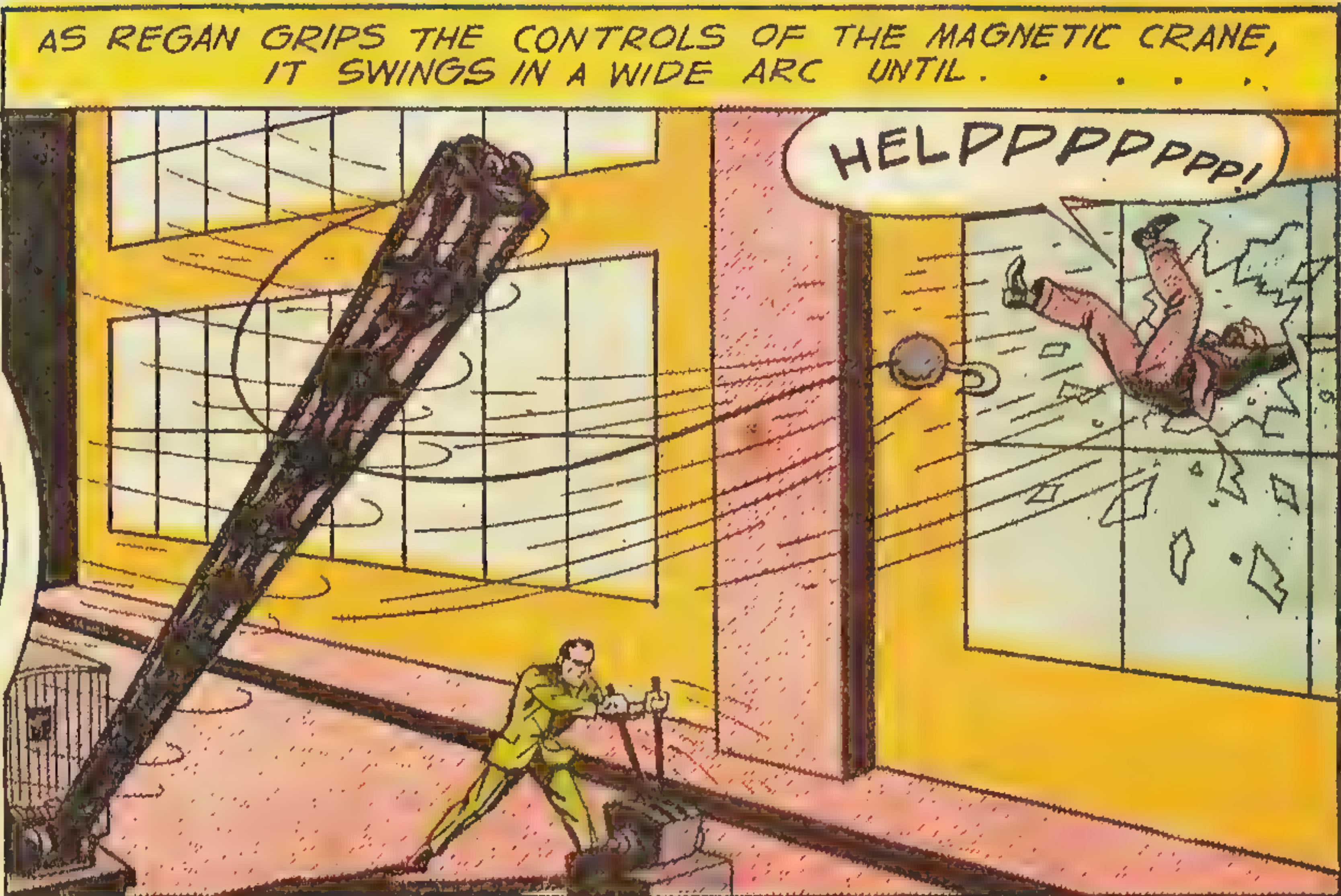
LET ME DOWN OUT OF HERE! I'VE A GRENADE AND I'M THROWING IT AFTER I COUNT THREE..ONE..



I'LL TAKE A CHANCE! COVER ME, CHIEF, SO HE CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M DOING!

TWO..

RIGHT!



AS REGAN GRIPS THE CONTROLS OF THE MAGNETIC CRANE, IT SWINGS IN A WIDE ARC UNTIL...

HELPPPPPPP!



SAVE ME! SAVE ME! I GIVE UP!



I THINK WE'D BETTER TELL HIM NOT TO WORRY ABOUT HIS PANTS!

HE'LL BE GETTING A PAIR OF PRISON GREYS FOR AWHILE. THE ZOO WILL TAKE CARE OF THE MONKEY, THE ORGAN GRINDER WON'T NEED HIM FOR ANOTHER LIFE TIME!

LIBERTY LIMERICKS

Said an office boy, Danny McMaster,
"We'd oughta buy War Bonds much faster—
Shoot one buck in ten At Adolph, and then
He'll wish he'd 'a stuck to his planter!"

Be on the job for Uncle Sam every pay day Bonds or Stamp—It doesn't matter so long as you invest to your limit—regularly!

U.S. Treasury Department

A KIND OF HERO

by Will Ludlow

SPENCE wanted desperately to be wrong about Lane. But deep within himself, he knew that he was right. The kid was the cracking-up type. Right now, anyway. Maybe, when and if he grew older, he'd learn to hang onto himself, just as he, Tom Spence, had learned. Newspapermen who follow wars develop a strange, courageous philosophy of life. They are really the ones the movies intend to glorify, but it never quite comes off.

* * *

Out of a corner of his eye, Tom Spence looked at the obviously nervous Lane. The blonde-haired boy was nervously interlacing and flexing his fingers. He was plain scared.

A kid like that, Tom Spence thought, had no business being in this kind of war. He should have stayed behind, back in the safety of his own country, photographing safe things. But no. The powers that ran Lane's picture publications had decided their wonder boy should cover the conflict.

* * *

And this was the way it had ended.

For moments now, the slant-eyed officer, flanked by yellow-faced soldiers who warily

watched the captive, hadn't spoken. Now, the officer cleared his throat, spoke to Spence.

"I imagine, Mr. Spence," he said suavely, "that your life is valuable to you."

* * *

Instinctively, Tom Spence knew, that while the question had been addressed to him, it was really meant for Lane. The officer had noticed the boy's fright, and was now playing on it, as a cat would play with a mouse.

Spence smiled. "Sometimes a man may decide he has seen enough of the world, perhaps become weary of war."

No emotion passed over the parchment-like features of the officer. "That is not so," he said evenly. "The fire horse never forsakes the fire. You forget, Mr. Spence, that you are a veteran. I, myself, have watched you through the China incident."

* * *

"So it's still an incident," Spence said, curtly. "I'd like to quote that."

A bayonet nipped into his back. A startled cry burst from Lane's lips. A voice, behind Spence, said:

"You will cease to talk disrespectfully to your betters."

Spence bit his lip, to hold back the pain. He felt the warm

blood trickle from his back, where the bayonet point had entered.

* * *

The officer said: "You were the last to leave in the retreat. I am convinced that you, Spence, or Lane, know what disposition was made of the gold. You will tell me."

"So sorry," Spence mocked. "So sorry."

The officer's eyes snapped. "Take him into the next room."

Spence, protesting, was hustled off. He saw fear-filled eyes in Lane's white face following him. He didn't feel very good, and his voice cracked when he said to Lane. "Keep your mouth shut, kid. It means a lot."

* * *

A gun butt blow sent him reeling against the wall. He fell to his hands and knees into the guard room.

* * *

They didn't bother him then, perhaps because they knew what he was thinking: that Lane would talk. There was no other thought in Spence's mind but this as the interminable moments dragged their weary way.

* * *

Outside, Spence knew, the officer was interrogating the boy. He would be working on his sympathies first, then threats. If only, only he and Lane hadn't discovered what was done with the gold. It was still here, securely hidden, in occupied territory. But plans had been made for its removal right under the noses of the enemy, because it meant so much. You couldn't beat the Dutch; they'd get it somehow.

And these Dutch of the East Indies were crafty as they were courageous.

Spence strained his ears, listening for some outcry from the next room. If only they'd torture the boy, kill him even. But the secret should not be revealed. Never. Not even if it meant the end of life. Couldn't Lane understand that it wasn't his puny little life now, but the lives of many? A nation, even.

The door opened.

* * *

"You—you—told them?" Spence's eyes were burning coals as he looked at the lad's white face. The guards, unable to understand English, were staring curiously.

Lane's voice broke. "I—I—didn't tell them," he said. "Yet." He passed a hand over his face as though to ward off Spence's accusing gaze. "You—you can't understand what I just went through out there, Spence," he said.

* * *

Spence thought there was no use telling the kid he did know.

The boy's tongue moistened his parched lips. "I want to live, Spence," he said hoarsely. "Can you understand that?"

Spence nodded.

"They played on my emotions," Lane said. "Asked about my home, my family, my girl—everything that's dear to me." He had difficulty controlling himself. "They said that if I didn't talk they'd send me back home . . . in little pieces."

Lane's body shook in a paroxysm of fear. He buried his face in his hands and then, in muffled words:

* * *

"I want to tell them. I've got to tell them. But I said I had to see you first, to tell you I was going to." He raised a tear-stained face. "What kind of beasts are these yellow creatures, Spence?" he cried. Panic

was spread thickly over his words. "Must they survive and we die?"

* * *

Spence bit his lip. What could he do? What could he say? There wasn't time to tell this boy his little life meant nothing to the many lives at stake, lives that would be snuffed out once the enemy got its hands on that gold.

Lane suddenly slumped to the floor and, weakly, motioned to Spence. "They want me to tell," he said hoarsely. "I've got to square myself with you, Spence. Please, listen—and understand."

* * *

A moment later, Spence looked at the figure, cowering abjectly on the floor. On Spence's face, as he spoke in Japanese to the sentry, was an expression of disgust. He saw the sentry smile at the request to see the commander.

Outside, once again standing before the bland, cruel-eyed officer, Spence spoke with the voice of the desperate. "You win," he said to the officer. "I'll talk to save myself. This kid inside doesn't know what happened to the gold, but I do." He slammed his fist down on the desk. "But before I open my mouth," he said. "I want to be sure there'll be no one to squeal on me. I've got a reputation to protect." He laughed harshly. "After all, I'll only be a prisoner of war."

"That is so." The slant eyes were watching him narrowly. "What is this bargain, Mr. Spence?"

"Kill him inside," Spence said. "Then he'll never be able to tell how I sold out the Dutch."

* * *

The officer smiled. "It shall be as you request," he said suavely. "You see, Mr. Spence, I thought only you had the information. A man with your

reputation would be likely to acquire such valuable intelligence. One does not expect heroics from newspaper people, Mr. Spence. You have made a wise decision." He snapped a command to a sentry.

* * *

Spence turned, looked into the opened room. Lane was still on the floor. He didn't see the sentry raise the pistol, hear him fire. There was a convulsive movement and he lay still.

The room reeled around Spence, who steadied himself against the desk, conscious of the officer's mocking eyes.

"And now," the officer said. "You will tell me where the gold is hidden." His eyes were triumphant, greedy. Then, like a sudden storm, they clouded up, flashed.

Spence was puffing on a cigarette now. He drew it from his mouth and his body felt strangely light. Almost jauntily he said, as though surprised. "Me tell you that?" he said. "You're crazy." He jerked his head toward the dead boy in the other room.

* * *

"He would have told you," he said grimly. "Not I!"

He didn't add: "Except that he asked me to have him shot to keep from telling."

* * *

No, Spence didn't add that because already the officer had drawn his gun. That officer, Spence decided, as the gun went off, would learn that perhaps newspapermen can be heroes, too.

There was a sardonic smile on Spence's face as his body plunged to the floor.

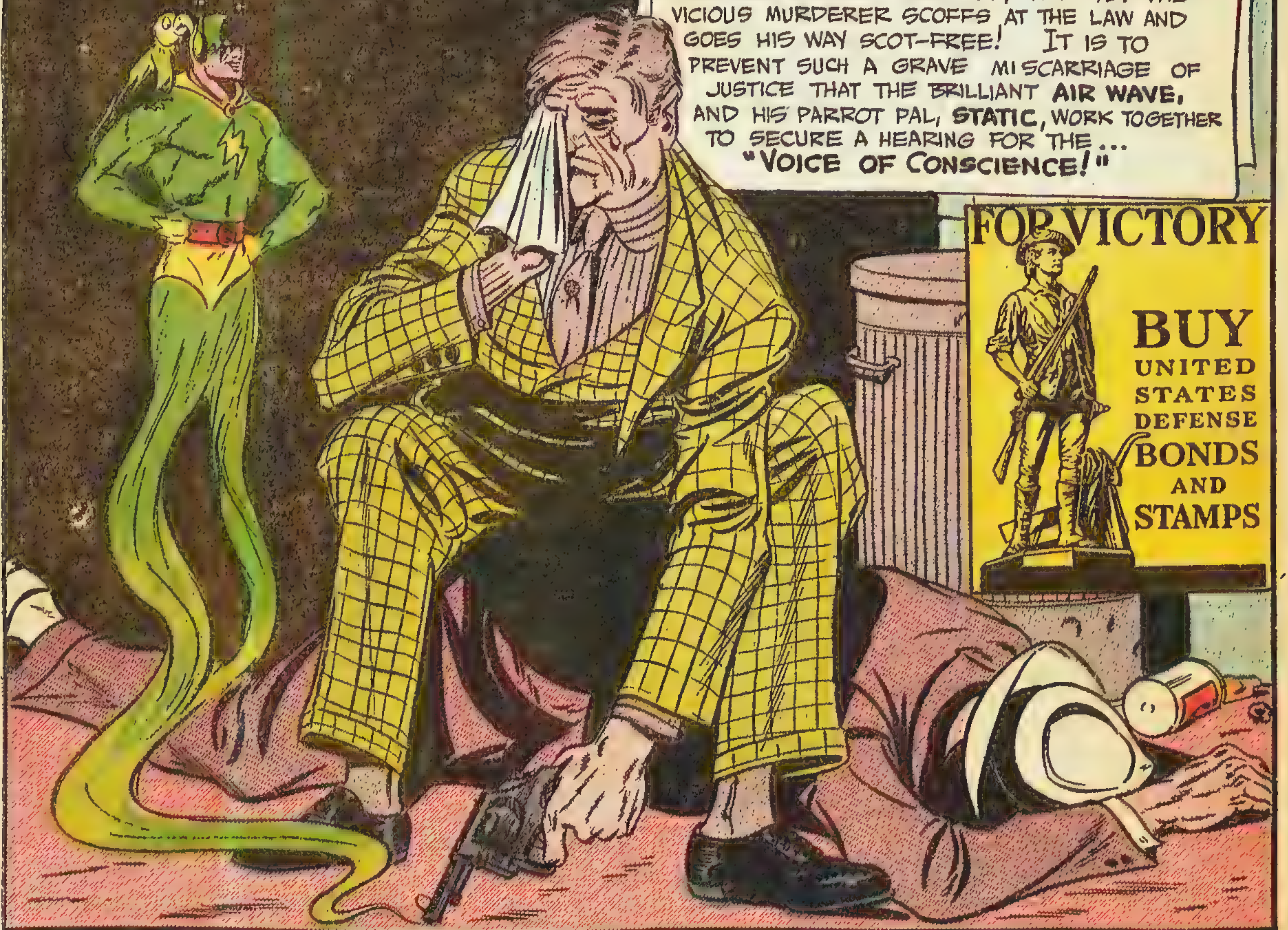
THE END

AIR WAVE

"MURDER WILL OUT" RUNS THE OLD SAYING... BUT SOMETIMES MURDER DOES OUT, AND YET THE VICIOUS MURDERER SCOFFS AT THE LAW AND GOES HIS WAY SCOT-FREE! IT IS TO PREVENT SUCH A GRAVE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE THAT THE BRILLIANT AIR WAVE, AND HIS PARROT PAL, STATIC, WORK TOGETHER TO SECURE A HEARING FOR THE...
"VOICE OF CONSCIENCE!"

FOR VICTORY

BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

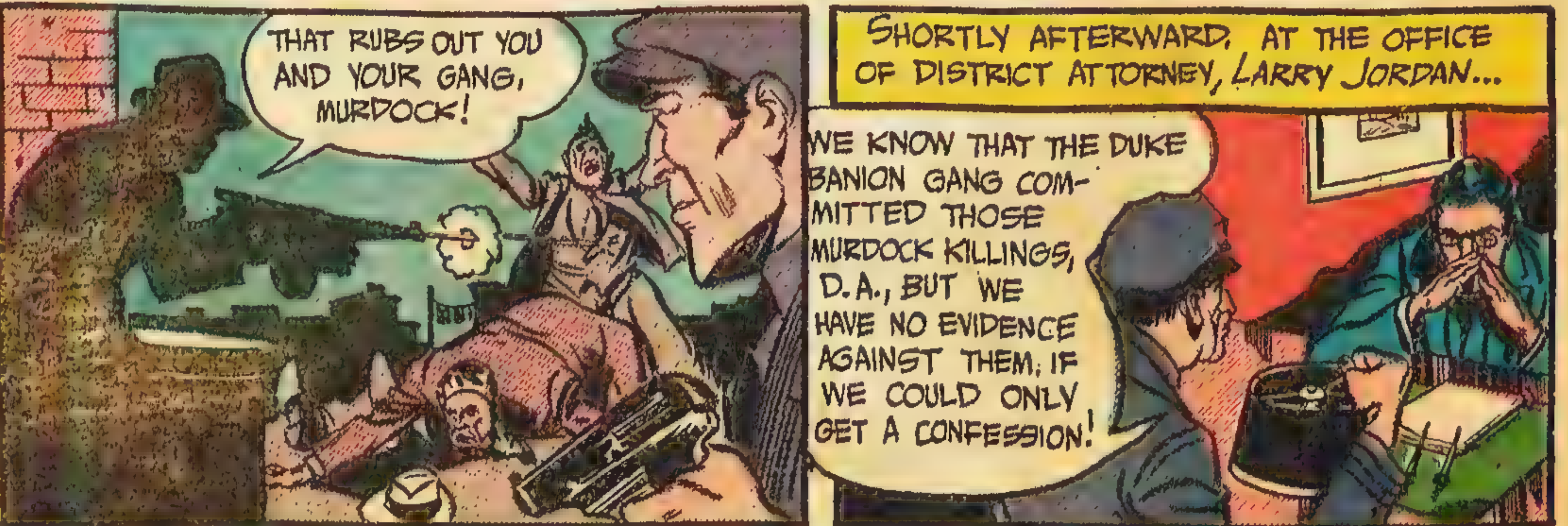


TWILIGHT...
AND
GANG-
LAND'S
DESPERADOES
STAGE
A DUEL
OF
DEATH!...

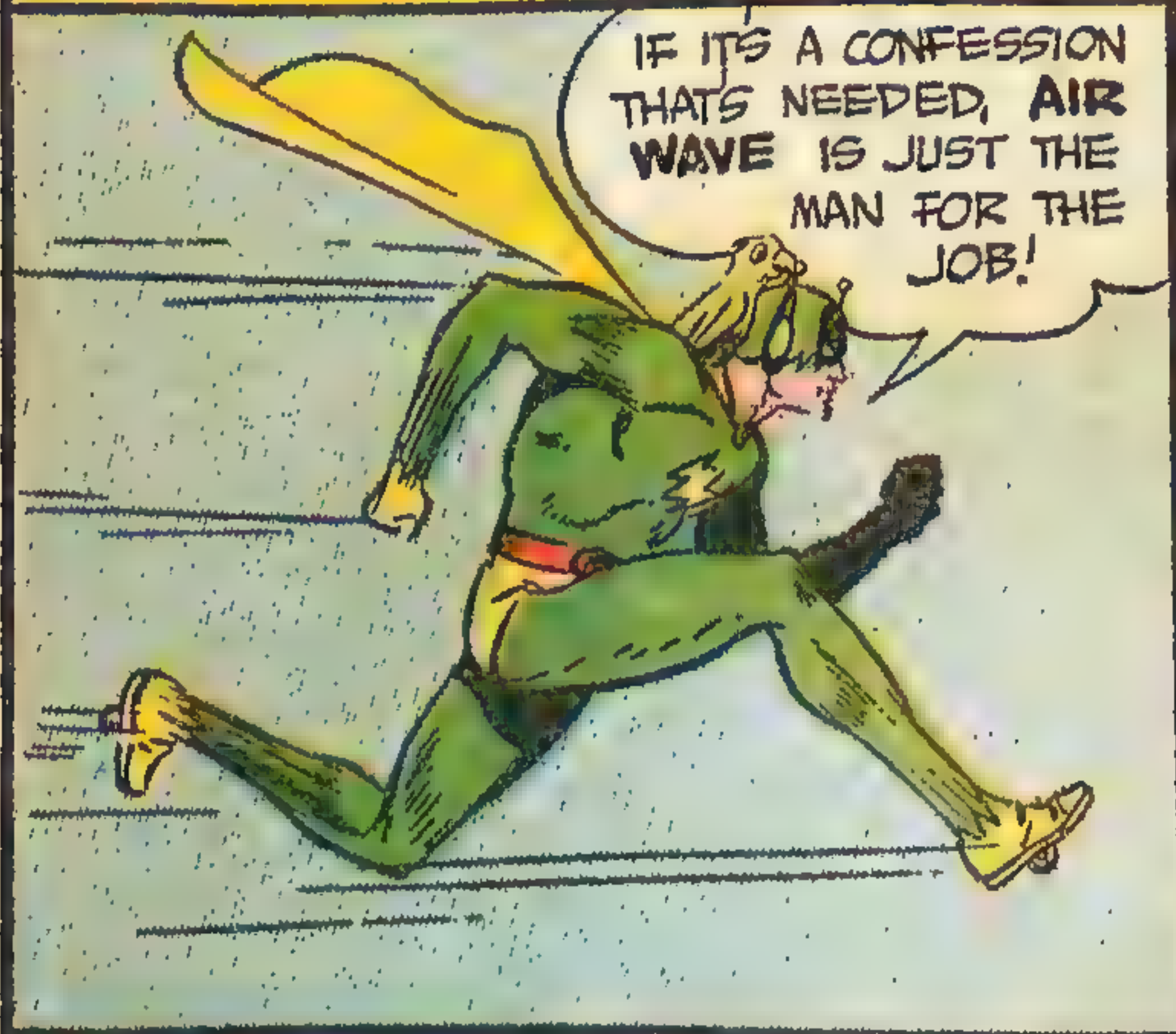
THAT RUBS OUT YOU
AND YOUR GANG,
MURDOCK!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE OFFICE
OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY, LARRY JORDAN...

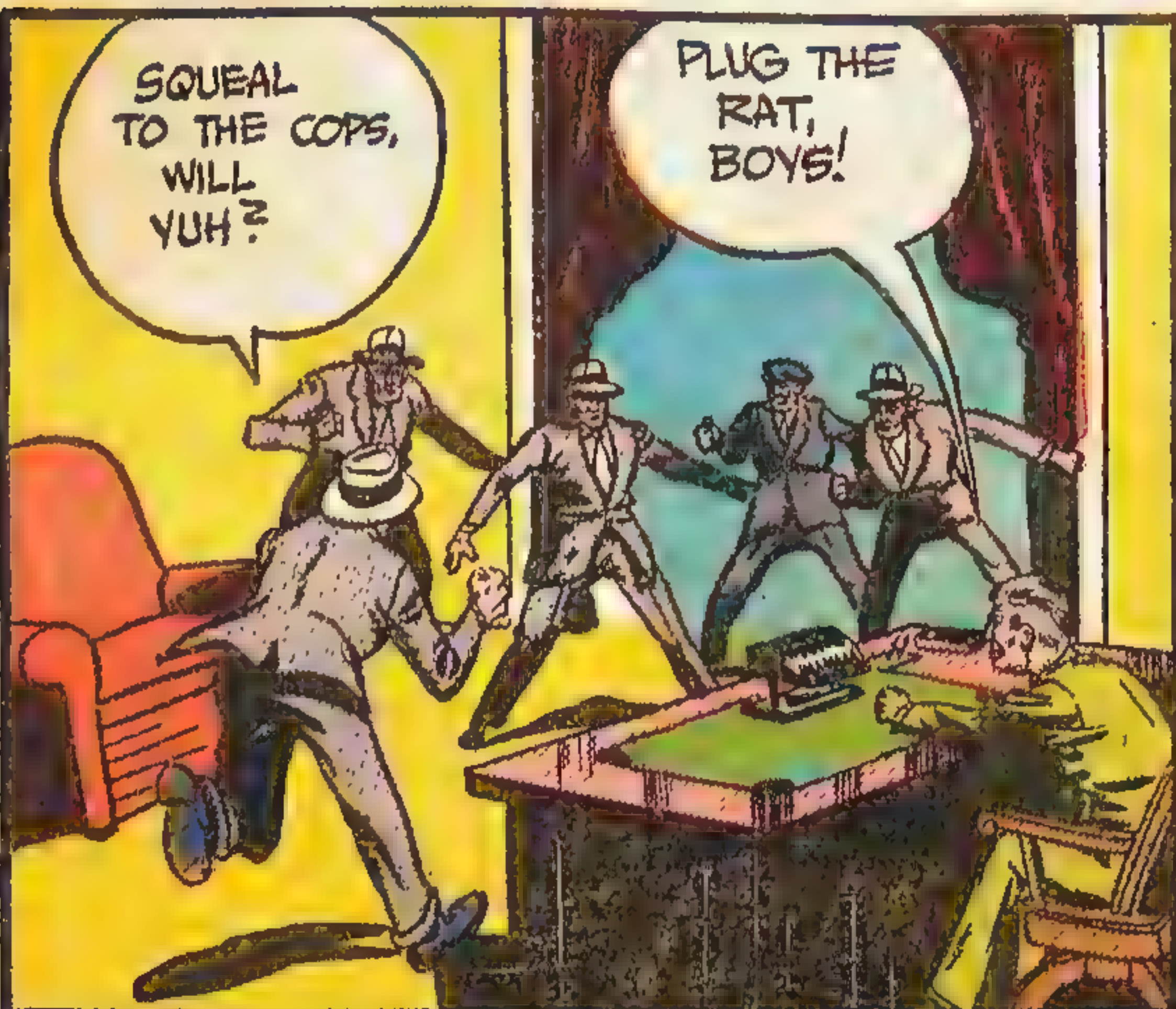
WE KNOW THAT THE DUKE
BANION GANG COM-
MITTED THOSE
MURDOCK KILLINGS,
D.A., BUT WE
HAVE NO EVIDENCE
AGAINST THEM, IF
WE COULD ONLY
GET A CONFESSION!



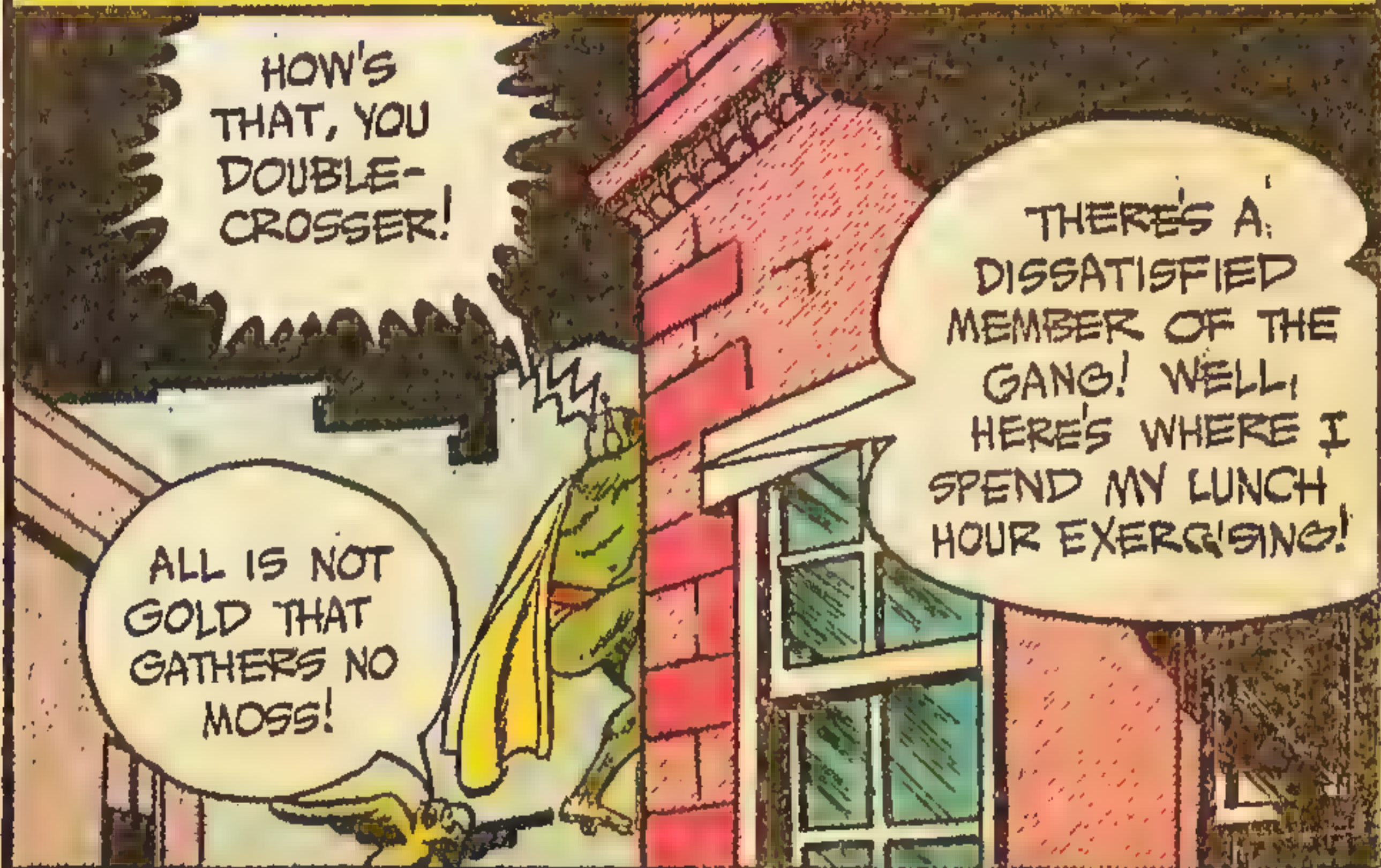
Later... AND LARRY JORDAN ONCE AGAIN
DONS THE COLORFUL RAIMENTS OF THE WIZARD
OF WIRELESS...



MEANWHILE, IN A LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE, THIEVES FALL OUT...

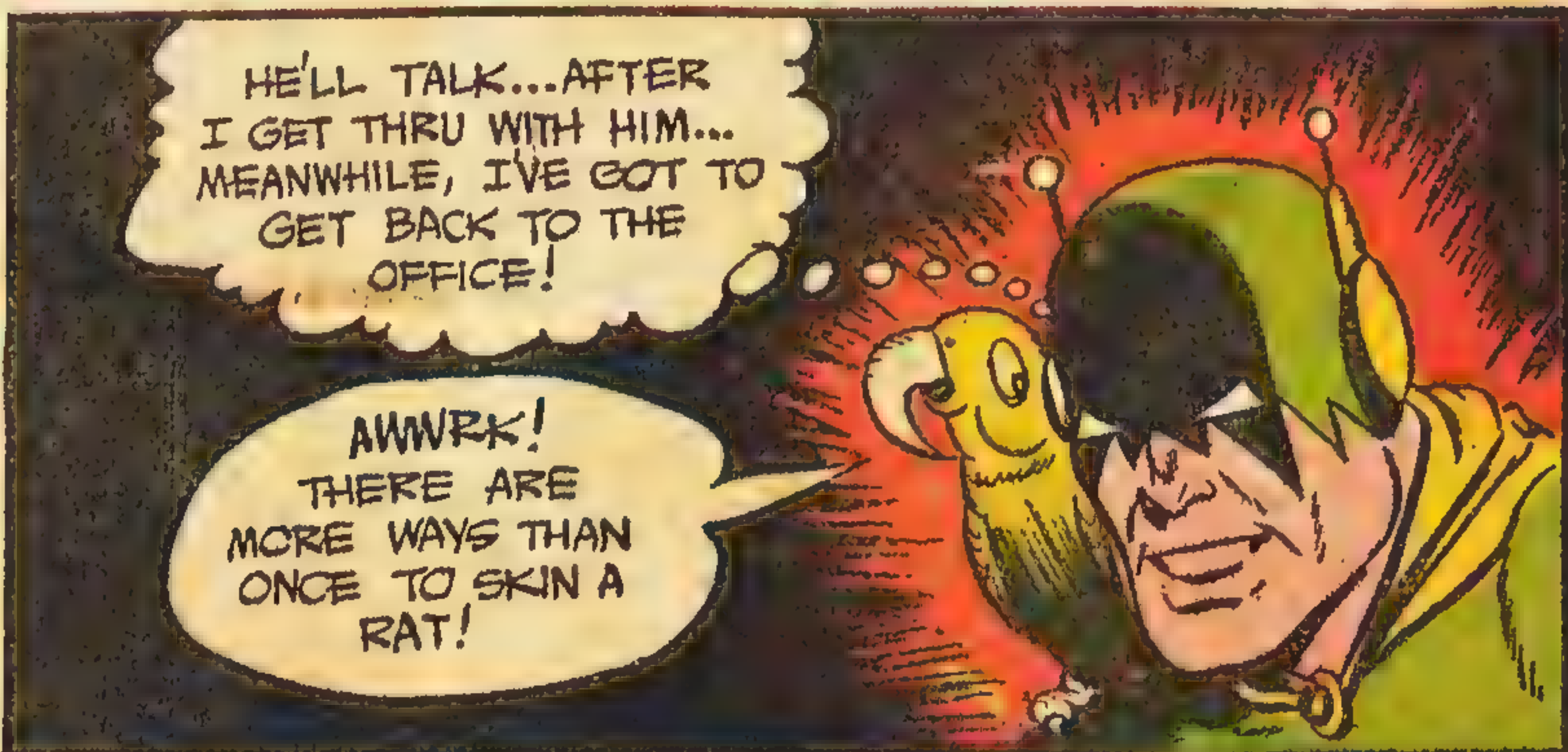
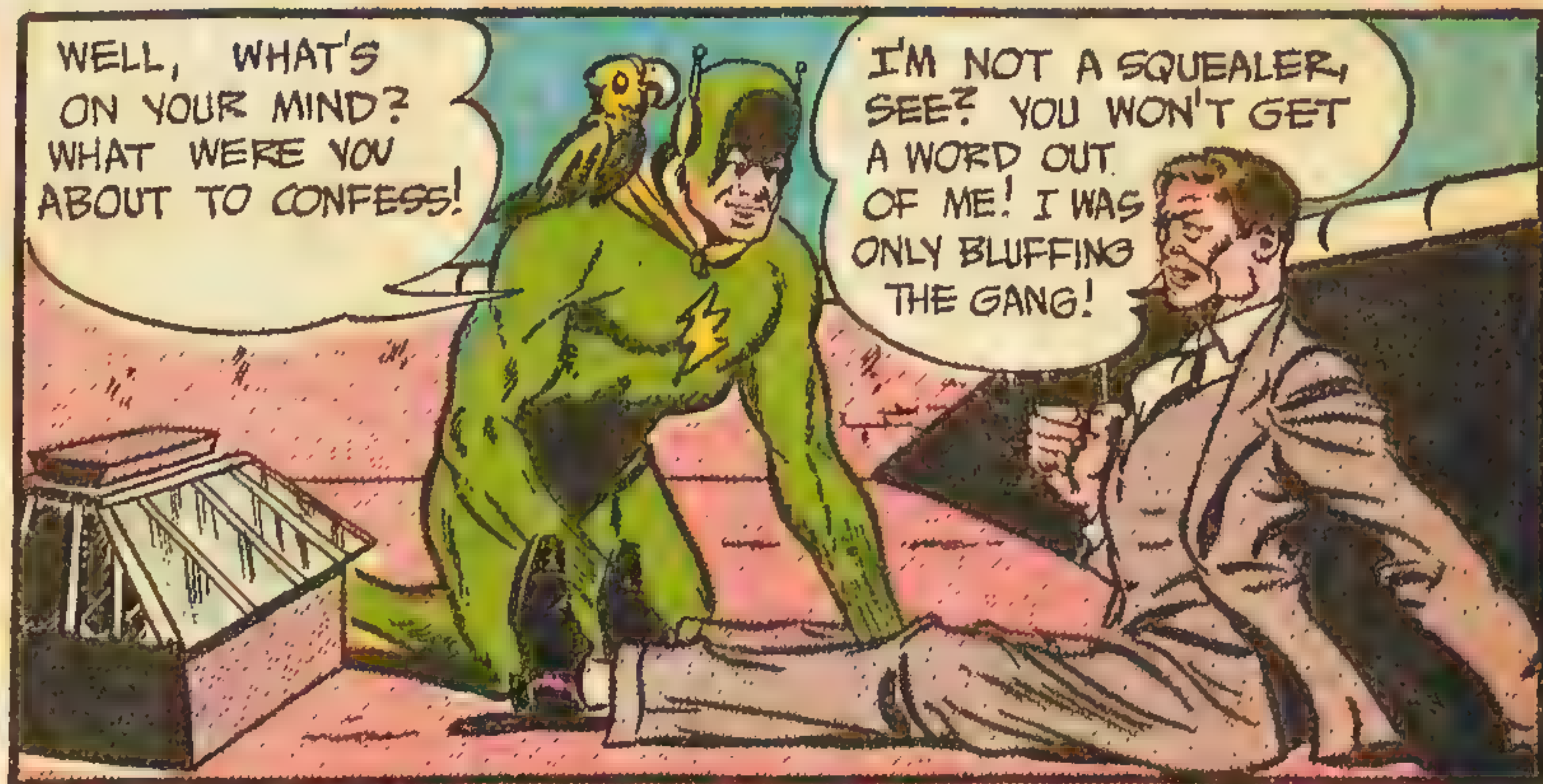
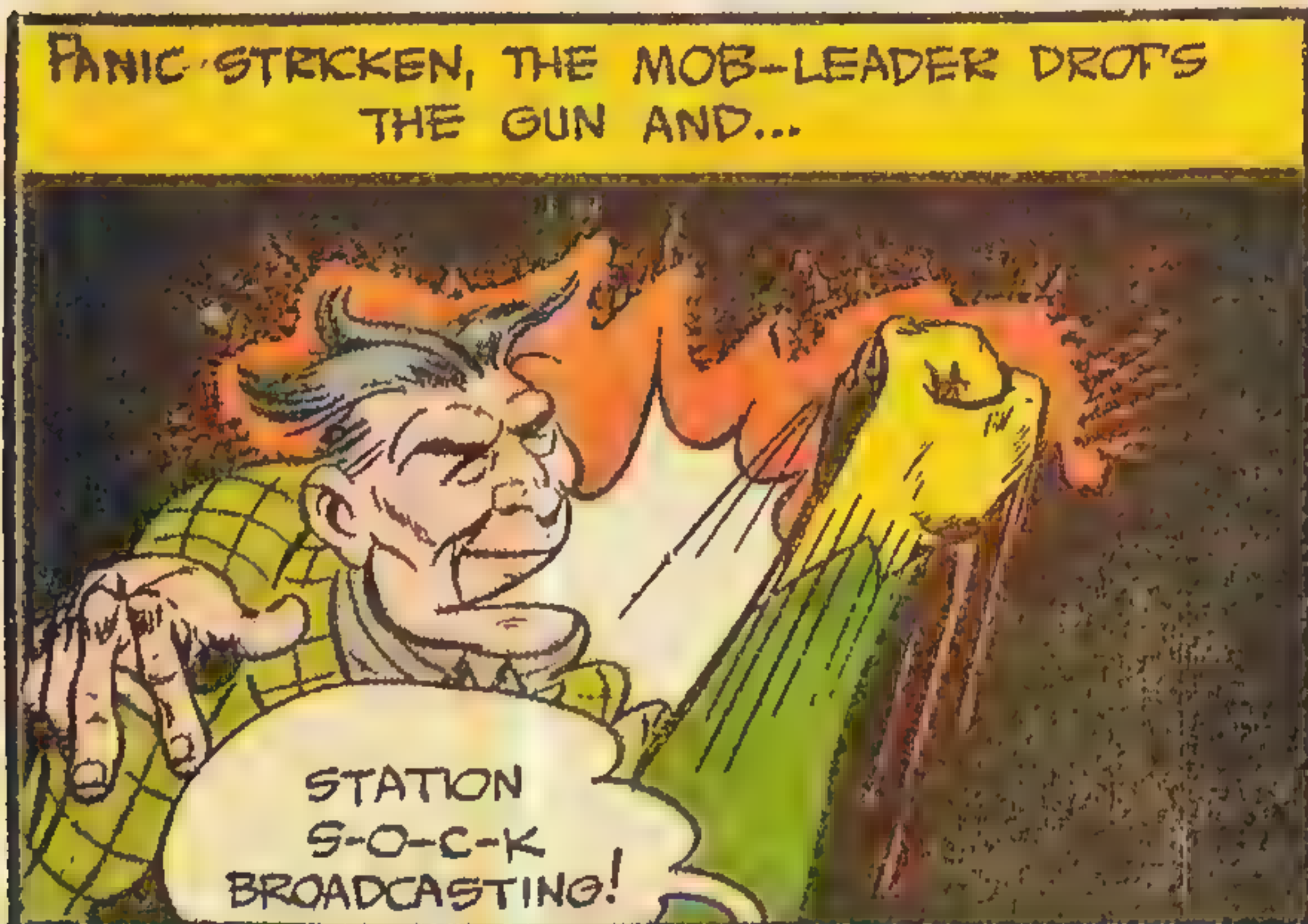
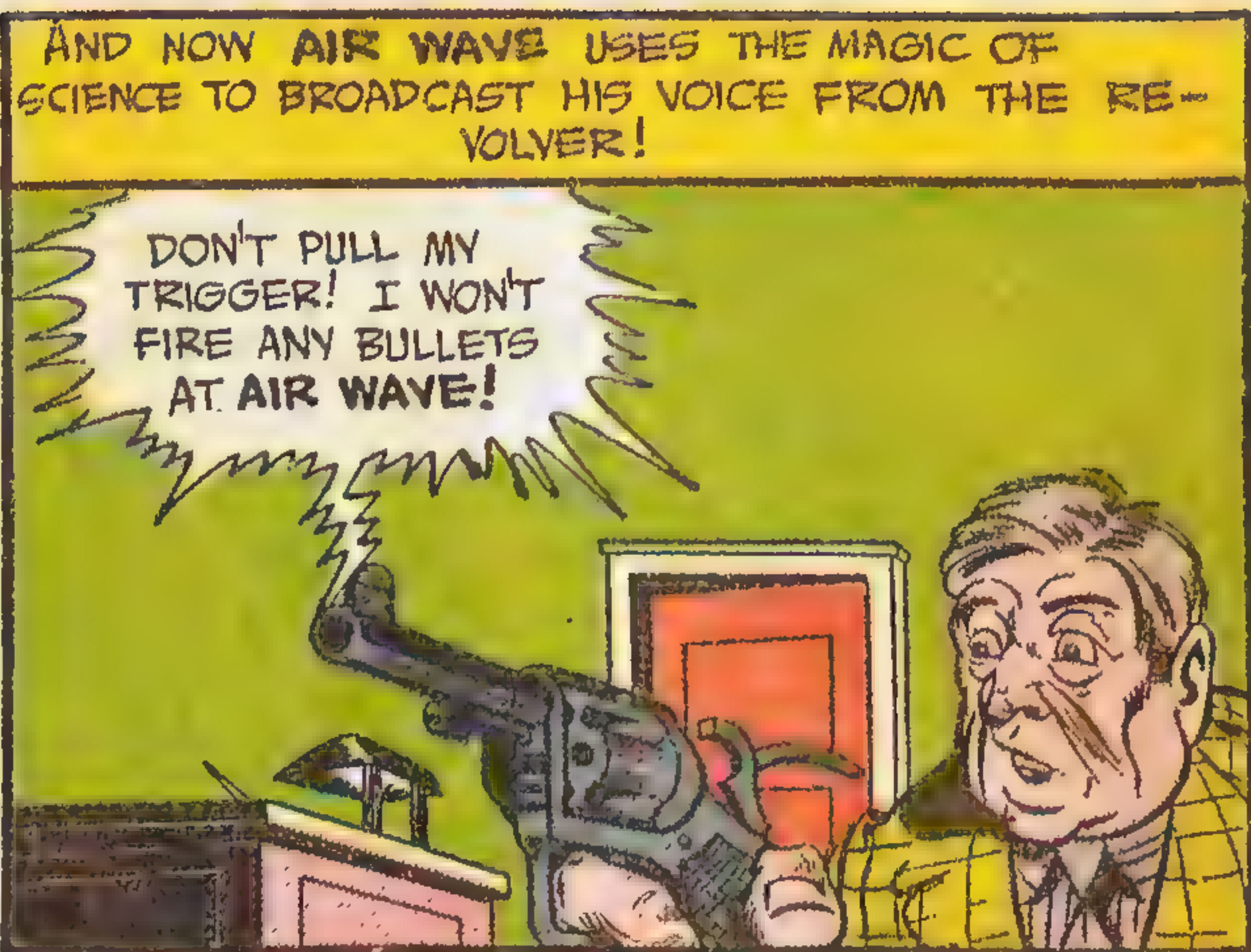


TUNING IN ON A METAL RADIATOR IN THE ROOM, AIR
WAVE OVERHEARS SOUNDS OF THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

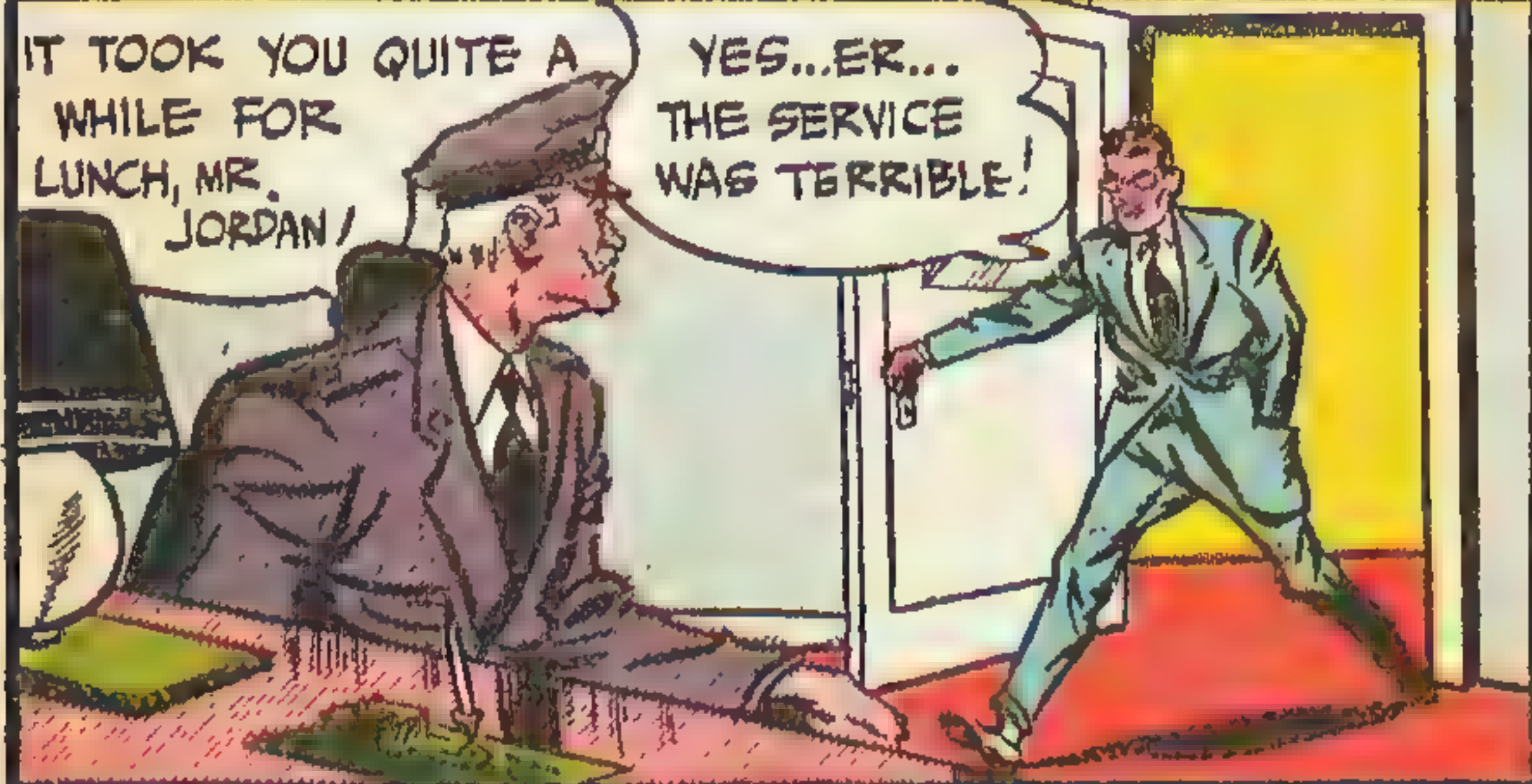


ENTER...AIR WAVE...DYNAMITE IN EACH FIST!...





BACK AT HIS OFFICE, AIR WAVE SWITCHES TO HIS IDENTITY AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY...



Later... THE THUG WHO REFUSED TO TALK MEETS WITH AN AMAZING EXPERIENCE...

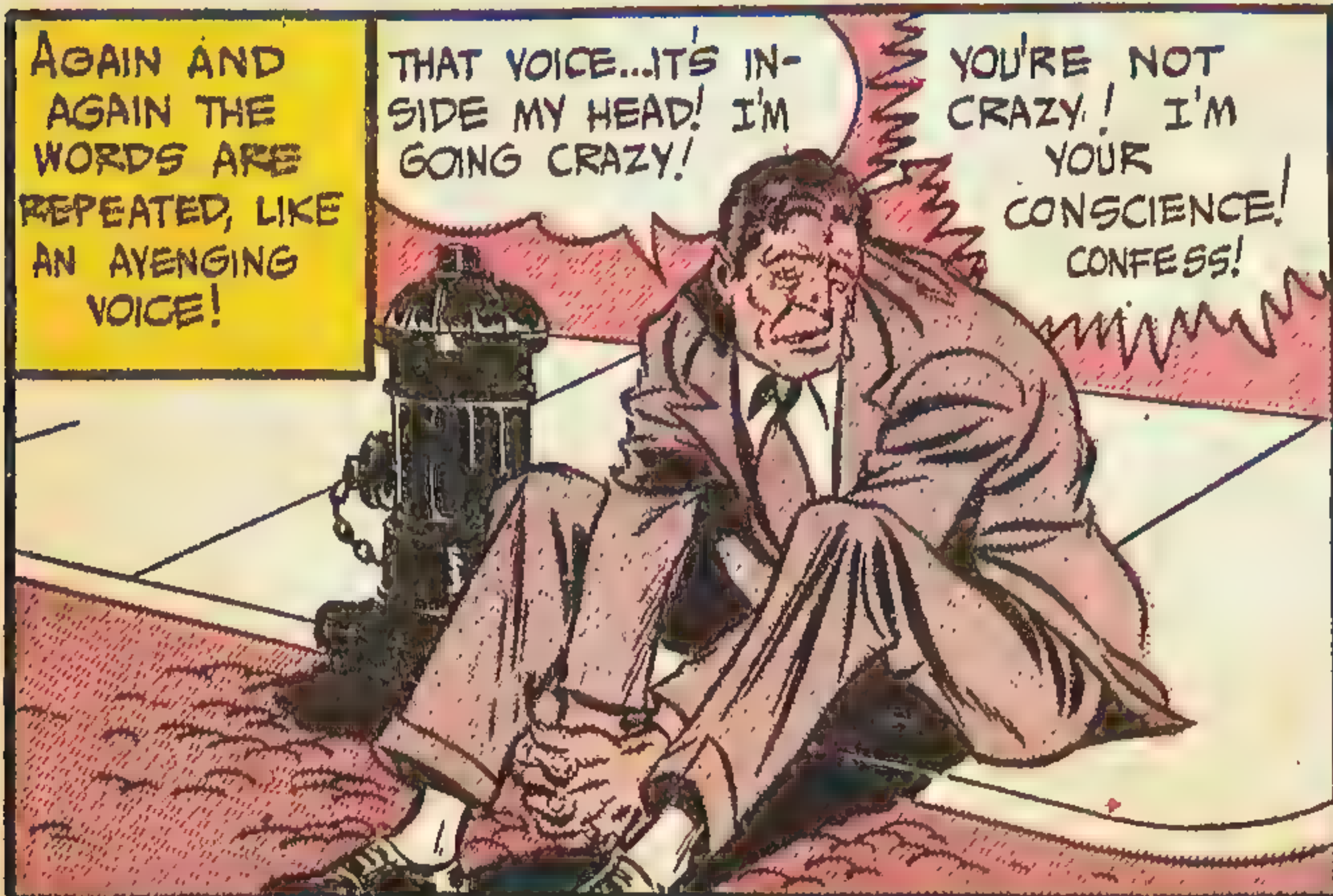
YOU AND YOUR GANG COMMITTED THOSE MURDOCK KILLINGS! CONFESS! CONFESS!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE WORDS ARE REPEATED, LIKE AN AVENGING VOICE!

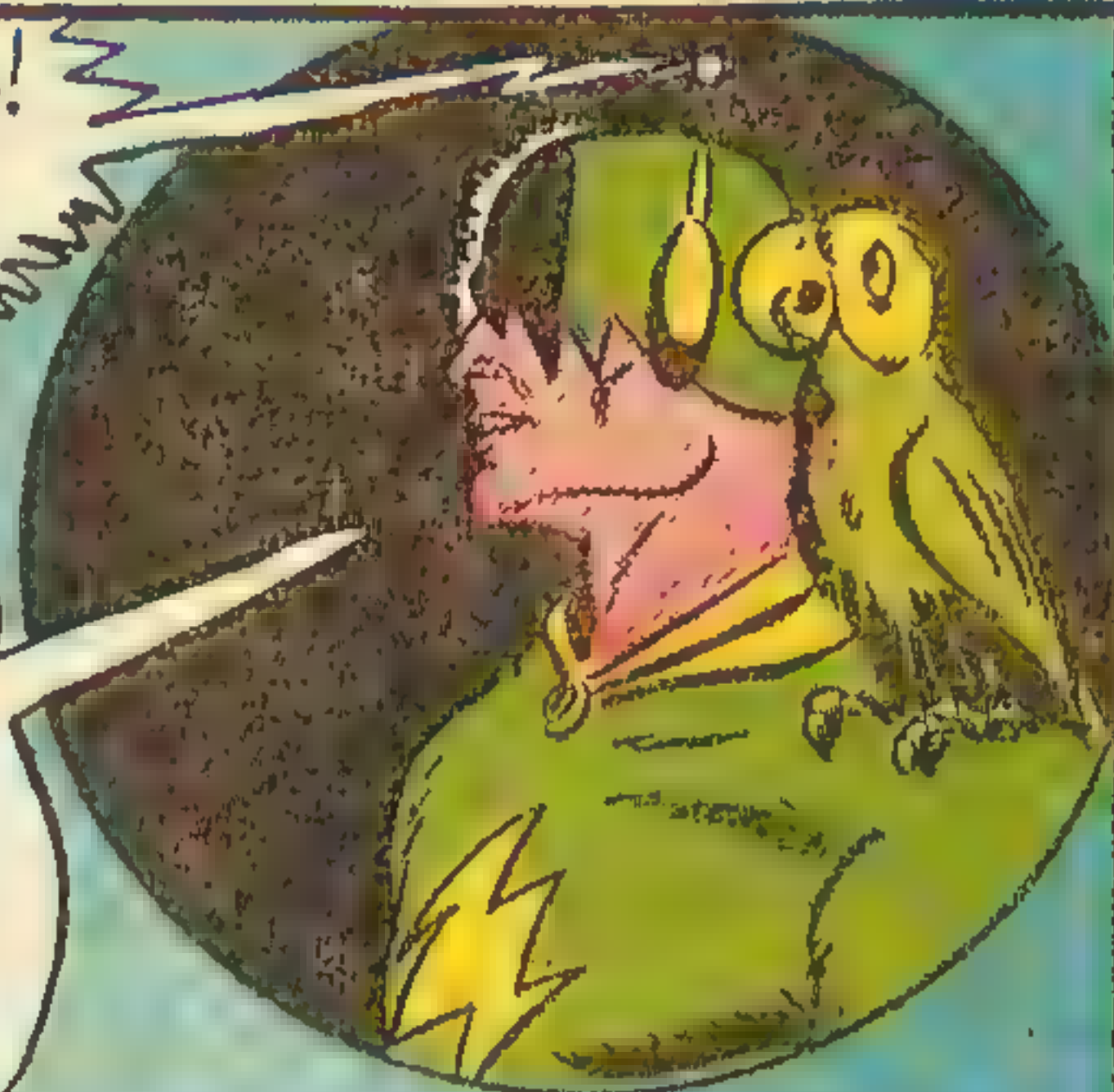
THAT VOICE...IT'S INSIDE MY HEAD! I'M GOING CRAZY!

YOU'RE NOT CRAZY! I'M YOUR CONSCIENCE! CONFESS!



I WON'T CONFESS! I TELL YOU! I WON'T!

HE'LL CRACK SOON UNDER THE STRAIN, STATIC. THAT VOICE INSIDE HIS HEAD WILL HOUND HIM UNTIL HE CONFESSES!



A VOICE INSIDE THE CRIMINAL'S HEAD? WHERE IS IT COMING FROM? CAN YOU GUESS?

AMID THE MUSIC AND GAIETY OF NIGHT CLUBS, WARNER TRIES TO FORGET THE ACCUSING VOICE WITHIN...



BUT DO WHAT HE WILL. HE CAN NOT SHAKE OFF THIS AVENGING VOICE OF DOOM!

STAY AWAY FROM ME! I'M A MURDERER!

STRANGE, I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM SAY HE'S A MURDERER!



I HAVEN'T BEEN EATING ENOUGH! THAT'S WHY I HEAR VOICES! A JUICY STEAK WILL MAKE ME FORGET MY TROUBLES!



SUDDENLY THE STEAK SPEAKS!

DON'T EAT ME,
YOU KILLER! CONFESS
TO YOUR CRIMES!



ACTUALLY, THE VOICE IS COMING FROM THE METAL
KNIFE, WHICH AIR WAVE IS USING AS A RECEIVER.

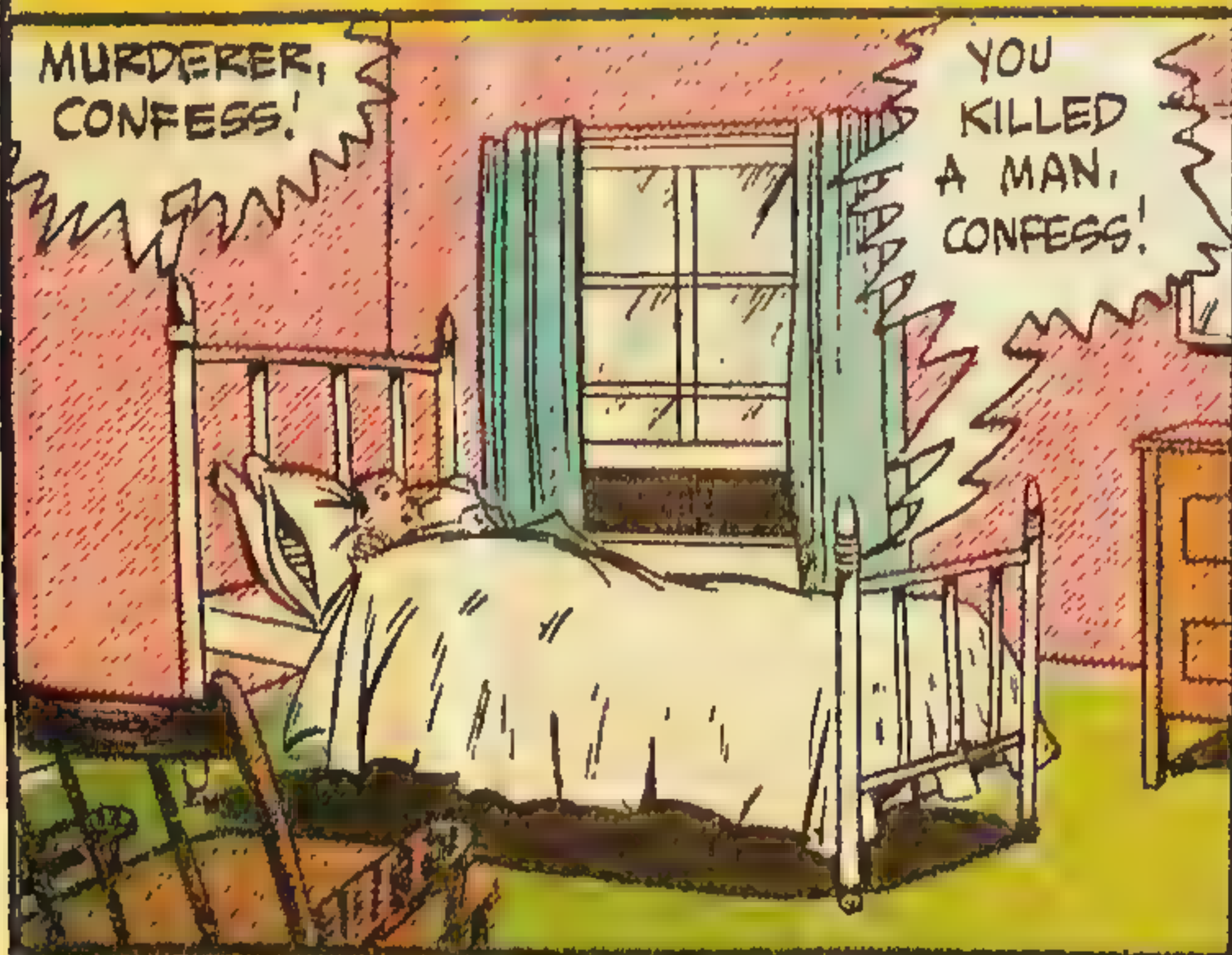
I CAN'T
STAND THIS
ANY LONGER!
I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE!
I'LL GO HOME!



ALL THROUGH THE GLOOMY, FEARFUL
NIGHT, THE PANIC-STRICKEN WARNER
HEARS THE DREAD VOICE OF AN ACCUSING
CONSCIENCE..

MURDERER,
CONFESS!

YOU
KILLED
A MAN,
CONFESS!

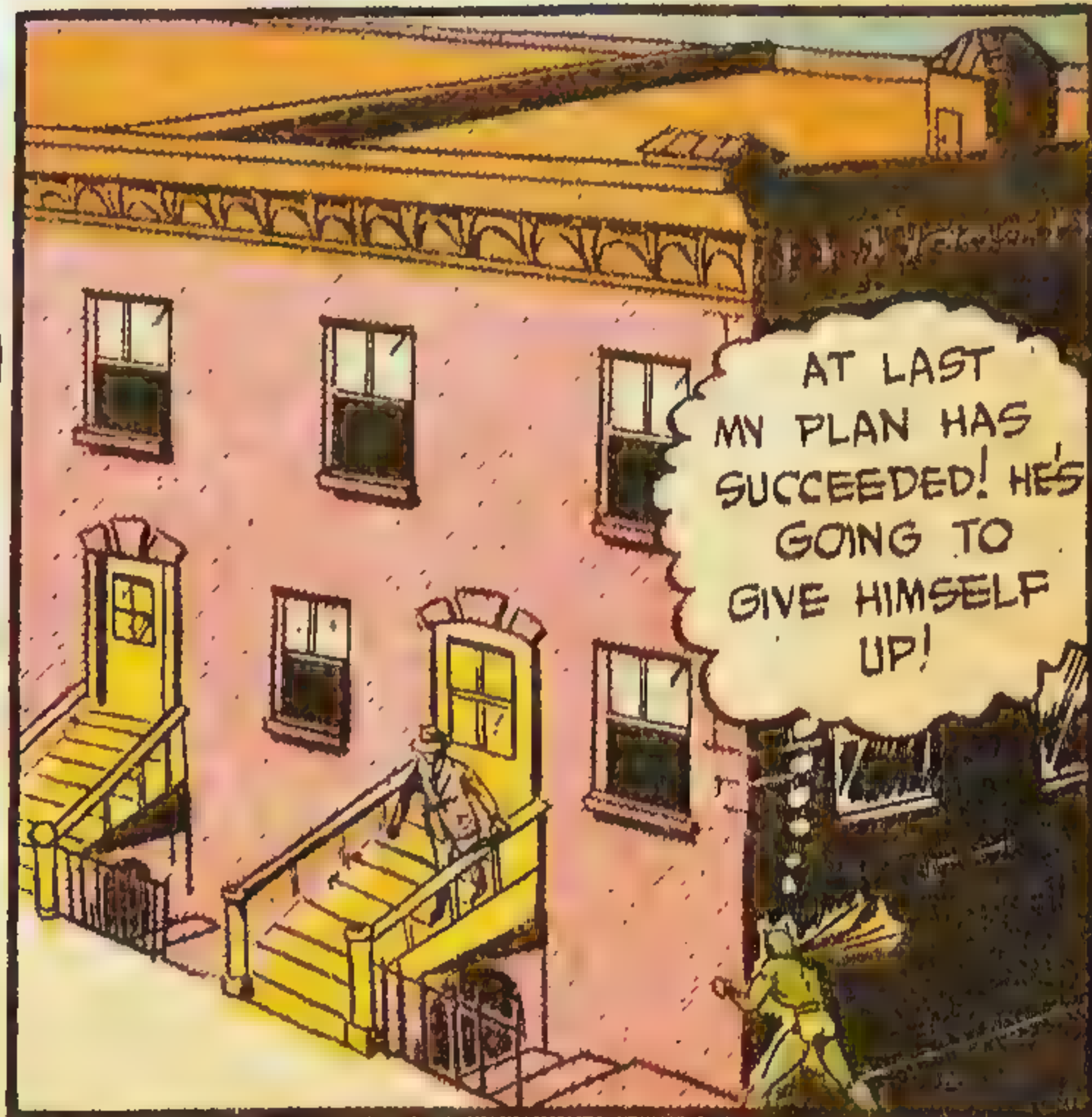


In the morning..

I'LL GO TO THE
POLICE AND
TELL THEM
EVERYTHING,
THEN MY CONSCIENCE
WON'T BOTHER
ME!



AT LAST
MY PLAN HAS
SUCCEEDED! HE'S
GOING TO
GIVE HIMSELF
UP!



BUT THE DANGEROUS DUKE BANION TOO HAS
BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON THE FORMER MEMBER OF
HIS GANG!

WARNER'S
NERVE HAS
CRACKED! HE'S
GOING TO SQUEAL!
WE'LL HAVE
TO STOP
HIM!



WHERE YOU
GOING,
STOOL-
PIGEON?

GIVE
HIM
THE WORKS,
BOSS!

BANION!
I-I...
WAS...



BUT THE MURDEROUS MOBSTERS HAVE RECKONED WITHOUT THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS!



AS HE PLUNGES INTO THE PANICKY THUGS, THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO FINDS AN UNEXPECTED ENEMY!...



BANION AND HIS CREW RACE OFF...

YOU FIXED AIR WAVE THIS TIME, LEGS! BUT YOU'RE LIABLE TO LOSE YOUR NERVE AGAIN AND SQUEAL, SO WE'RE GONNA RUB YOU OUT ANYWAY!

NO, DUKE, DON'T KILL ME! I WON'T GO TO THE COPS!



Meanwhile...

SO BANION THINKS HE'S GETTING AWAY! I CAN'T GO AS FAST AS THEIR AUTOMOBILE...BUT I'LL CATCH THEM!

THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT ALONE!



IMITATING A POLICE SIREN, AIR WAVE BROADCASTS FROM THE METAL PARTS OF AN AUTOMOBILE APPROACHING THE THUGS!



THE THUGS START TO TURN OFF ON A SIDE ROAD...AND AGAIN HEAR THE SHRIEK OF A SIREN!



I MADE THEM COME RIGHT BACK TO ME!

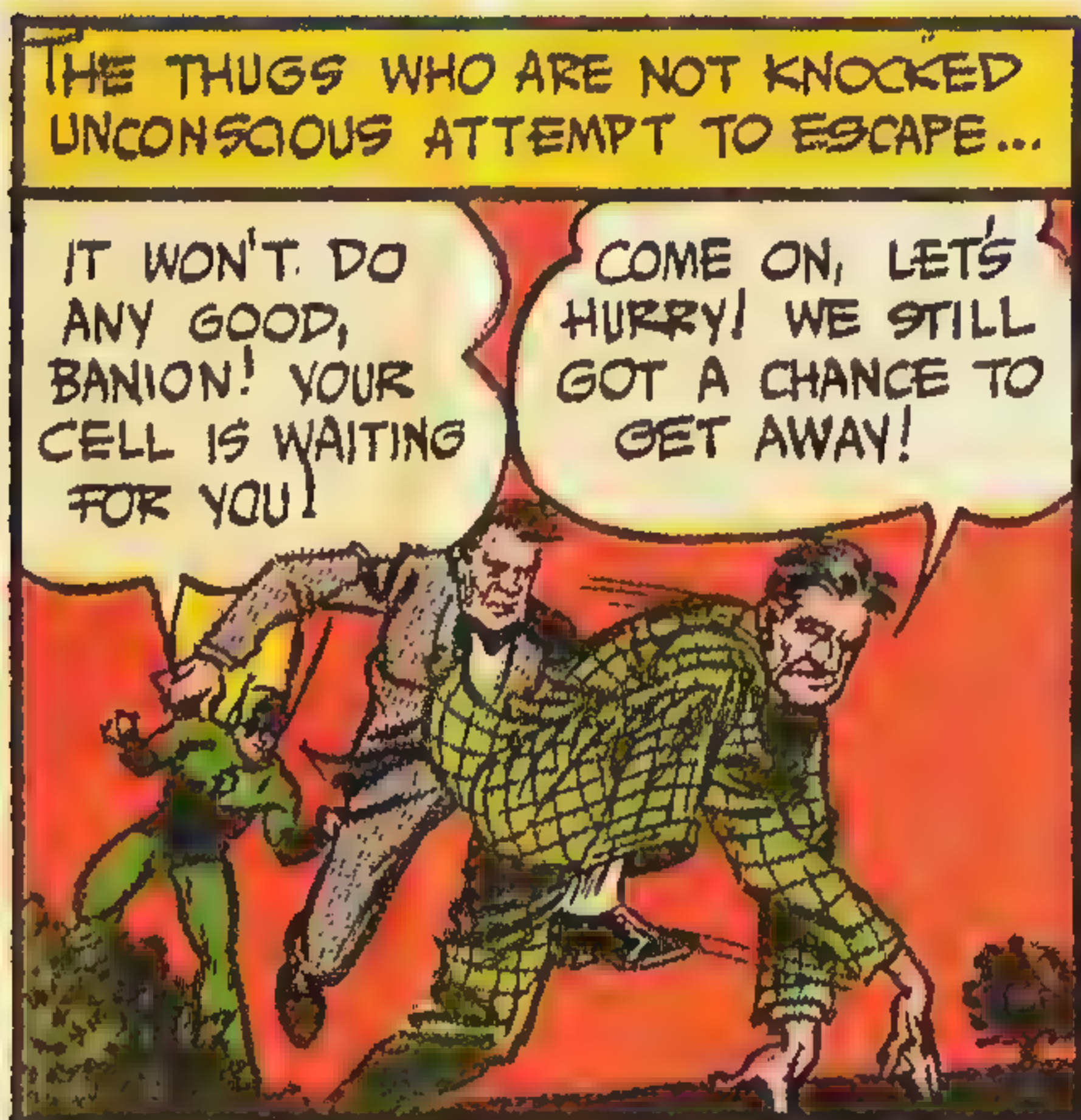
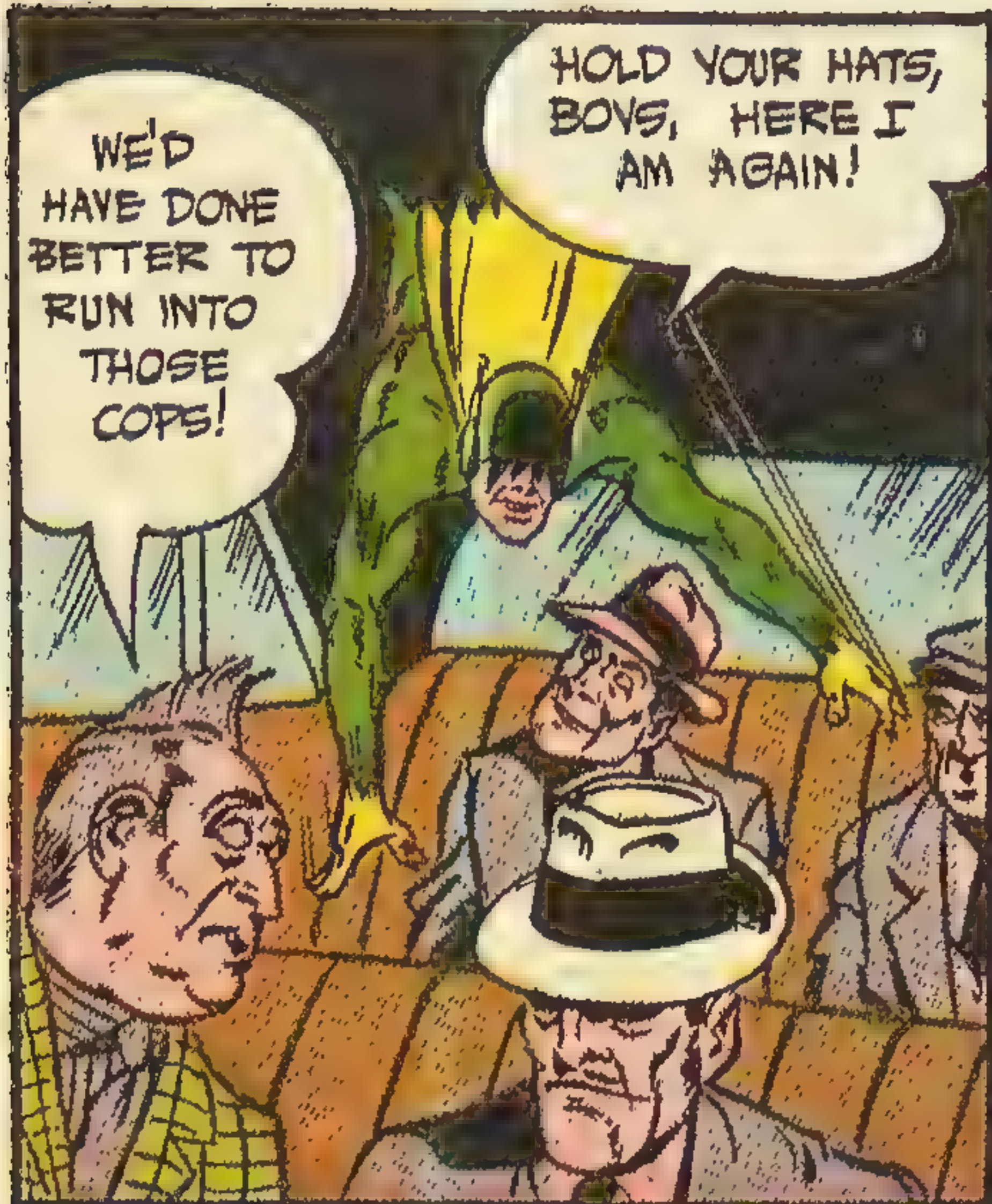
ABSENCE MAKES HEARTS GROW FONDER!



THIS IS THE ONLY DIRECTION THAT'S SAFE!

WHAT A SURPRISE THIS IS GOING TO BE!





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NOW ON SALE

SLAM BRADLEY

ELEPHANTS ARE SERIOUS, SOBER ANIMALS... THEY NEVER FORGET INJURIES OR FAVORS... AND THEY DON'T USUALLY INDULGE IN GAMES! BUT WHEN GUMBO, THE PONDEROUS PRIDE OF THE ZOO, DEVELOPS A PLAYFUL STREAK, QUICK-WITTED, HARD-FISTED SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS PAL SHORTY MORGAN SMELL A RAT HIDING BEHIND THE BULKY FORM OF THE BEAST AND PLUNGE FIST-FIRST INTO RAPID FIRE ACTION AS THEY SEEK THE MOTIVES OF...

"THE ELUSIVE ELEPHANT!"



A BRIGHT SUNNY AFTERNOON... AND SLAM BRADLEY, WITH HIS SIDEKICK, SHORTY MORGAN, TRIES TO FORGET CRIME-DETECTION BY VISITING THE ZOO...

GRARRR...

STOP SCARING THE POOR ANIMAL, SHORT-PANTS, SAVE YOUR GROWLS FOR CROOKS!

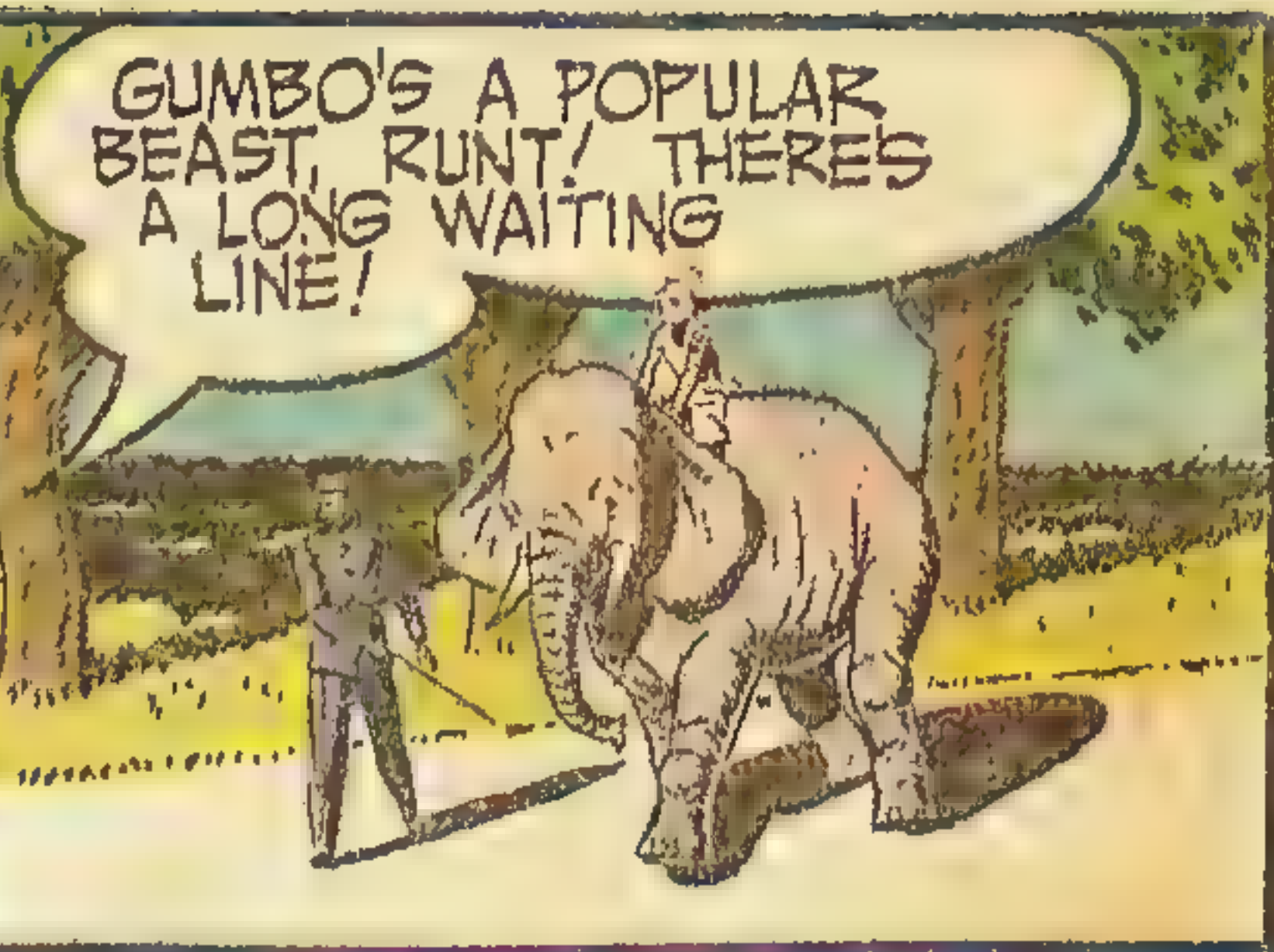
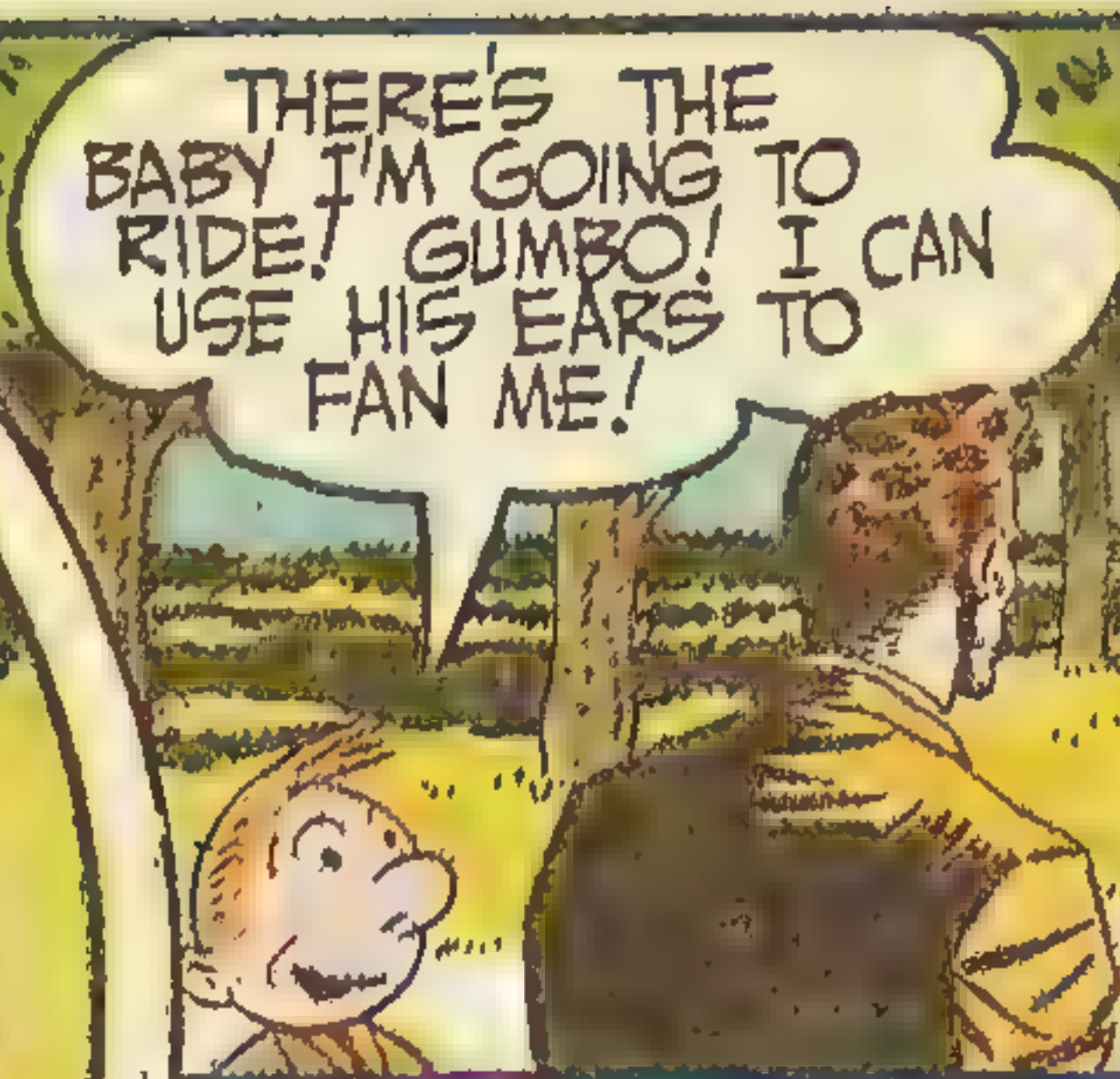
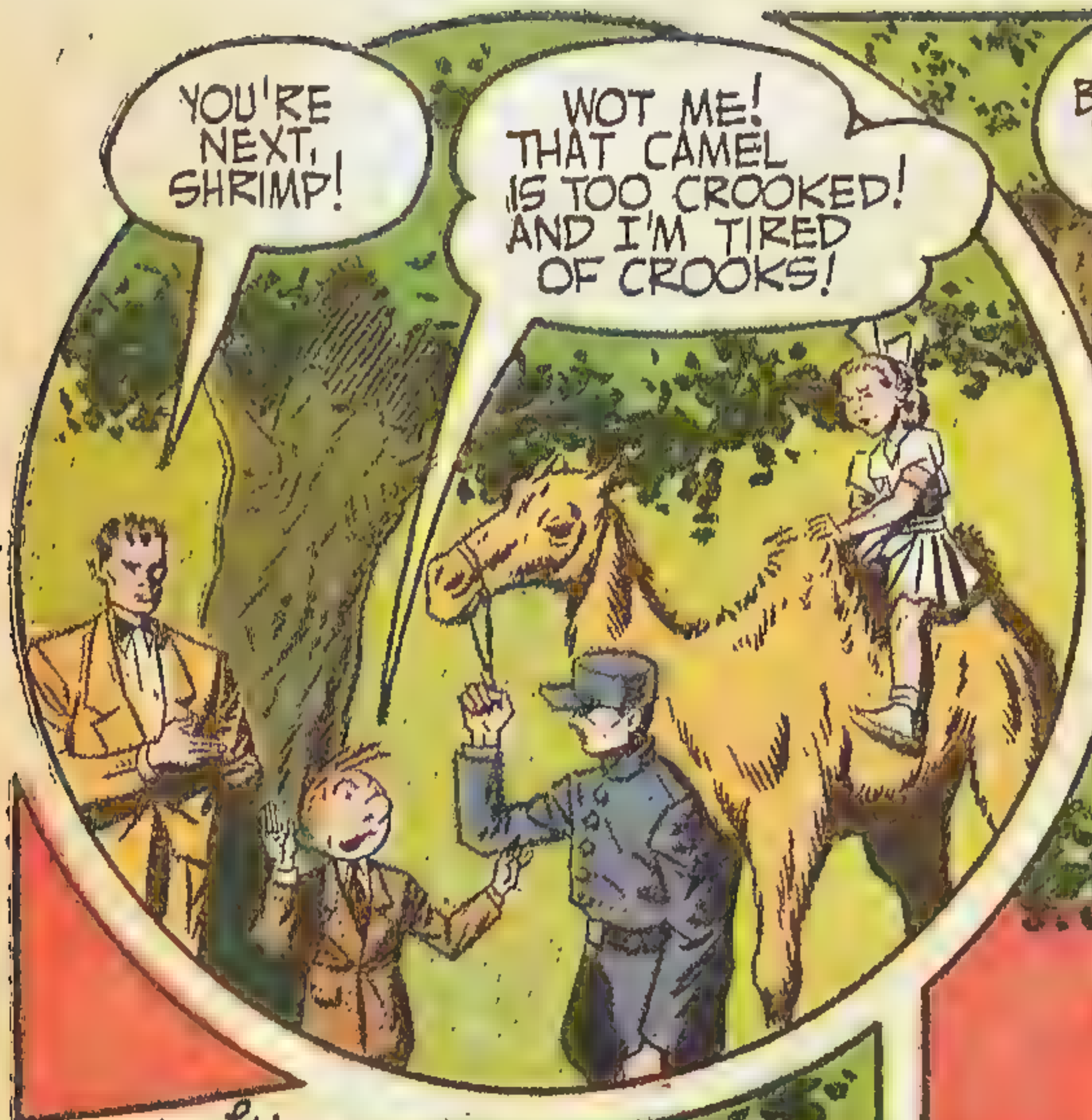
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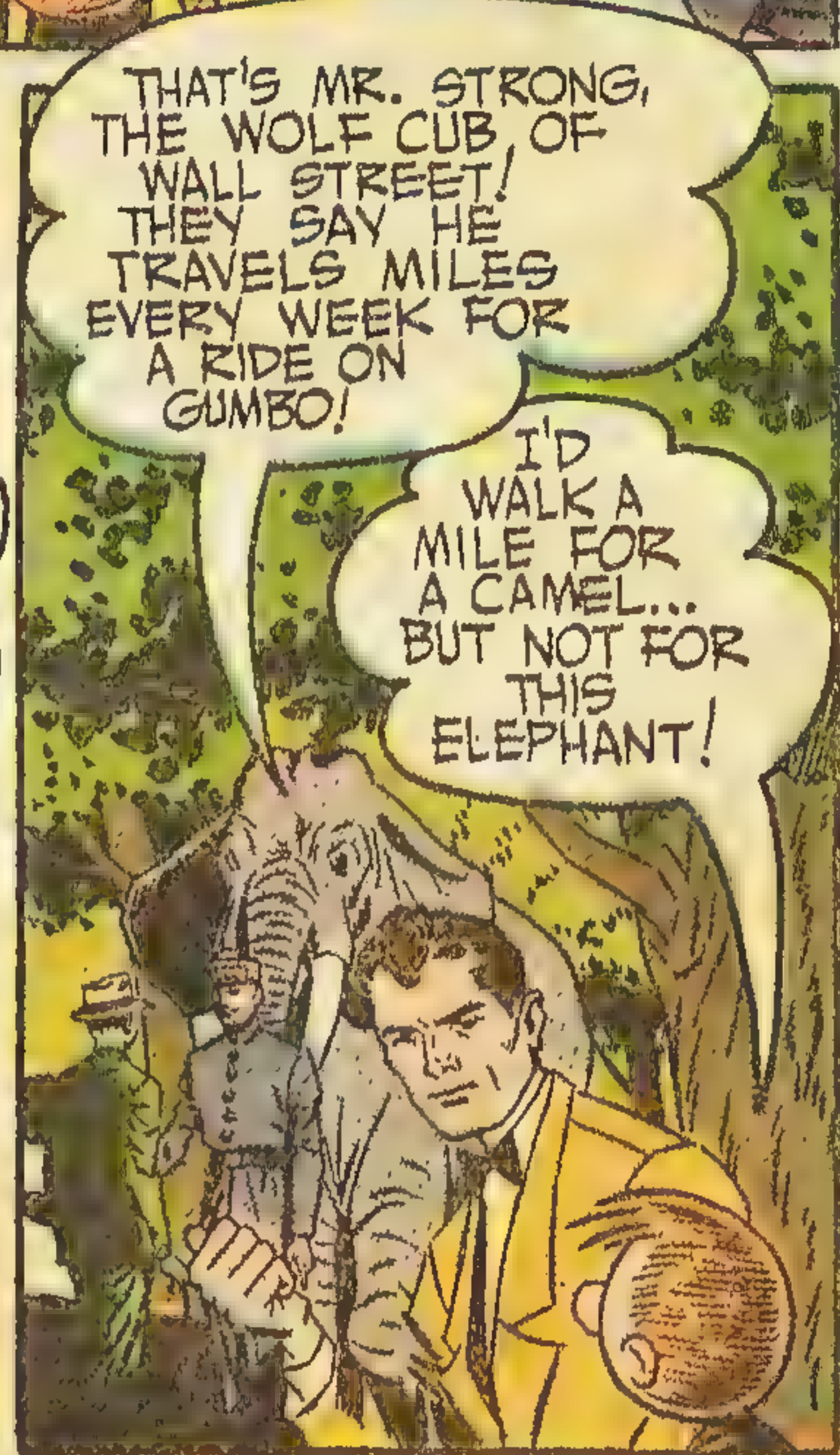
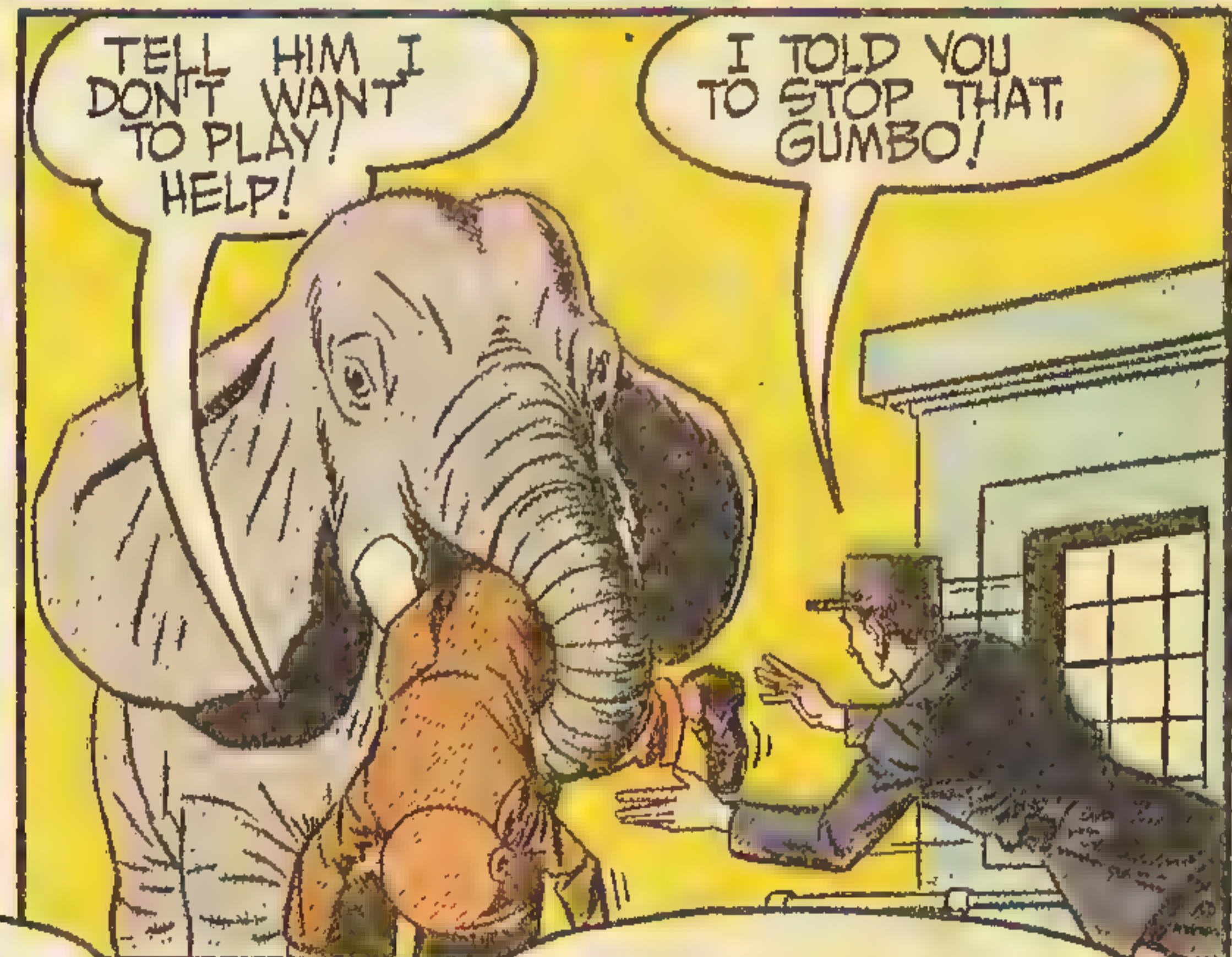
I CAME HERE TO HAVE FUN... AND, YOU WON'T LET ME! ALL WE DO IS WALK FROM ONE CAGE TO ANOTHER!

IF THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU... STOP COMPLAINING! YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!

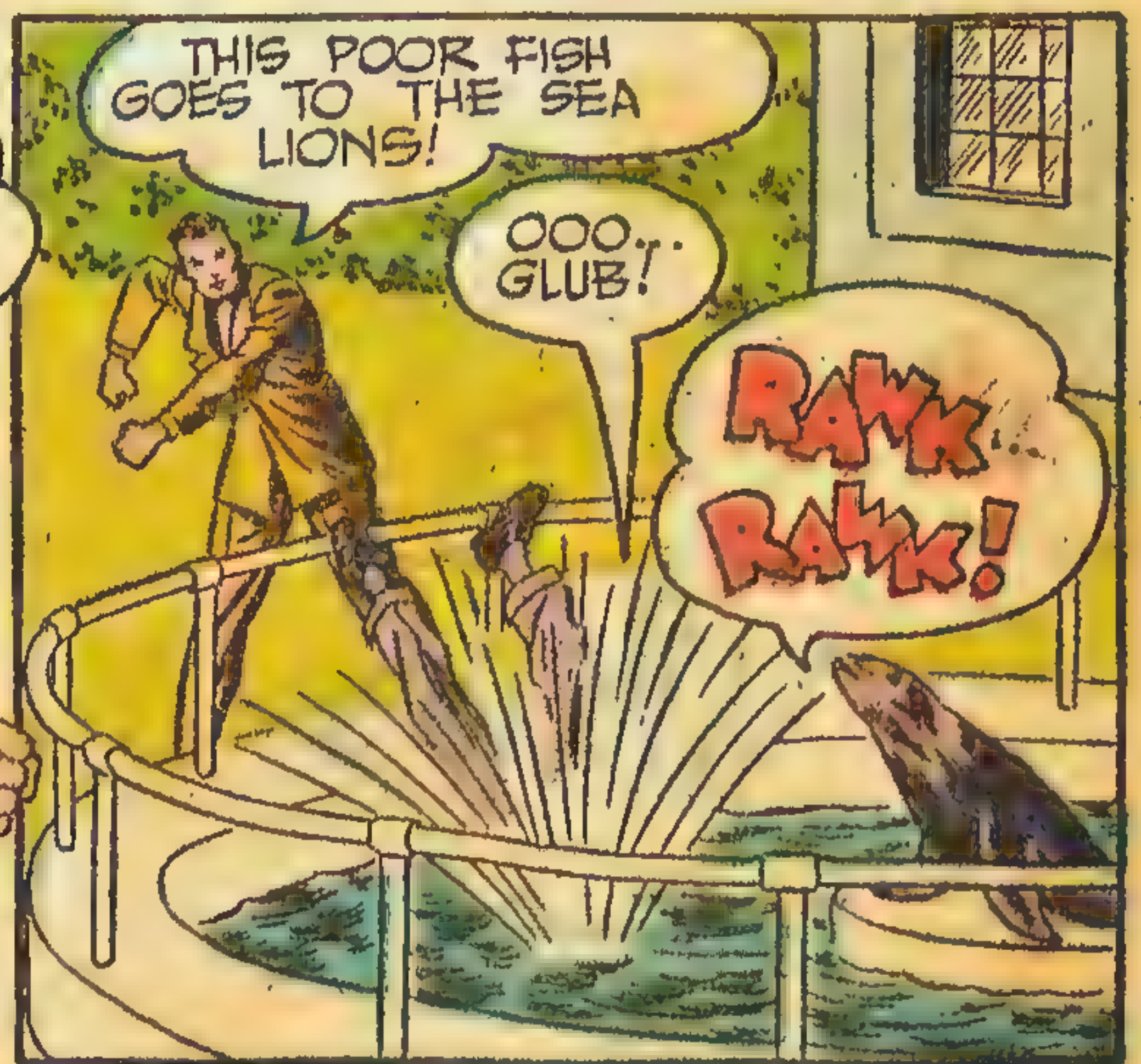
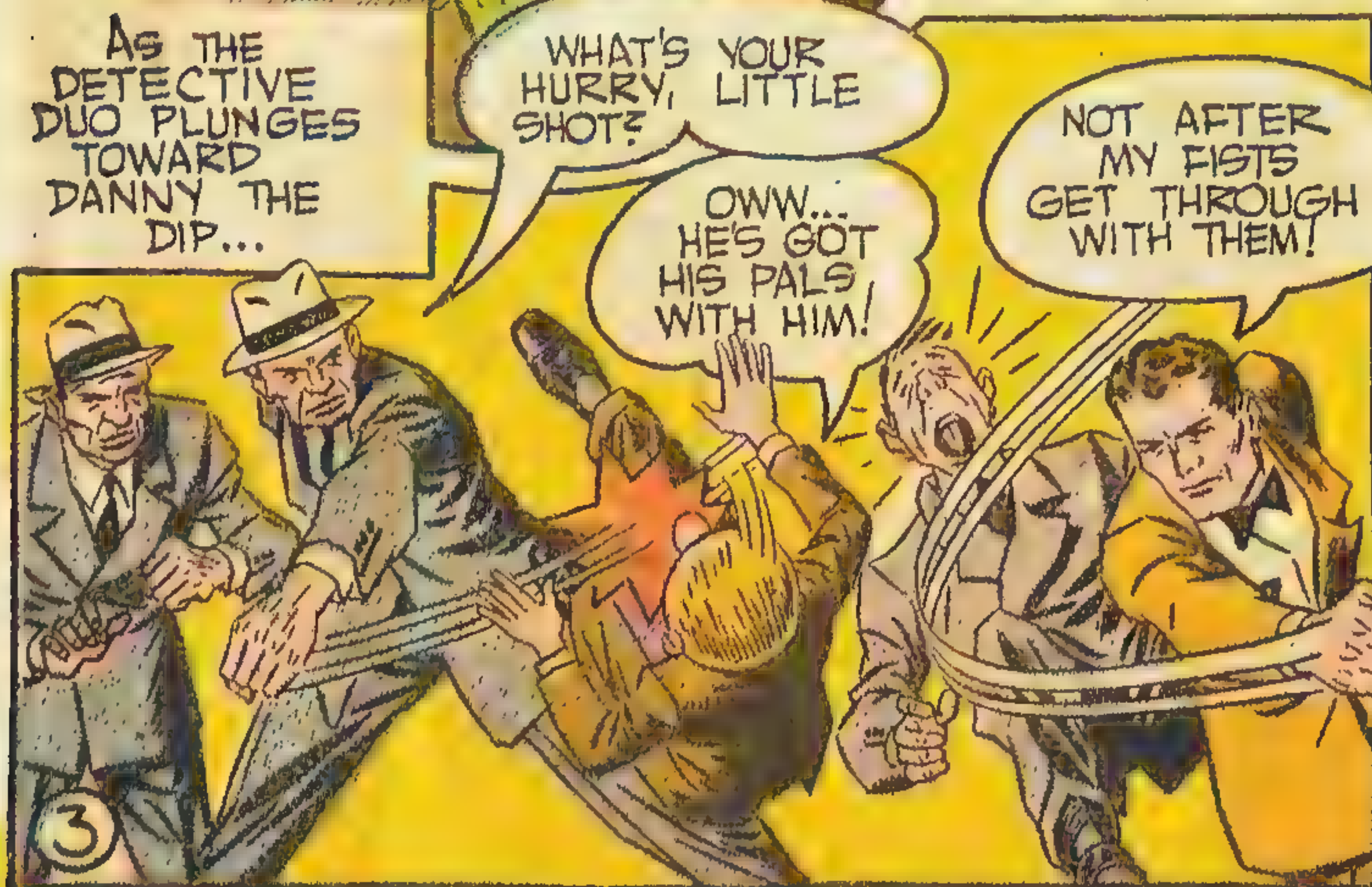
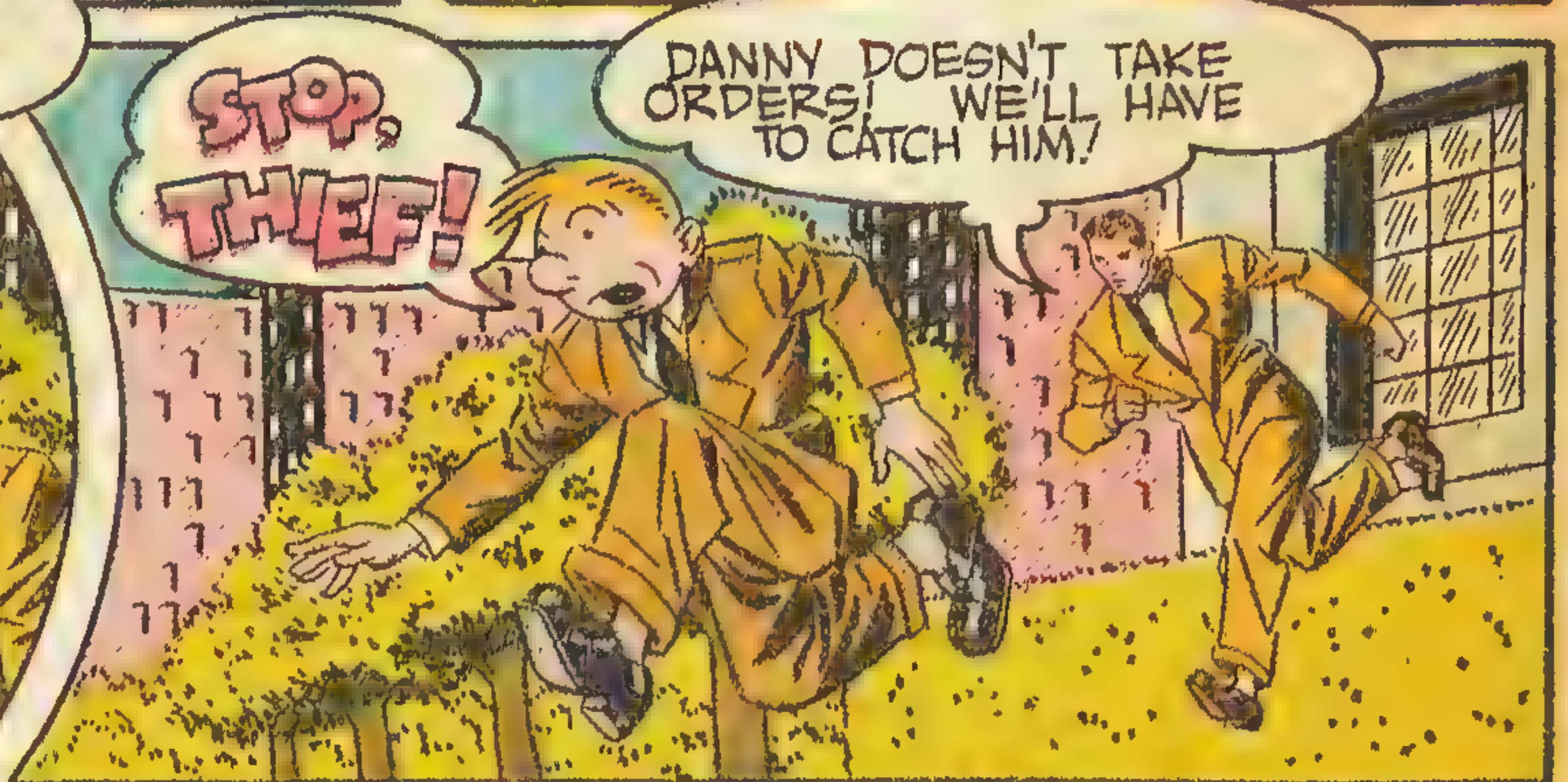
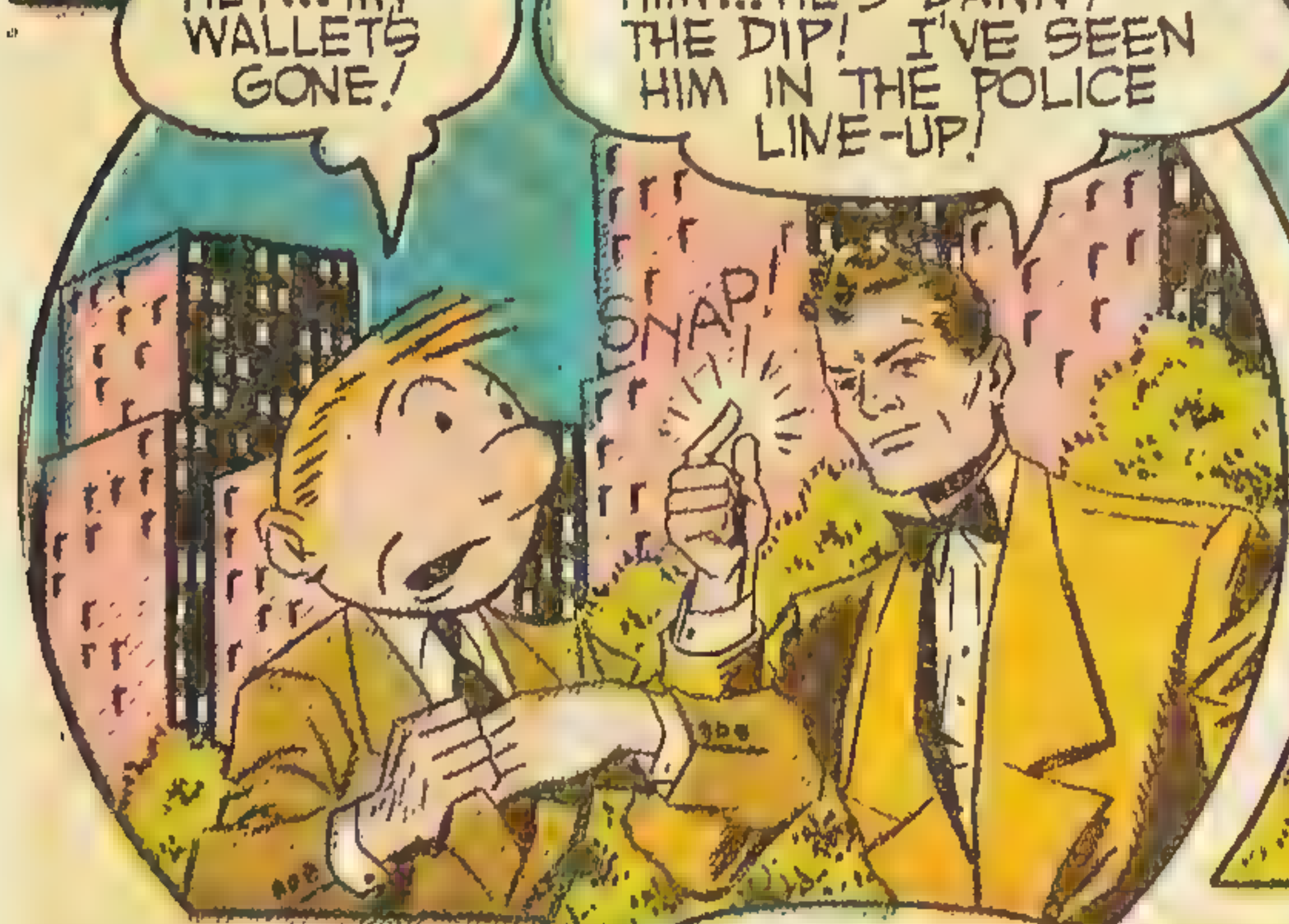
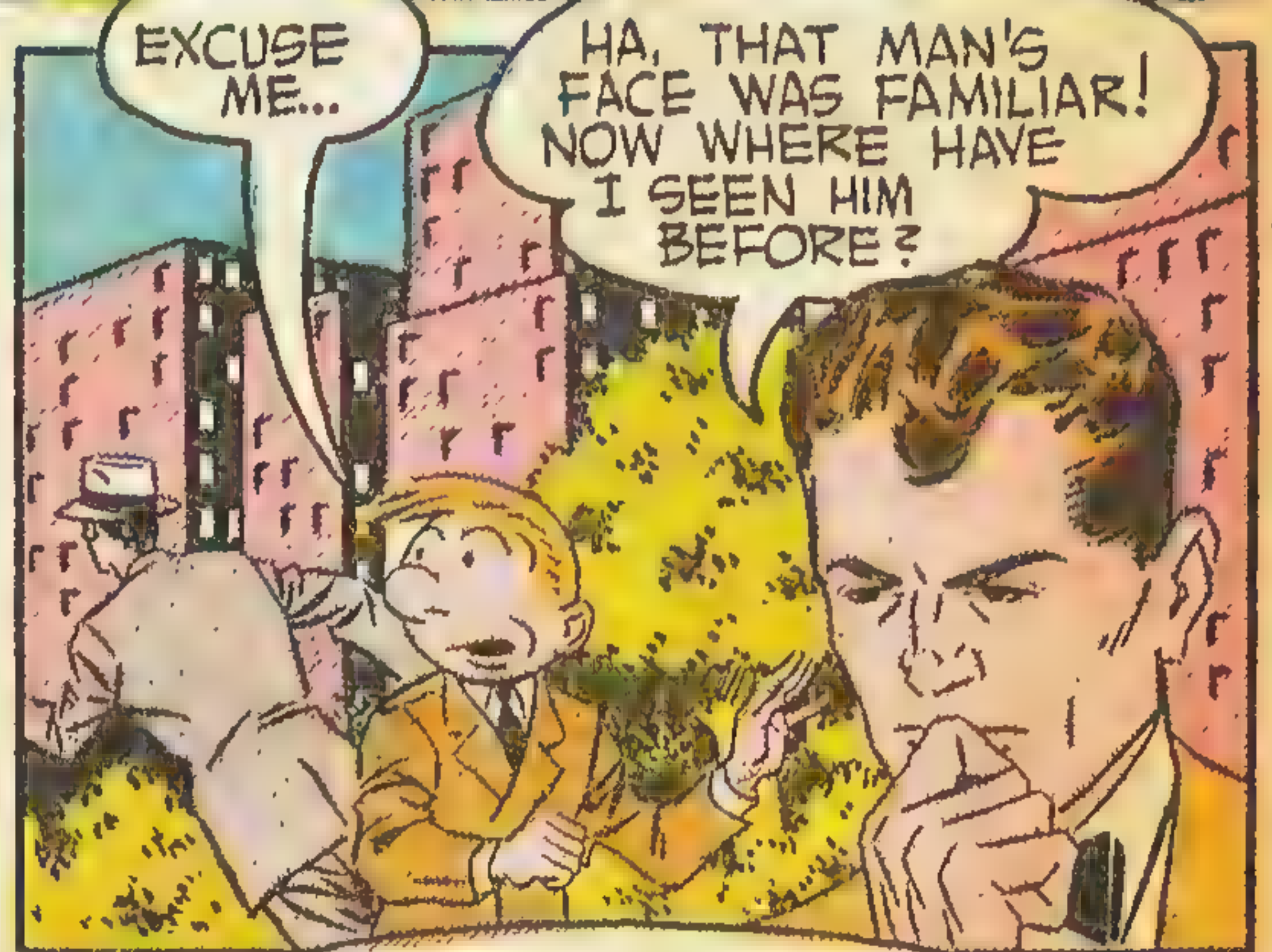
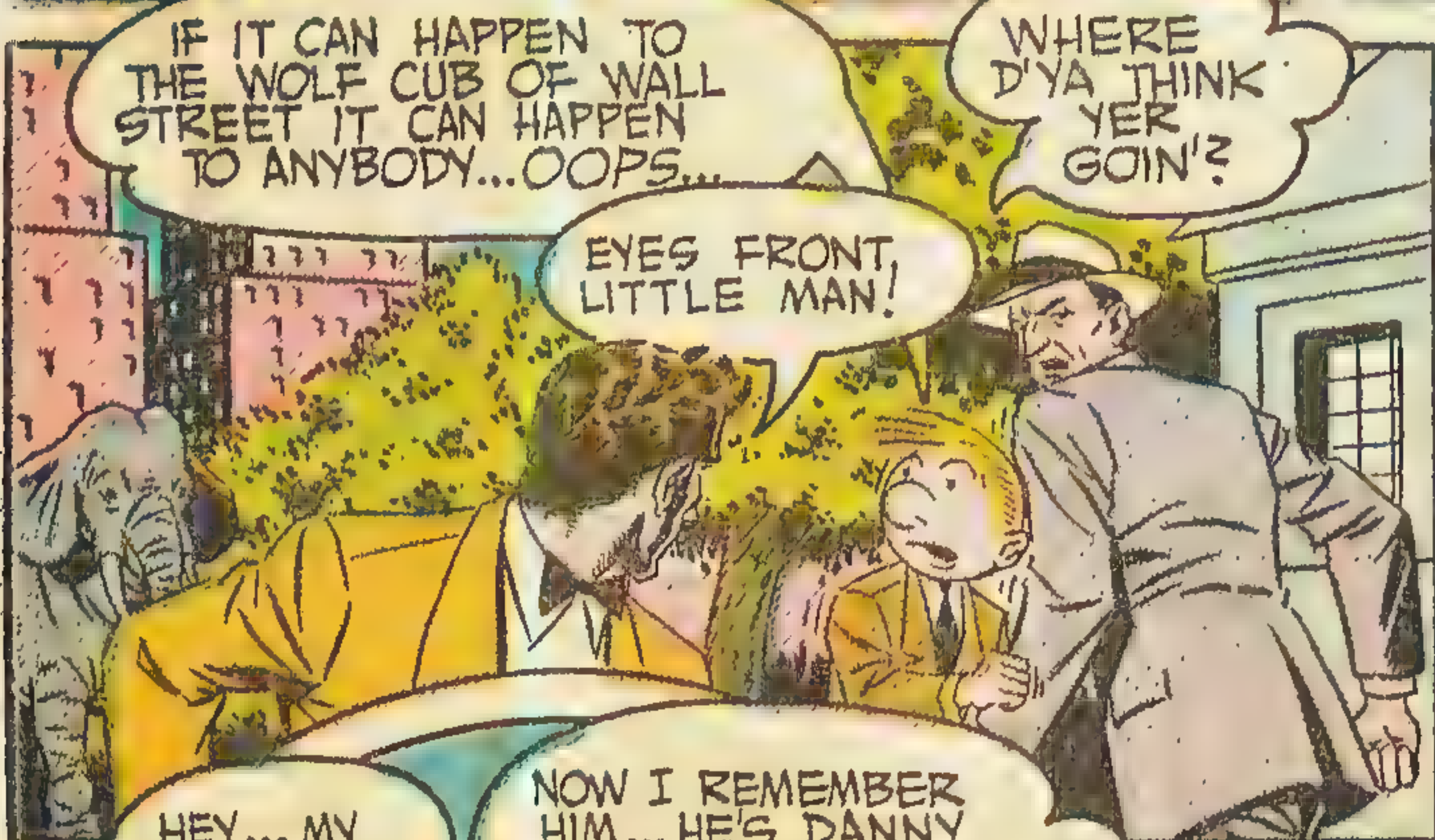
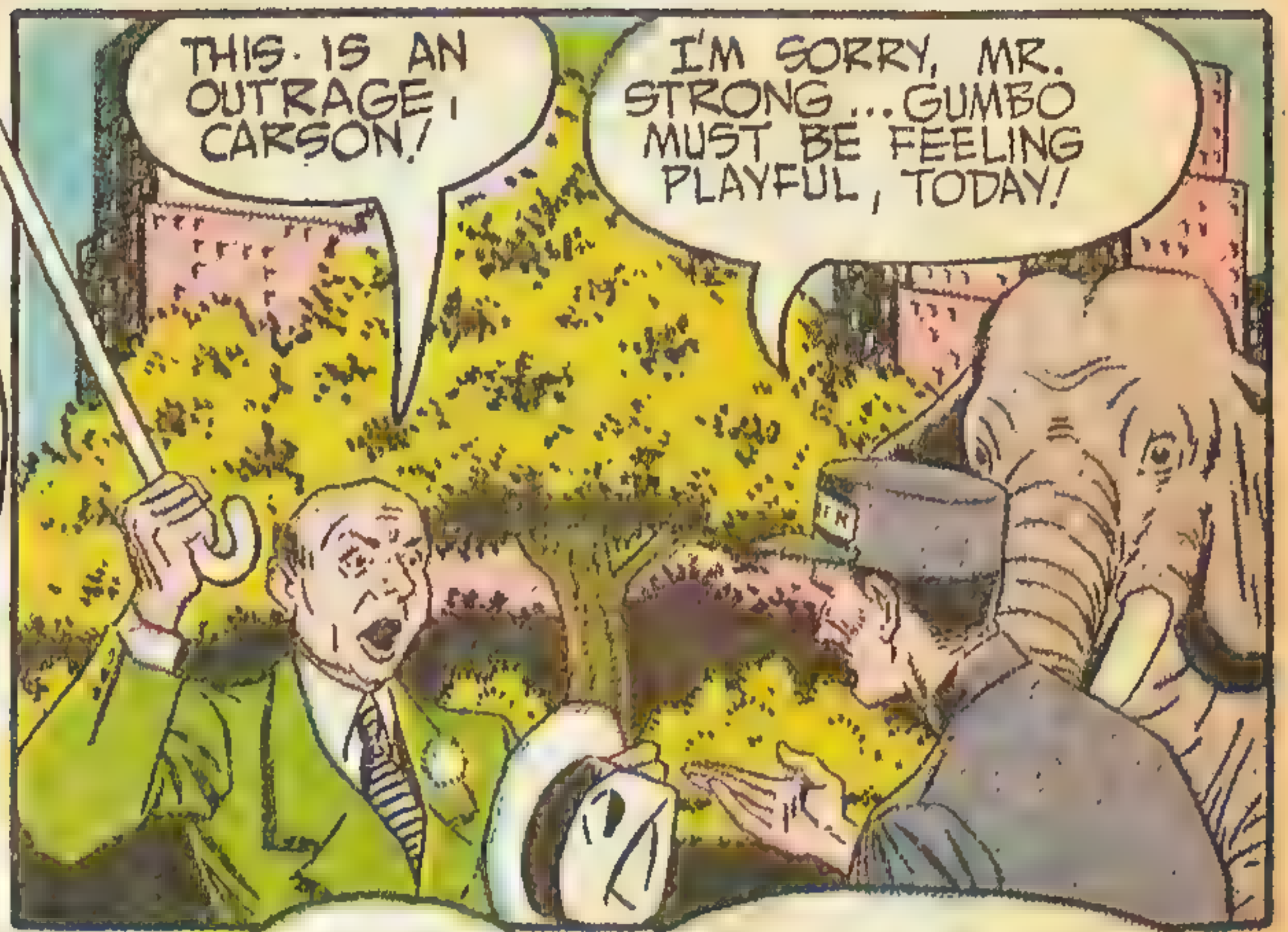
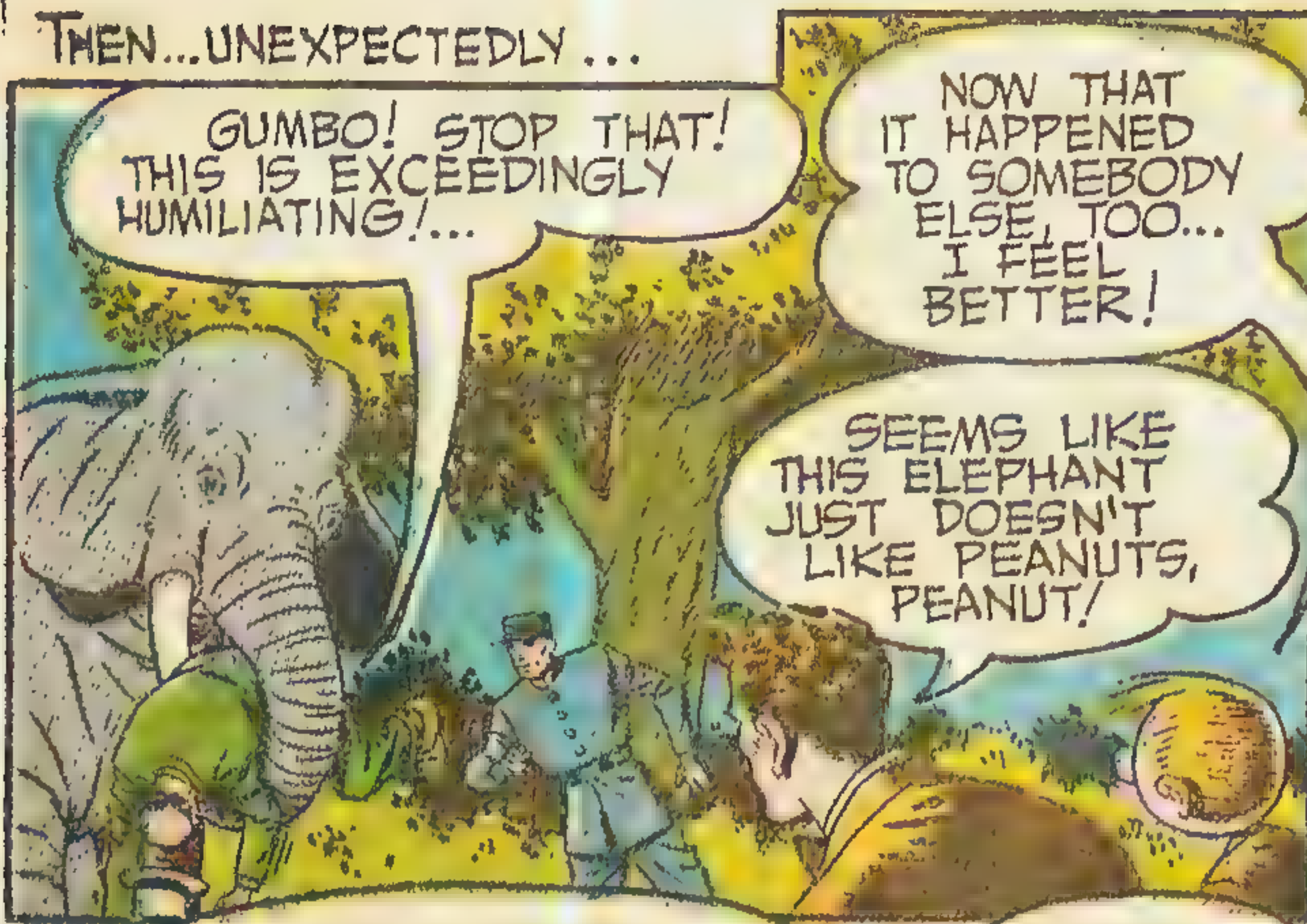


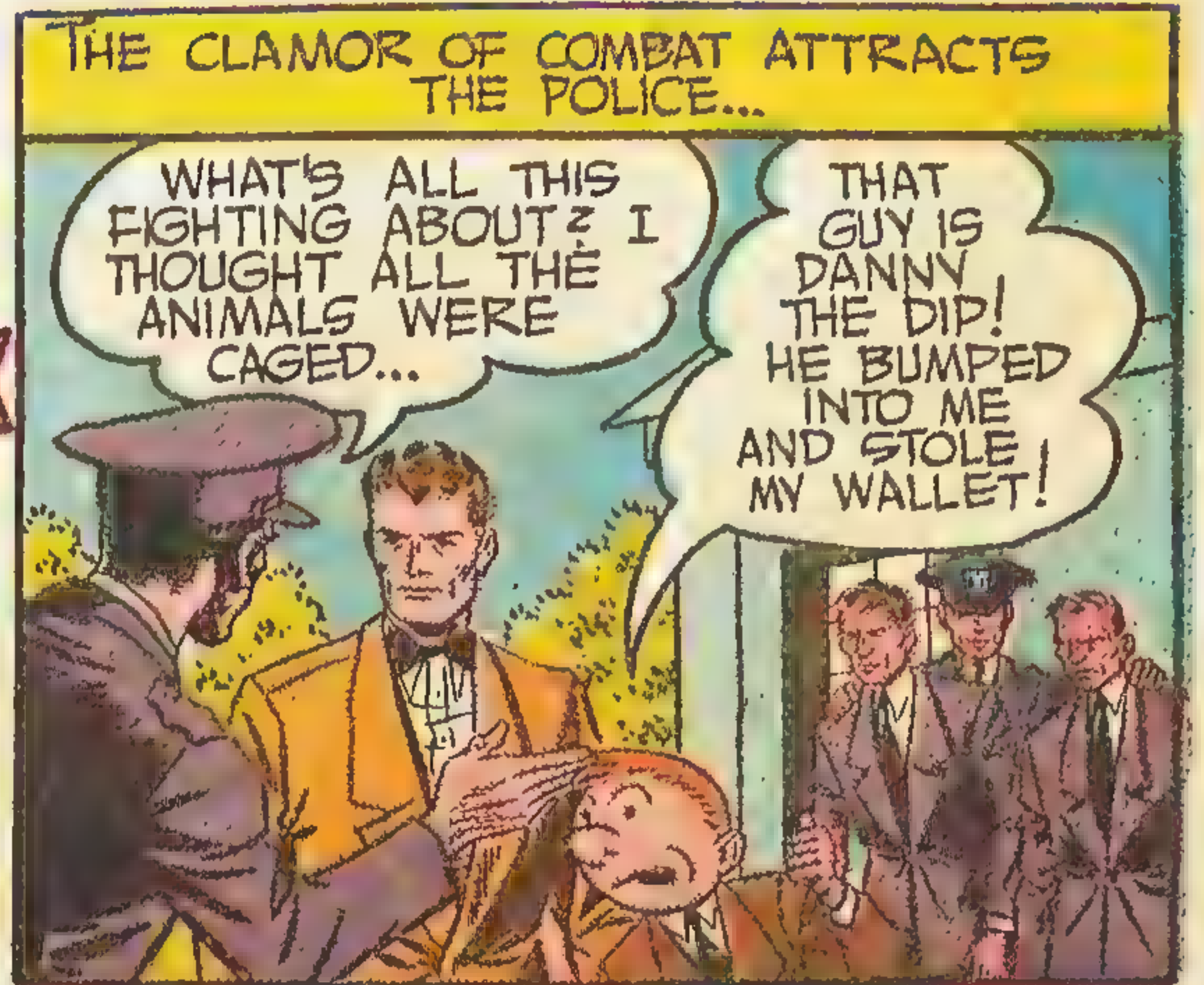
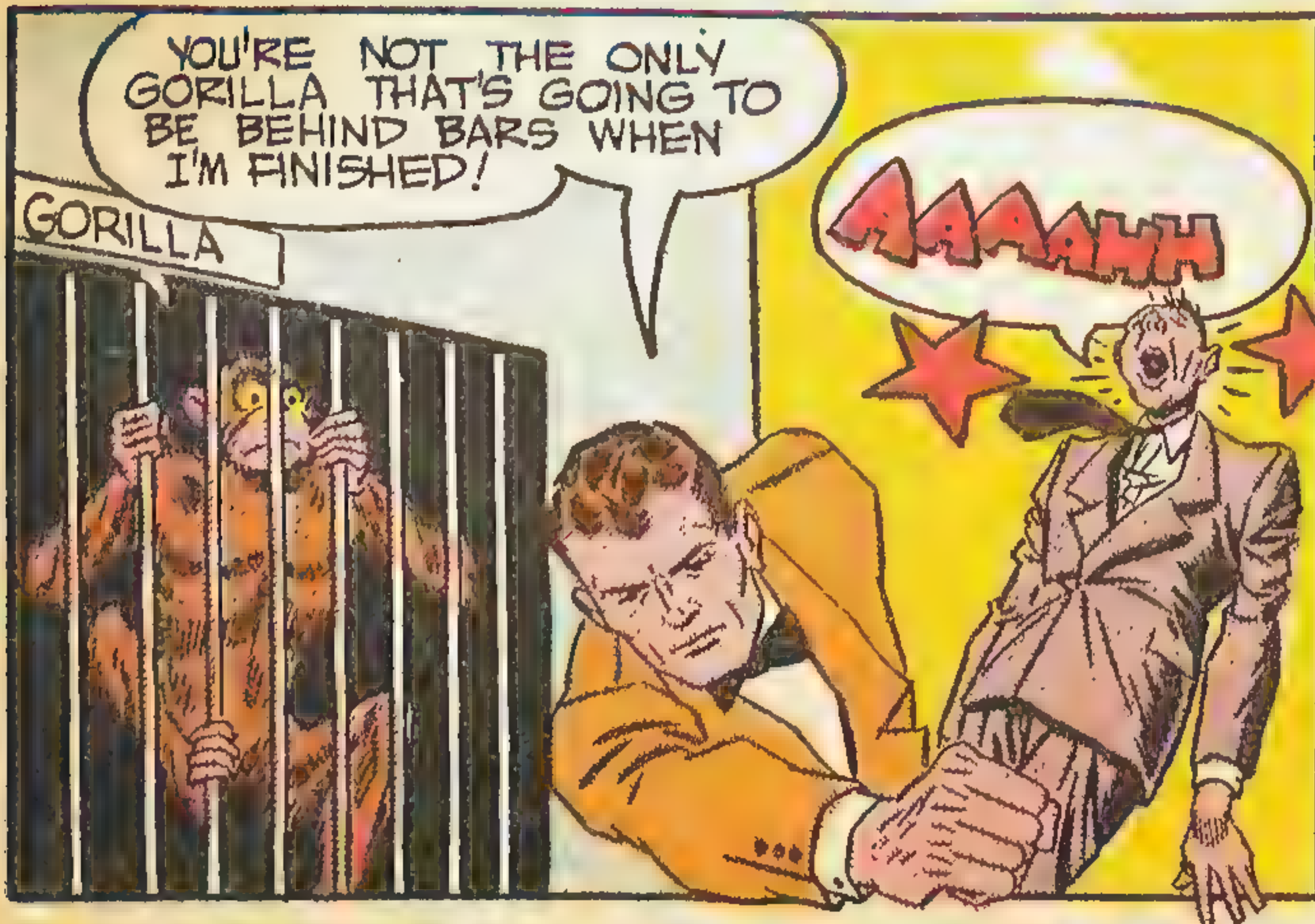
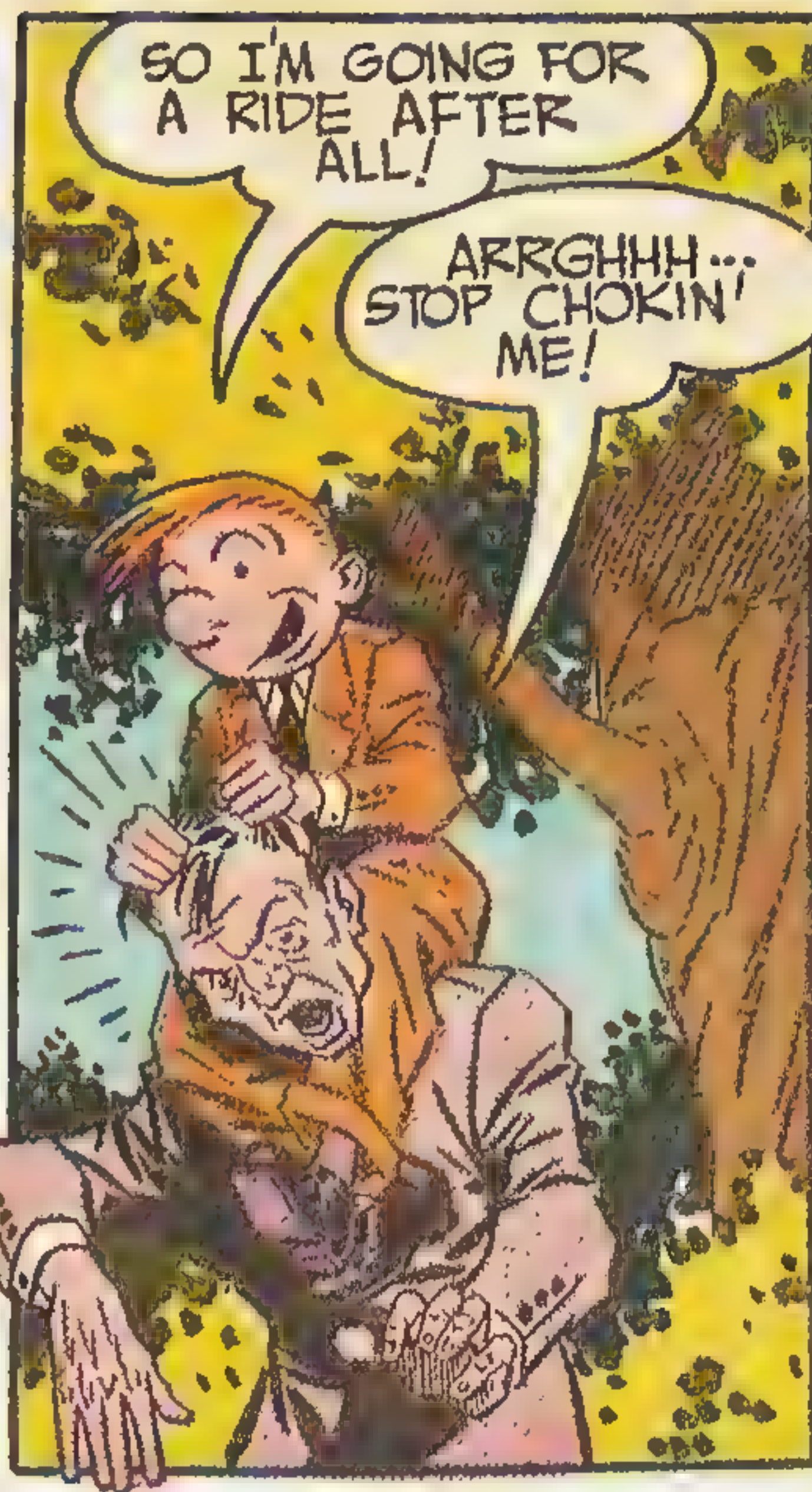
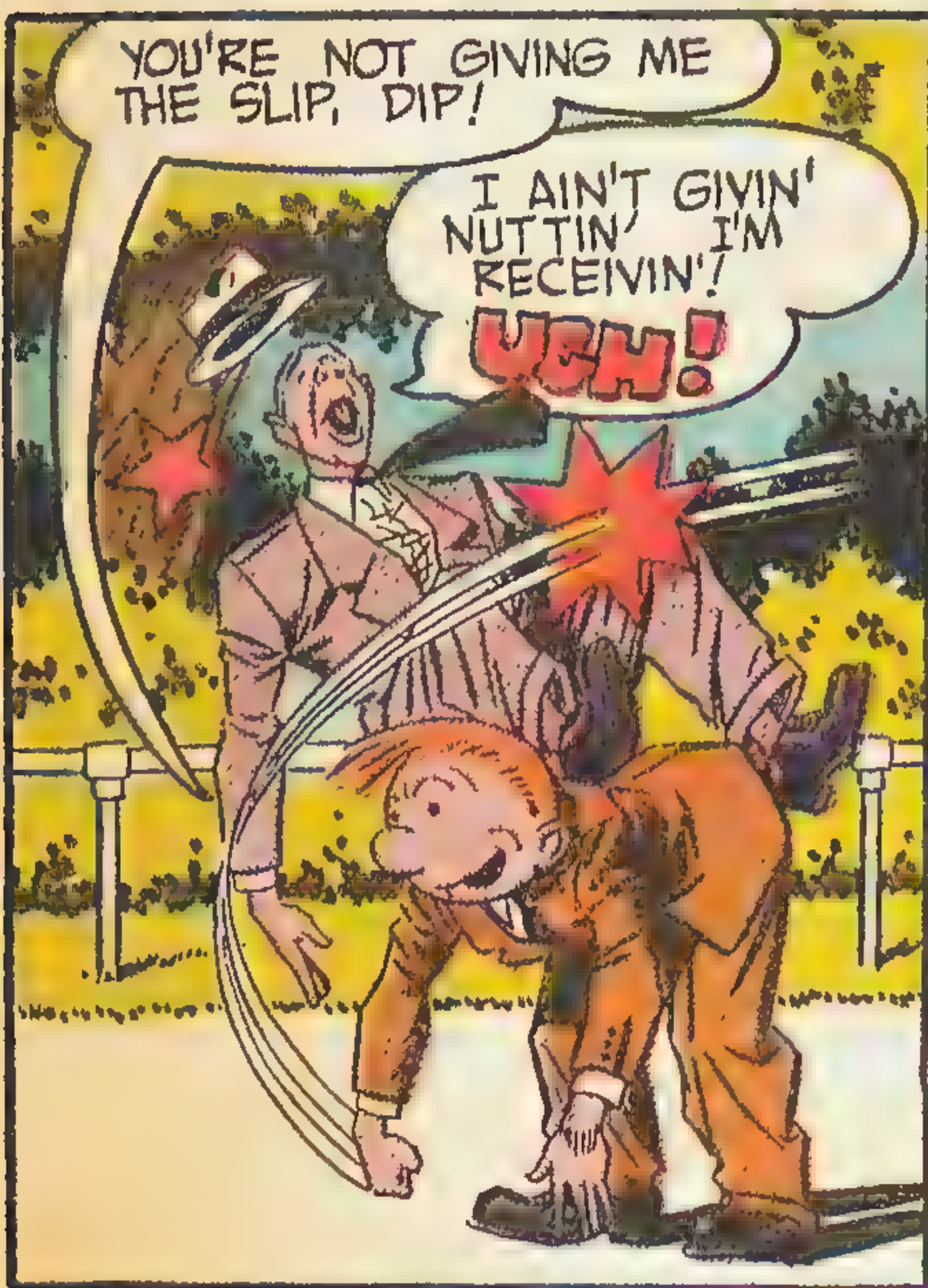


Suddenly...



THEN...UNEXPECTEDLY...





AS A DOUBTFUL
POLICEMAN EYES
SHORTY
SUSPICIOUSLY...

ARE YOU SURE
YOU HAD A
WALLET IN THE
FIRST PLACE?

IT HAD
ALL MY
DOUGH!
THREE
DOLLARS IN
BILLS, AND
SIX CENTS
IN STAMPS!

HELP! OFFICER,
I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!

I'VE BEEN
ROBBED! SOMEBODY
STOLE MY
WALLET!

WHY DON'T YOU
ASK HIM IF HE
HAD IT IN THE
FIRST PLACE?

WOW! THIS
IS WHERE
I CAME IN,
BUT
THERE'S
NO EVIDENCE
AGAINST DANNY
THE DIP, NO
MATTER HOW
MANY WALLETS
WERE LOST!

MY WALLET
CONTAINED IMPORTANT
PAPERS, AS WELL AS
CASH! I'LL GIVE \$5,000
TO ANYONE WHO CAN
GET IT BACK!

OH, BOY...
FIVE GRAND!
WE'LL BE
RICH!

WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK WE'RE
GOING TO
GET THAT
DOUGH?

WITH MY BRAINS
AND YOUR BRAVN...
WE CAN'T MISS!
THE FIRST THING
TO DO IS TRAIL
DANNY THE DIP!

NEVER MIND
DANNY...I'VE GOT
A BETTER IDEA!
WE'RE GOING
TO TRAIL THAT
ELEPHANT!

BUT AT THE ELEPHANT
PADDOCK...

MR. CARSON TOOK GUMBO
AWAY! HE SAID GUMBO
WORKED TOO MUCH
TODAY-

AFTER
HIM, MIDGET!
GUMBO HOLDS
THE KEY TO
THOSE FIVE
THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

I HOPE
HE DOESN'T
WANT TO PLAY
WITH ME ANY
MORE!

AS THE CRIME-CRACKING
TEAM RACES AFTER
GUMBO...

WHAT HAPPENED,
MR. CARSON?
WHERE'S GUMBO?

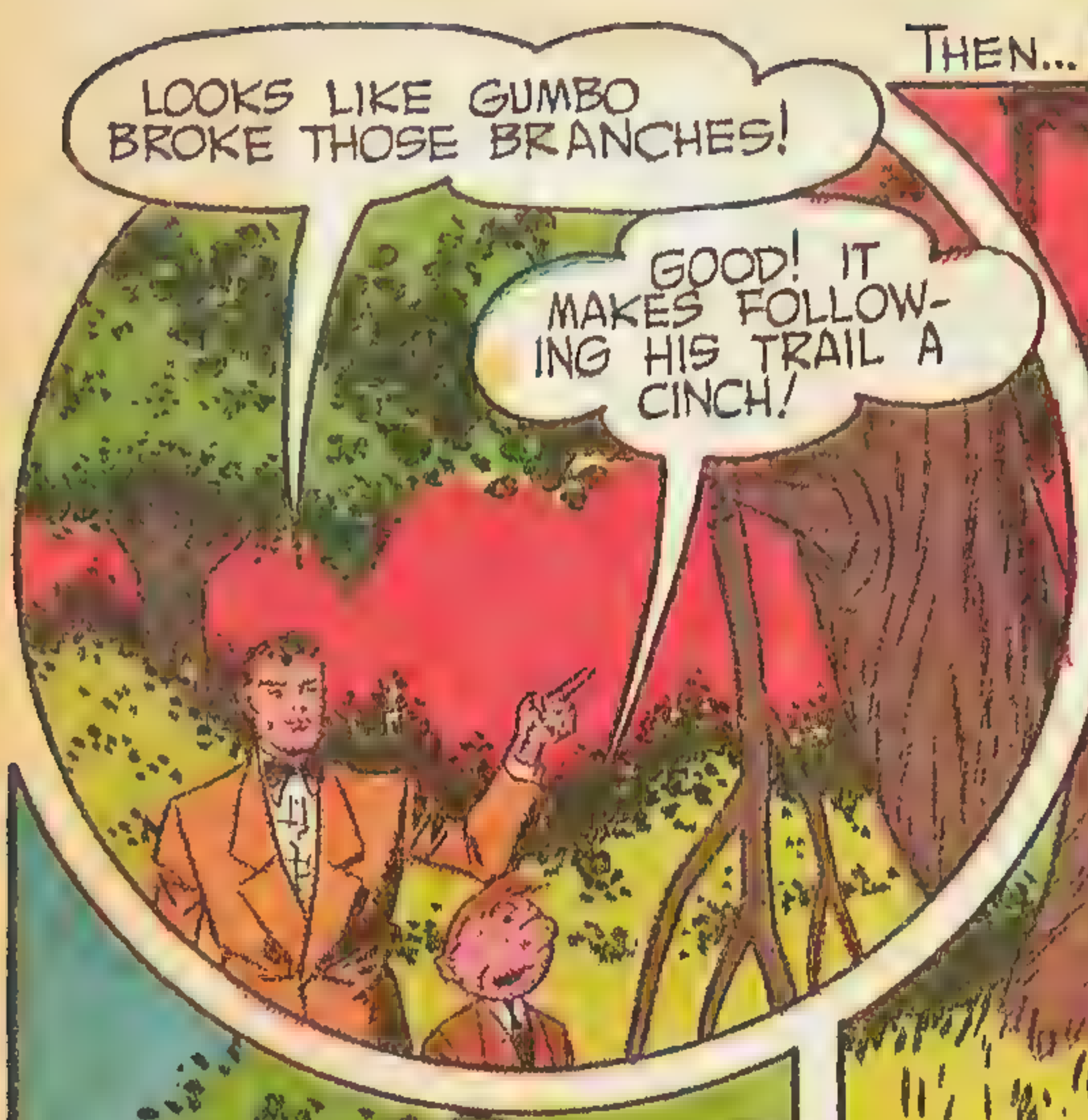
I DON'T
KNOW! SOME
CROOKS HIT ME
OVER THE HEAD
AND TOOK HIM
AWAY!

I DON'T GET THAT!
WHY WOULD ANYBODY
WANT TO STEAL AN
ELEPHANT?

I'VE GOT
AN IDEA,
SHORTY,
AND I'M
GOING TO
SEE IF I'M
RIGHT! FIRST
WE'LL HAVE TO
GET ON THE
TRAIL OF THAT
MISSING
ELEPHANT!

THEY TOOK HIM THIS
WAY, TOWARD SOME
WOODS! GUESS THEY
COULDN'T THINK OF A
BETTER PLACE TO
HIDE HIM!

I STILL
CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY THEY
DID IT!



LOOKS LIKE GUMBO
BROKE THOSE BRANCHES!

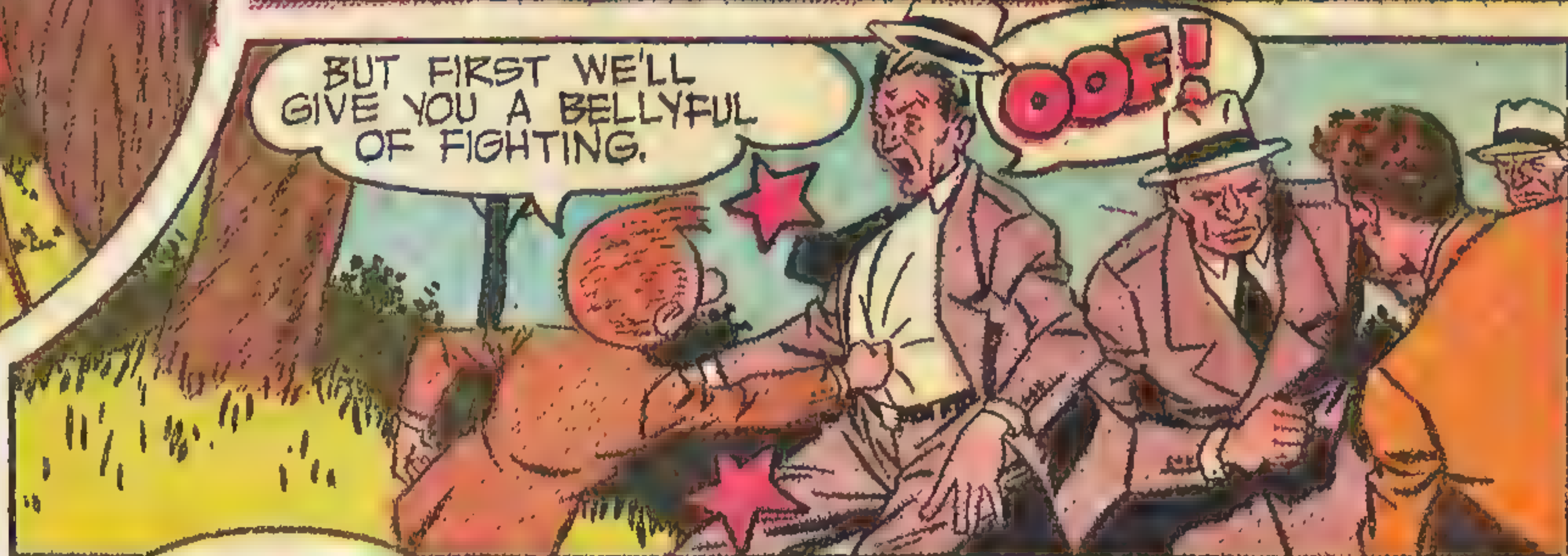
GOOD! IT
MAKES FOLLOW-
ING HIS TRAIL A
CINCH!

THEN...



YOU GUYS CAN'T
POKE YOUR NOSES
INTO OUR BUSINESS
AND GET AWAY
WITH IT!

WE'LL POKE
OUR FISTS
INTO YOUR
NOSES, WISE
GUY!



BUT FIRST WE'LL
GIVE YOU A BELLYFUL
OF FIGHTING.

OOF!



MEET YOUR
FELLOW SAP IN
THAT TREE,
SAP!

OWW!

CLUNK!



FROM NOW ON,
YOU'LL KNOW
ENOUGH TO
LEAVE US
ALONE!

AHHH...



BUT AS THE
FIGHTING
FURIES TURN
THEIR BACKS...

YOU'RE
THE SAP NOW,
CHUM!

UGH!

OOH!

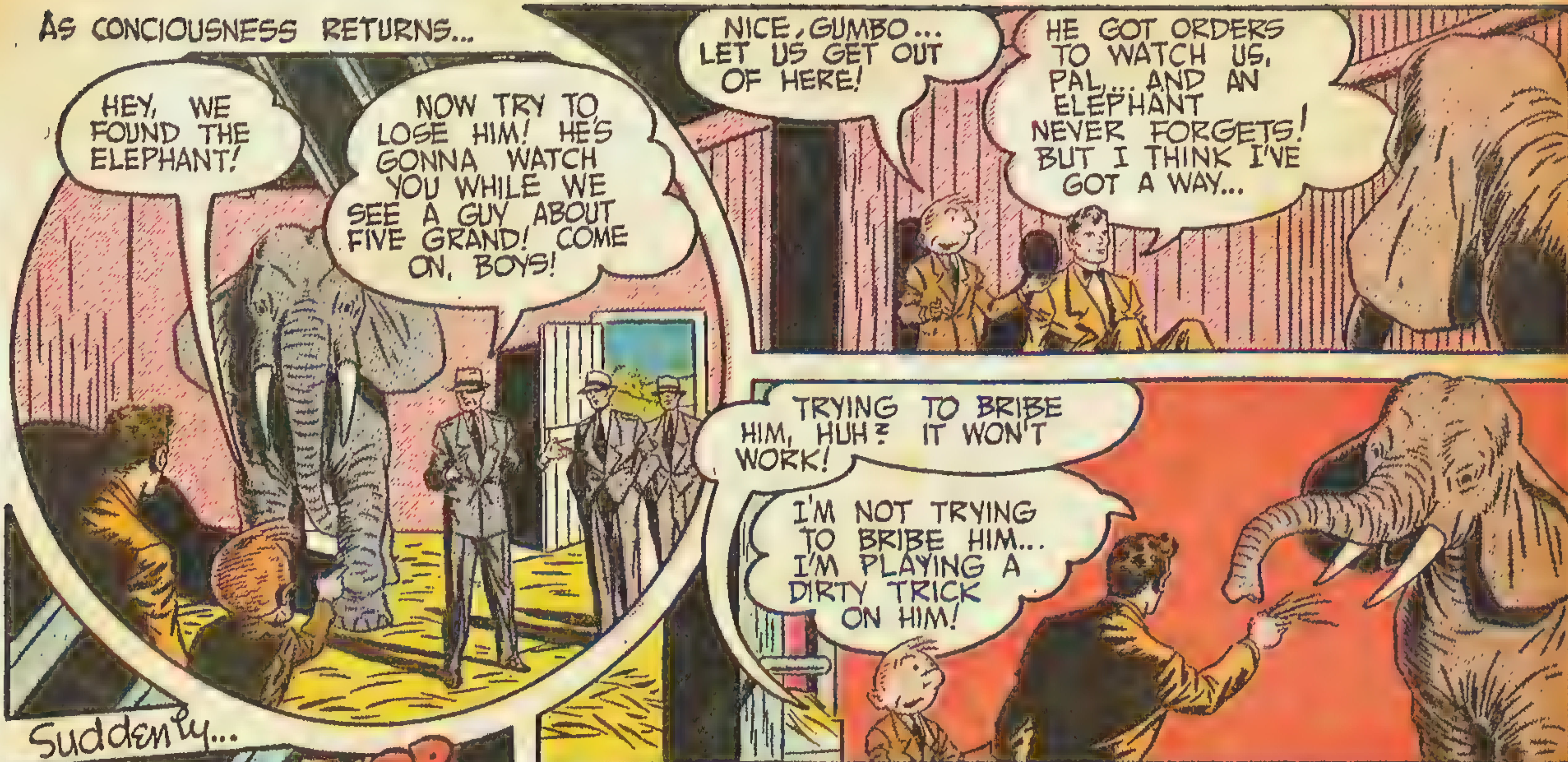


SECONDS
LATER...

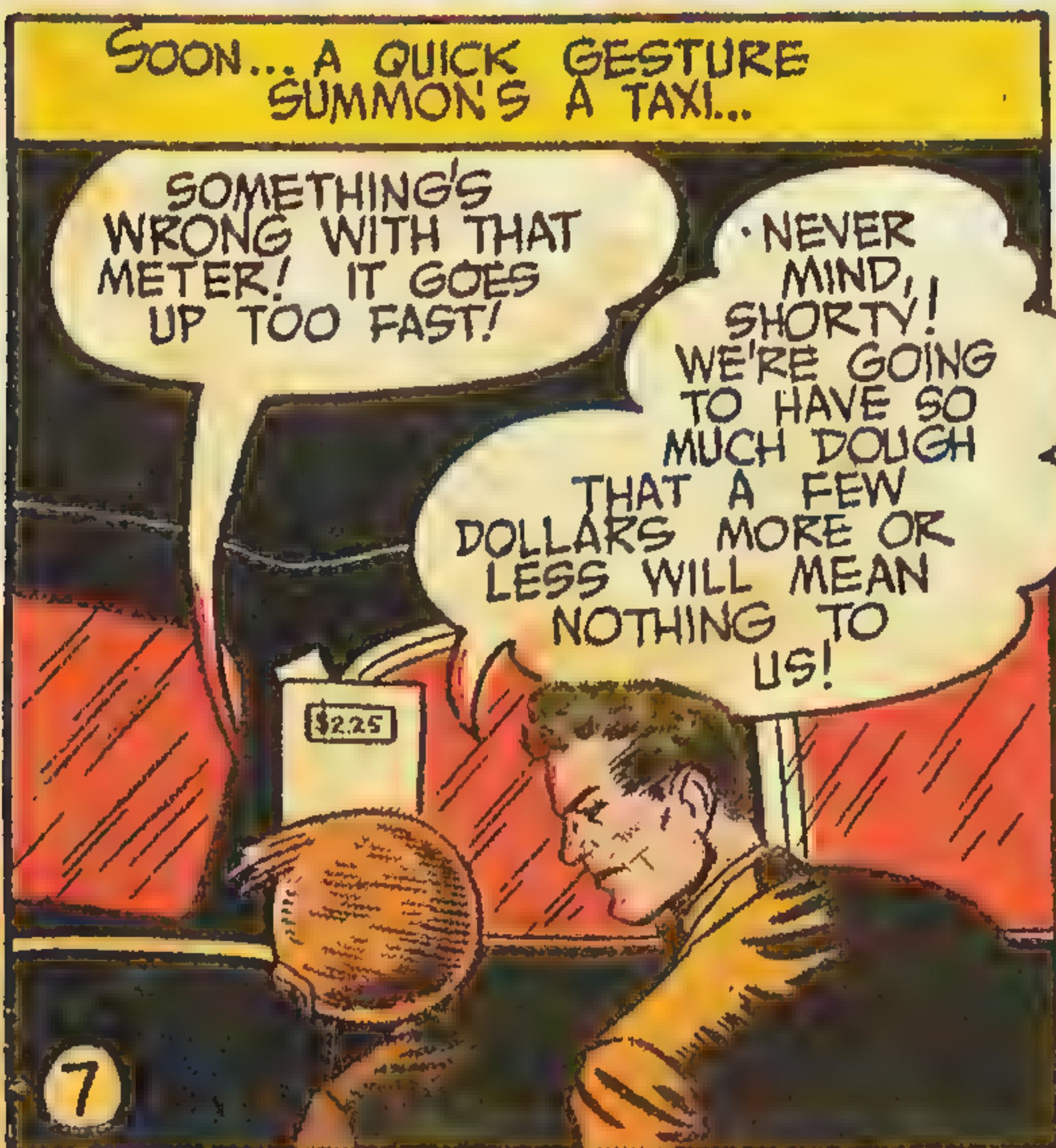
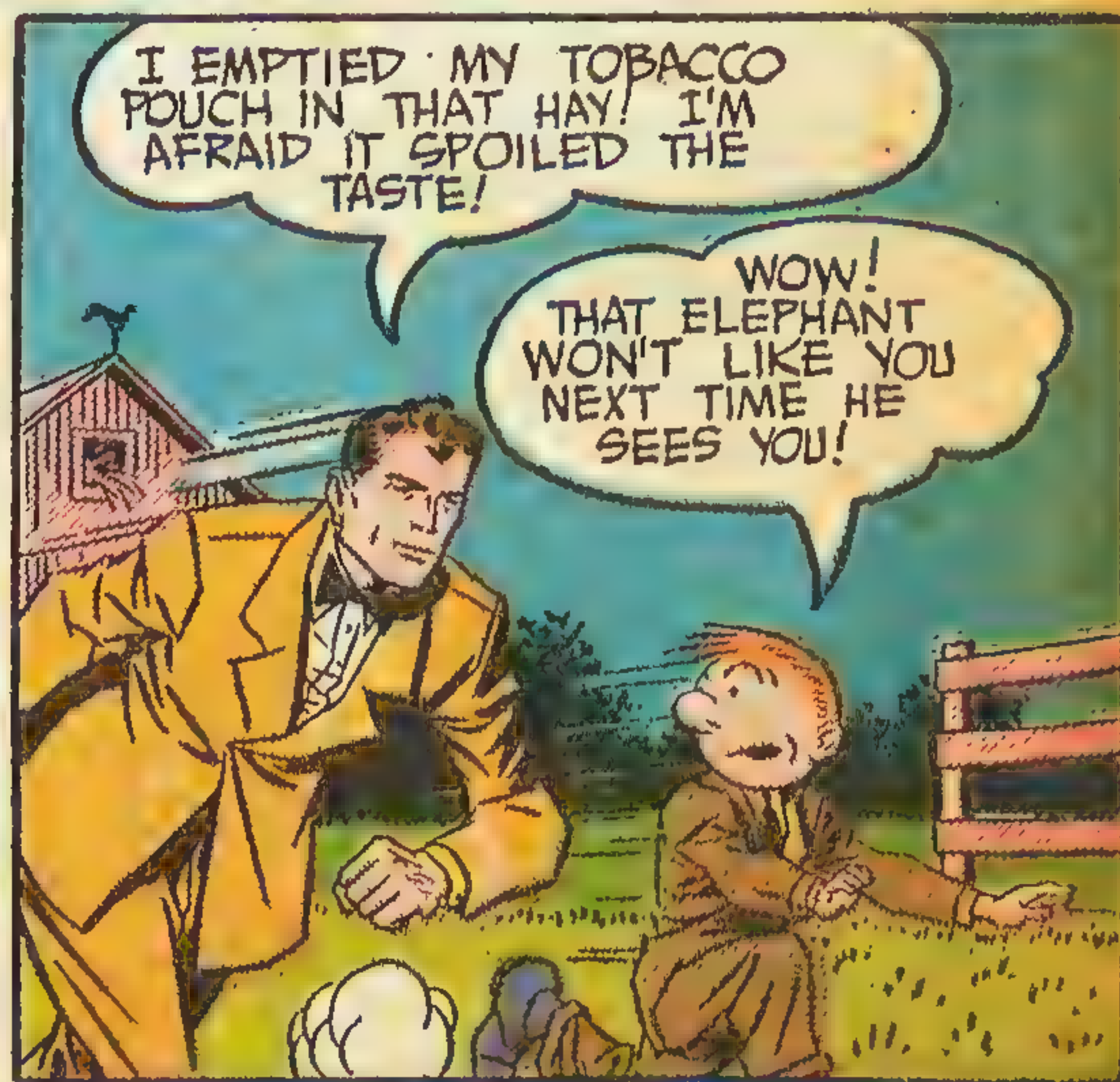
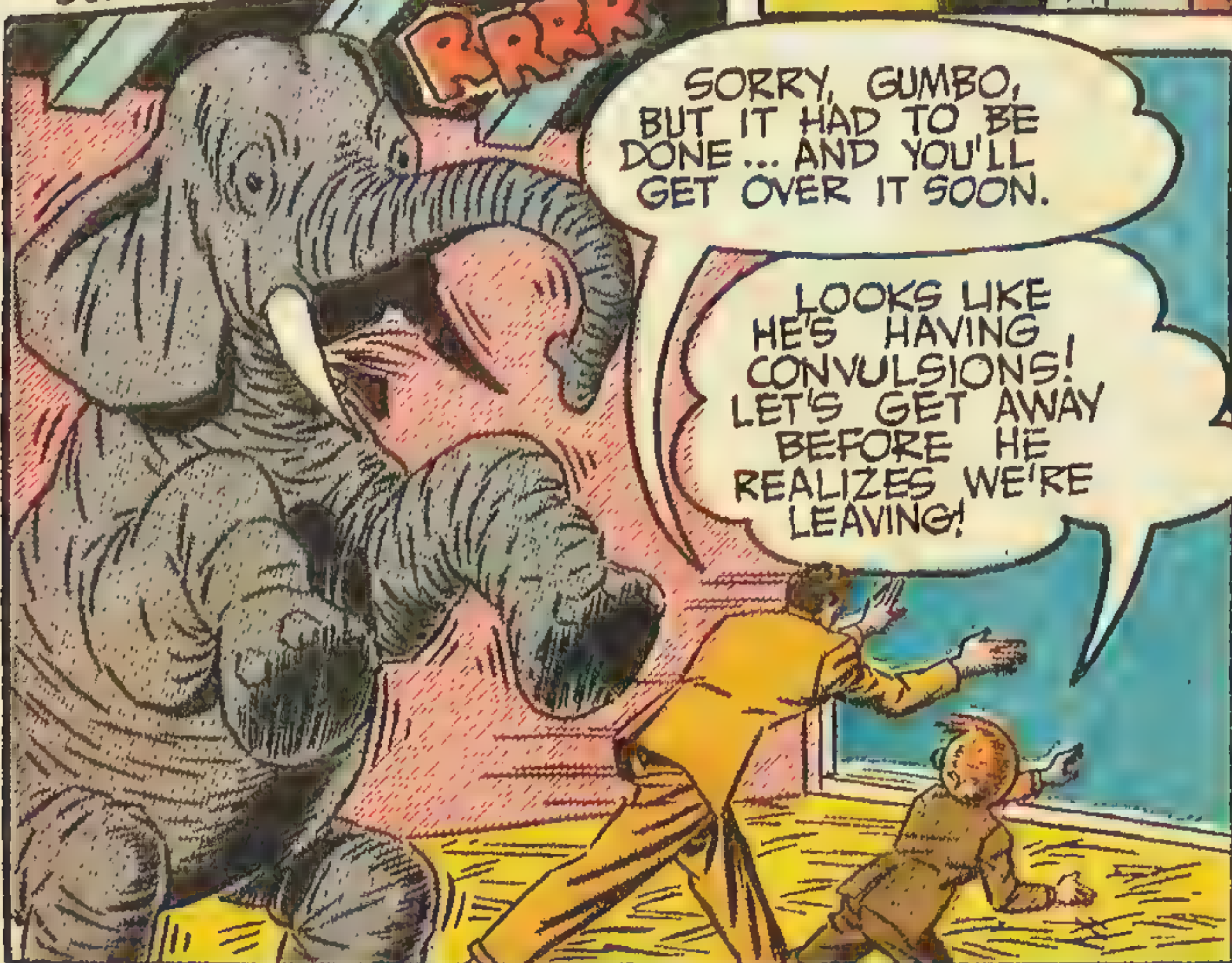
WHY CAN'T WE
FINISH 'EM OFF
NOW, BOSS?

WE GOT
BUSINESS TO
DO FIRST!
WE'LL JUST
LEAVE 'EM
HERE UNDER
GUARD FOR
A WHILE!

AS CONCIIOUSNESS RETURNS...



Suddenly...





THEM GUYS AGAIN!

BREAK IT UP BOYS WHILE WE BREAK YOU UP!



MAYBE THIS CANDLE WILL BRIGHTEN THINGS FOR YOU!

OW, I SEE STARS!



THAT WAS A GRATE PUNCH, BUT IT SEEMS TO BE BURNING THEM UP!

OWW!

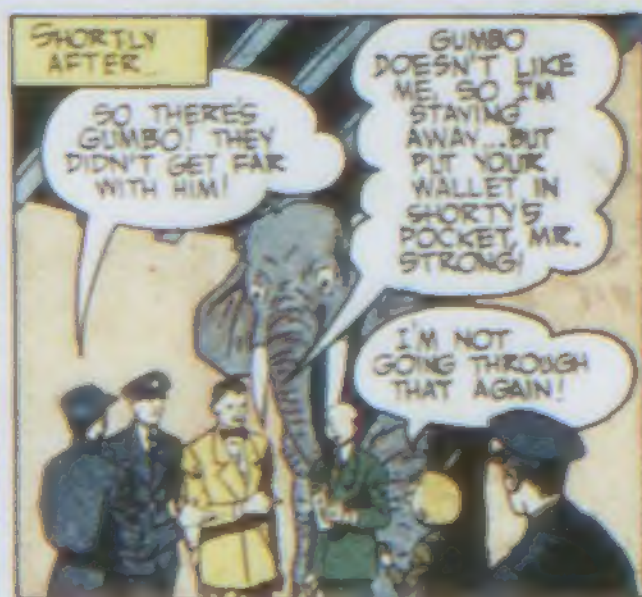


SOON... WITH NO MORE CRIMINALS TO CONQUER...

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS BRAWL?

THESE MEN DIDN'T FIND YOUR WALLET, MR. STRONG... THEY STOLE IT!

IF YOU TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE AND COME WITH US, WE... I MEAN, SLAM, WILL PROVE IT!

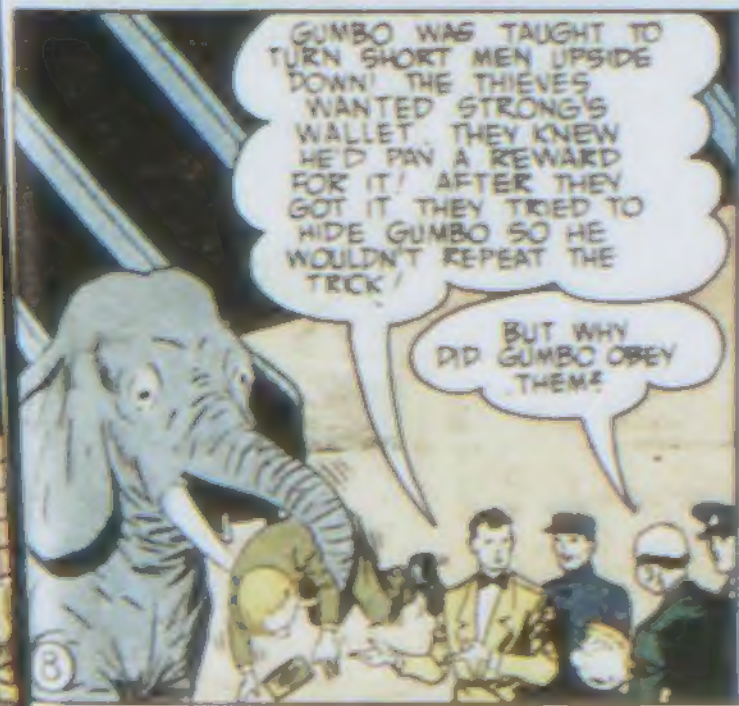


SHORTLY AFTER...

SO THERE'S GUMBO! THEY DIDN'T GET FAR WITH HIM!

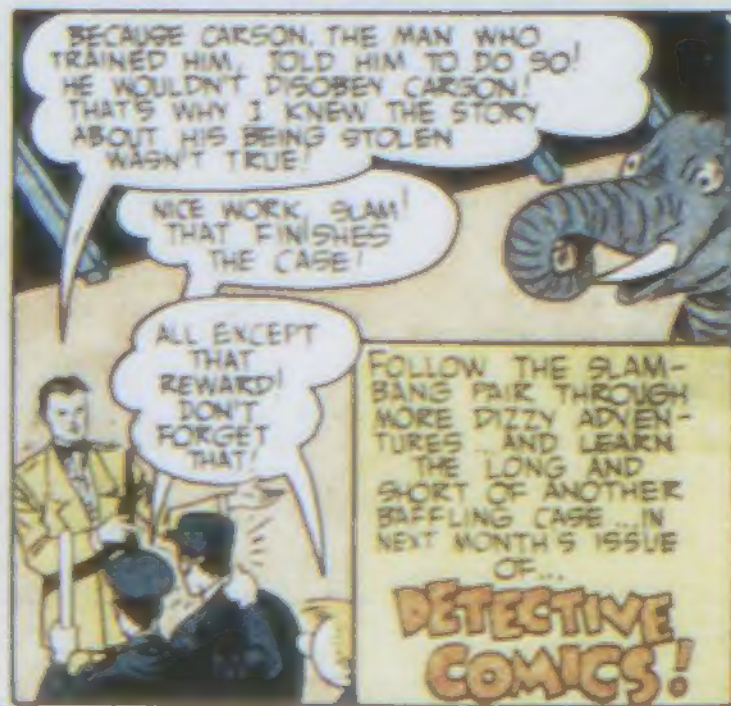
GUMBO DOESN'T LIKE ME, SO I'M STAYING AWAY... BUT PUT YOUR WALLET IN SHORTY'S POCKET, MR. STRONG!

I'M NOT GOING THROUGH THAT AGAIN!



GUMBO WAS TAUGHT TO TURN SHORT MEN UPSIDE DOWN! THE THIEVES WANTED STRONG'S WALLET. THEY KNEW HE'D PAY A REWARD FOR IT! AFTER THEY GOT IT THEY TRIED TO HIDE GUMBO SO HE WOULDN'T REPEAT THE TRICK!

BUT WHY DID GUMBO OBEY THEM?



BECAUSE CARSON, THE MAN WHO TRAINED HIM, TOLD HIM TO DO SO! HE WOULDN'T DISOBEY CARSON! THAT'S WHY I KNEW THE STORY ABOUT HIS BEING STOLEN WASN'T TRUE!

NICE WORK SLAM! THAT FINISHES THE CASE!

ALL EXCEPT THAT REWARD! DON'T FORGET THAT!

FOLLOW THE SLAM-BANG PAIR THROUGH MORE DIZZY ADVENTURES... AND LEARN THE LONG AND SHORT OF ANOTHER BAFFLING CASE... IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF...

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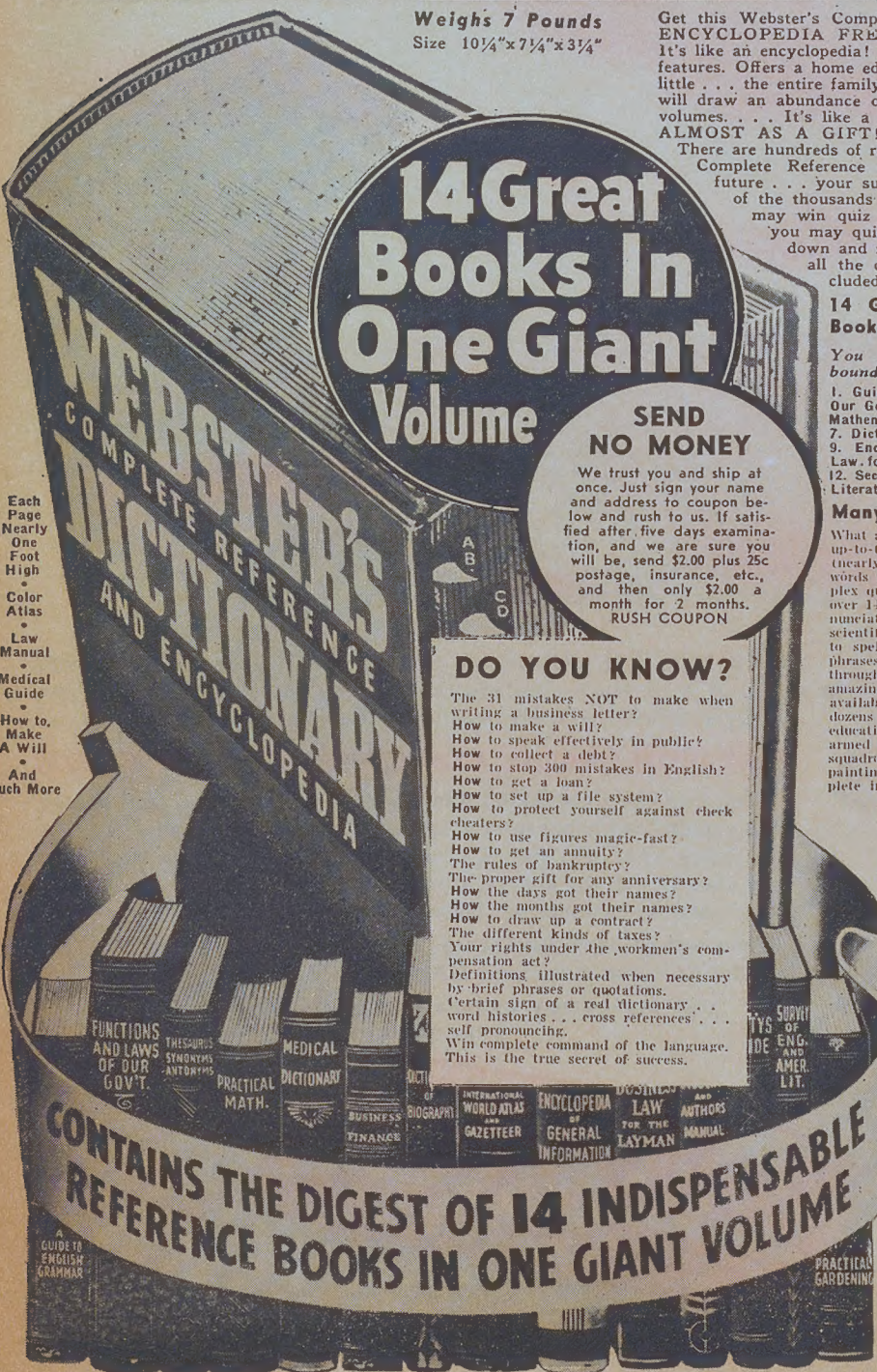
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